

OUR
MARTYR PRESIDENT
ABRAHAM LINCOLN



To Dr. T. M. Hopkins
from A. C. Peck

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STATUE OF LINCOLN ERECTED IN LINCOLN, NEBRASKA
DEDICATED SEPTEMBER 2, 1912

DANIEL C. FRENCH, SC.

OUR MARTYR PRESIDENT ABRAHAM LINCOLN

LINCOLN MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ORATION

By HON. GEO. BANCROFT

BURIAL ORATION

By BISHOP SIMPSON

EULOGY

By R. S. STORRS, JR., D.D.

Reprinted from the original edition



THE ABINGDON PRESS

NEW YORK

CINCINNATI

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PUBLISHERS' NOTE

THE original edition of the Lincoln Memorial Addresses, published in 1865, has long since been out of print. The fiftieth anniversary of President Lincoln's death seems an opportune time for a reissue. These sermons and addresses portray the feeling of the nation in its hour of dire calamity as no other writing can possibly do. Historical matter of this character should not be allowed to perish, and the publishers feel that they are performing a patriotic duty as well as enjoying a patriotic privilege in giving these orations and addresses a new lease of life.

THE ABINGDON PRESS.

PREFACE TO THE ORIGINAL EDITION

TO OUR READERS:

WE offer you a memento of times of greatest moment, of events of wondrous and tragic interest, of stupendous and successful crime, of unparalleled national grief.

April 14, 1865! Memorable day! impressed on the nation's heart as none other. Throughout the North the loyal people had been exultant as never before; the power of the Rebellion had departed; the legions of the Union were pressing, with victorious tread, hard after the defeated and flying foe; the tidings of victory, borne on the wings of the lightning, reached every town and village of the land; the starry banners were given to the breeze; the cannon of peace thundered echoes to the cannon of war; that for which all had sighed seemed to approach, and the patriotic and grateful hailed each other with glad voices and glowing faces. Who can tell what a day may bring forth! The sun set on happiness and rejoicing; the mantle of night fell on the land, and ere it was lifted a deed was consummated the intelligence of which should shake the world. Again the lightning courier sped on his way. Again tidings were borne to every town and village, and from happy slumber the people woke to horror and mourning, to sadness never to be forgotten in time—never to be told. The heads borne so proudly yesterday droop on the breast to-day; the

springing footstep of yesterday is the funeral pace of to-day. Friends met in silence and tears. When utterance was given, men talked of God—of his providence—of his wisdom. The head of the nation was stricken and slain, and the nation turned to him who is from everlasting to everlasting. In the centers of commerce and finance there was heard the voice of supplication. The Sabbath came—never more opportune—never more welcome—and in temples dedicated to Jehovah the heart-stricken gathered and waited while the ministers of God interpreted their feelings.

In time to come, this record of the religious sentiment of the people, as, stricken and sad, they gathered in their places of worship, will be influential in bringing the darkest hour of the nation's life, with its surpassing interest, within the reach of the sympathy of coming generations. When the flowers have many times bloomed and faded on the grave of our martyred President; when the banner of Peace floats over every acre of the broad territory of our glorious Union; when the hearts that felt the pangs of awful bereavement are still, men will assent to the facts recorded by the historian, but they cannot feel with the generation whose bosom received the fiery darts, unless they come in contact with their feelings.

This volume treasures up the utterances of those who were the mouth-pieces of the people, and thus conveys to the readers of the future a better idea of the wonderful effects produced on the national heart by the assassination of Abraham Lincoln than can be conveyed in any other way.

R. M. WHITING.

Brooklyn, May, 1865.

I

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER

"And Moses went up from the plains of Moab unto the mountain of Nebo, to the top of Pisgah, that is over against Jericho; and the Lord showed him all the land of Gilead, unto Dan, and all Naphtali, and the land of Ephraim, and Manasseh, and all the land of Judah, unto the utmost sea, and the south, and the plain of the valley of Jericho, the city of palm trees, unto Zoar. And the Lord said unto him, This is the land which I sware unto Abraham, unto Isaac, and unto Jacob, saying, I will give it unto thy seed: I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither. So Moses the servant of the Lord died there in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord."—DEUT. 34. 1-5.

THERE is no historic figure more noble than that of the Jewish lawgiver. After so many thousand years, the figure of Moses is not diminished, but stands up against the background of early days, distinct and individual as if he had lived but yesterday. There is scarcely another event in history more touching than his death. He had borne the great burdens of states for forty years, shaped the Jews to a nation, filled out their civil and religious polity, administered their laws, guided their steps, or dwelt with them in all their journeyings in the wilderness; had mourned in their punishment, kept step with their march, and led them in wars, until the end of their labors drew nigh. The last stage was reached. Jordan only lay between them and the promised land. The promised land—oh, what

yearnings had heaved his breast for that divinely promised place! He had dreamed of it by night, and mused by day. It was holy and endeared as God's favored spot. It was to be the cradle of an illustrious history. All his long, laborious, and now weary life, he had aimed at this as the consummation of every desire, the reward of every toil and pain. Then came the word of the Lord to him, "Thou mayest not go over. Get thee up into the mountain, look upon it, and die."

From that silent summit, the hoary leader gazed to the north, to the south, to the west, with hungry eyes. The dim outlines rose up. The hazy recesses spoke of quiet valleys between the hills. With eager longing, with sad resignation, he looked upon the promised land. It was now to him a forbidden land. It was a moment's anguish. He forgot all his personal wants, and drank in the vision of his people's home. His work was done. There lay God's promise fulfilled. There was the seat of coming Jerusalem; there the city of Judah's King; the sphere of judges and prophets; the mount of sorrow and salvation; the nest whence were to fly blessings innumerable to all mankind. Joy chased sadness from every feature, and the prophet laid him down and died.

Again a great leader of the people has passed through toil, sorrow, battle, and war, and come near to the promised land of peace, into which he might not pass over. Who shall recount our martyr's sufferings for this people? Since the November of 1860, his horizon has been black with storms. By day and by night, he trod a way of danger and darkness. On his shoulders rested a government dearer to him than his own life. At its integrity millions of men were strik-

ing at home. Upon this government foreign eyes lowered. It stood like a lone island in a sea full of storms; and every tide and wave seemed eager to devour it. Upon thousands of hearts great sorrows and anxieties have rested, but not on one such, and in such measure, as upon that simple, truthful, noble soul, our faithful and sainted Lincoln. Never rising to the enthusiasm of more impassioned natures in hours of hope, and never sinking with the mercurial in hours of defeat to the depths of despondency, he held on with unmovable patience and fortitude, putting caution against hope that it might not be premature, and hope against caution that it might not yield to dread and danger. He wrestled ceaselessly, through four black and dreadful purgatorial years, wherein God was cleansing the sin of his people as by fire.

At last, the watcher beheld the gray dawn for the country. The mountains began to give forth their forms from out the darkness; and the East came rushing toward us with arms full of joy for all our sorrows. Then it was for him to be glad exceedingly, that had sorrowed immeasurably. Peace could bring to no other heart such joy, such rest, such honor, such trust, such gratitude. But he looked upon it as Moses looked upon the promised land. Then the wail of a nation proclaimed that he had gone from among us. Not thine the sorrow, but ours, sainted soul. Thou hast indeed entered the promised land, while we are yet on the march. To us remains the rocking of the deep, the storm upon the land, days of duty and nights of watching; but thou art sphered high above all darkness and fear, beyond all sorrow and weariness. Rest, Oh weary heart! Rejoice exceedingly, thou that hast

enough suffered! Thou hast beheld Him who invisibly led thee in this great wilderness. Thou standest among the elect. Around thee are the royal men that have ennobled human life in every age. Kingly art thou, with glory on thy brow as a diadem. And joy is upon thee for ever more. Over all this land, over all the little cloud of years that now from thine infinite horizon moves back as a speck, thou art lifted up as high as the star is above the clouds that hide us, but never reach it. In the goodly company of Mount Zion thou shalt find that rest which thou hast sorrowing sought in vain; and thy name, an everlasting name in heaven, shall flourish in fragrance and beauty as long as men shall last upon the earth, or hearts remain to revere truth, fidelity, and goodness.

Never did two such orbs of experience meet in one hemisphere as the joy and the sorrow of the same week in this land. The joy was as sudden as if no man had expected it, and as entrancing as if it had fallen a sphere from heaven. It rose up over sobriety, and swept business from its moorings, and ran down through the land in irresistible course. Men embraced each other in brotherhood that were strangers in the flesh. They sang, or prayed, or, deeper yet, many could only think thanksgiving and weep gladness. That peace was sure; that government was firmer than ever; that the land was cleansed of plague; that the ages were opening to our footsteps, and we were to begin a march of blessings; that blood was staunched, and scowling enmities were sinking like storms beneath the horizon; that the dear fatherland, nothing lost, much gained, was to rise up in unexampled honor among the nations of the earth—these thoughts, and

that undistinguishable throng of fancies, and hopes, and desires, and yearnings, that filled the soul with tremblings like the heated air of midsummer days—all these kindled up such a surge of joy as no words may describe.

In one hour joy lay without a pulse, without a gleam, or breath. A sorrow came that swept through the land as huge storms sweep through the forest and field, rolling thunder along the sky, disheveling the flowers, daunting every singer in thicket or forest, and pouring blackness and darkness across the land and up the mountains. Did ever so many hearts, in so brief a time, touch two such boundless feelings? It was the uttermost of joy; it was the uttermost of sorrow—noon and midnight, without a space between.

The blow brought not a sharp pang. It was so terrible that at first it stunned sensibility. Citizens were like men awakened at midnight by an earthquake, and bewildered to find everything that they were accustomed to trust wavering and falling. The very earth was no longer solid. The first feeling was the least. Men waited to get straight to feel. They wandered in the streets as if groping after some impending dread, or undeveloped sorrow, or some one to tell them what ailed them. They met each other as if each would ask the other, "Am I awake, or do I dream?" There was a piteous helplessness. Strong men bowed down and wept. Other and common griefs belonged to some one in chief; this belonged to all. It was each and every man's. Every virtuous household in the land felt as if its first-born were gone. Men were bereaved, and walked for days as if a corpse lay unburied in their dwellings. There was nothing else to think of. They

could speak of nothing but that; and yet, of that they could speak only falteringly. All business was laid aside. Pleasure forgot to smile. The city for nearly a week ceased to roar. The great Leviathan lay down, and was still. Even avarice stood still, and greed was strangely moved to generous sympathy and universal sorrow. Rear to his name monuments, found charitable institutions, and write his name above their lintels; but no monument will ever equal the universal, spontaneous, and sublime sorrow that in a moment swept down lines and parties, and covered up animosities, and in an hour brought a divided people into unity of grief and indivisible fellowship of anguish.

For myself, I cannot yet command that quietness of spirit needed for a just and temperate delineation of a man whom goodness has made great. Leaving that, if it please God, to some other occasion, I pass to some considerations, aside from the martyr President's character, which may be fit for this hour's instruction.

1. Let us not mourn that his departure was so sudden, nor fill our imagination with horror at its method. Men, long eluding and evading sorrow, when at last they are overtaken by it, seem enchanted, and seek to make their sorrow sorrowful to the very uttermost, and to bring out every drop of suffering which they possibly can. This is not Christian, though it may be natural. When good men pray for deliverance from sudden death, it is only that they may not be plunged without preparation, all disrobed, into the presence of their Judge. When one is ready to depart, suddenness of death is a blessing. It is a painful sight to see a tree overthrown by a tornado, wrenched from its foundations, and broken down like a weed; but it is

yet more painful to see a vast and venerable tree lingering with vain strife against decay, which age and infirmity have marked for destruction. The process by which strength wastes, and the mind is obscured, and the tabernacle is taken down, is humiliating and painful; and it is good and grand when a man departs to his rest from out of the midst of duty, full-armed and strong, with pulse beating time. For such an one to go suddenly, if he be prepared to go, is but to terminate a most noble life in its most noble manner. Mark the words of the Master:

“Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning; and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their lord, when he will return from the wedding; that when he cometh and knocketh they may open unto him immediately. Blessed are those servants whom the lord when he cometh shall find watching.”

Not they that go in a stupor, but they that go with all their powers about them, and wide-awake, to meet their Master, as to a wedding, are blessed. He died watching. He died with his armor on. In the midst of hours of labors, in the very heart of patriotic consultations, just returned from camps and councils, he was stricken down. No fever dried his blood. No slow waste consumed him. All at once, in full strength and manhood, with his girdle tight about him, he departed, and walks with God.

Nor was the manner of his death more shocking, if we divest it of the malignity of the motives which caused it. The mere instrument itself is not one that we should shrink from contemplating. Have not thousands of soldiers fallen on the field of battle by the bullets of the enemy? Is being killed in battle counted

to be a dreadful mode of dying? It was as if he had died in battle. Do not all soldiers that must fall ask to depart in the hour of battle and victory? He went in the hour of victory.

There has not been a poor drummer-boy in all this war that has fallen for whom the great heart of Lincoln would not have bled; there has not been one private soldier, without note or name, slain among thousands, and hid in the pit among hundreds, without even the memorial of a separate burial, for whom the President would not have wept. He was a man from the common people that never forgot his kind. And now that he who might not bear the march, and toil, and battles with these humble citizens has been called to die by the bullet, as they were, do you not feel that there was a peculiar fitness to his nature and life, that he should in death be joined with them, in a final common experience, to whom he had been joined in all his sympathies

For myself, when any event is susceptible of a higher and nobler garnishing, I know not what that disposition is that should seek to drag it down to the depths of gloom, and write it all over with the scrawls of horror or fear. I let the light of nobler thoughts fall upon his departure, and bless God that there is some argument of consolation in the matter and manner of his going, as there was in the matter and manner of his staying.

2. This blow was but the expiring rebellion. As a miniature gives all the form and features of its subject, so, epitomized in this foul act, we find the whole nature and disposition of slavery. It begins in a wanton destruction of all human rights, and in a

desecration of all the sanctities of heart and home; and it is the universal enemy of mankind, and of God, who made man. It can be maintained only at the sacrifice of every right and moral feeling in its abettors and upholders. I deride the man that points me to any man bred amid slavery, believing in it, and willingly practicing it, and tells me that he is a *man*. I shall find saints in perdition sooner than I shall find true manhood under the influences of so accursed a system as this. It is a two-edged sword, cutting both ways, violently destroying manhood in the oppressed, and insidiously destroying manhood in the oppressor. The problem is solved, the demonstration is completed, in our land. Slavery wastes its victims; and it destroys the masters. It destroys public morality, and the possibility of it. It corrupts manhood in its very center and elements. Communities in which it exists are not to be trusted. They are rotten. Nor can you find timber grown in this accursed soil of iniquity that is fit to build our ship of state, or lay the foundation of our households. The patriotism that grows up under this blight, when put to proof, is selfish and brittle; and he that leans upon it shall be pierced. The honor that grows up in the midst of slavery is not honor, but a bastard quality that usurps the place of its better, only to disgrace the name of honor. And, as long as there is conscience, or reason, or Christianity, the honor that slavery begets will be a bye-word and a hissing. The whole moral nature of men reared to familiarity and connivance with slavery is death-smitten. The needless rebellion; the treachery of its leaders to oaths and solemn trusts; their violation of the commonest principles of fidelity, sitting

in senates, in councils, in places of public confidence, only to betray and to destroy; the long, general, and unparalleled cruelty to prisoners, without provocation, and utterly without excuse: the unreasoning malignity and fierceness—these all mark the symptoms of that disease of slavery which is a deadly poison to soul and body.

1. I do not say that there are not single natures, here and there, scattered through the vast wilderness which is covered with his poisonous vine, who escape the poison. There are, but they are not to be found among the men that believe in it, and that have been molded by it. They are the exceptions. Slavery is itself barbarity. That nation which cherishes it is barbarous; and no outward tinsel or glitter can redeem it from the charge of barbarism. And it was fit that its expiring blow should be such as to take away from men the last forbearance, the last pity, and fire the soul with an invincible determination that the breeding ground of such mischiefs and monsters shall be utterly and forever destroyed.

2. We needed not that he should put on paper that he believed in slavery, who, with treason, with murder, with cruelty infernal, hovered around that majestic man to destroy his life. He was himself but the long sting with which slavery struck at liberty; and he carried the poison that belonged to slavery. And as long as this nation lasts, it will never be forgotten that we have had one martyred President—never! Never, while time lasts, while heaven lasts, while hell rocks and groans, will it be forgotten that slavery, by its minions, slew him, and, in slaying him, made manifest its whole nature and tendency.

3. This blow was aimed at the life of the Government and of the nation. Lincoln was slain; America was meant. The man was cast down; the Government was smitten at. The President was killed: it was national life, breathing freedom, and meaning beneficence, that was sought. He, the man of Illinois, the private man, divested of robes and the insignia of authority, representing nothing but his personal self, might have been hated; but it was not that that ever would have called forth the murderer's blow. It was because he stood in the place of government, representing government, and a government that represented right and liberty, that he was singled out.

This, then, is a crime against universal government. It is not a blow at the foundations of our government, more than at the foundations of the English Government, of the French Government, of every compacted and well-organized government. It was a crime against mankind. The whole world will repudiate and stigmatize it as a deed without a shade of redeeming light. For this was not the oppressed, goaded to extremity, turning on his oppressor. Not the shadow of a cloud, even, has rested on the South, of wrong; and they knew it right well.

In a council held in the City of Charleston, just preceding the attack on Fort Sumter, two commissioners were appointed to go to Washington; one on the part of the army from Fort Sumter and one on the part of the Confederates. The lieutenant that was designated to go for us said it seemed to him that it would be of little use for him to go, as his opinion was immovably fixed in favor of maintaining the Government in whose service he was employed. Then Gov.

Pickens took him aside, detaining, for an hour and a half, the railroad train that was to convey them on their errand. He opened to him the whole plan and secret of the Southern conspiracy, and said to him, distinctly and repeatedly (for it was needful, he said, to lay aside disguises), that the South had never been wronged, and that all their pretences of grievance in the matter of tariffs, or anything else, were invalid. "But," said he, "we must carry the people with us; and we allege these things, as all statesmen do many things that they do not believe, because they are the only instruments by which the people can be managed." He then and there declared that the two sections of country were so antagonistic in ideas and policies that they could not live together, that it was foreordained that Northern and Southern men must keep apart on account of differences in ideas and policies, and that all the pretences of the South about wrongs suffered were but pretences, as they very well knew. This is testimony which was given by one of the leaders in the rebellion, and which will, probably, ere long, be given under hand and seal to the public. So the South has never had wrong visited upon it except by that which was inherent in it.

This was not, then, the avenging hand of one goaded by tyranny. It was not a despot turned on by his victim. It was the venomous hatred of liberty wielded by an avowed advocate of slavery. And, though there may have been cases of murder in which there were shades of palliation, yet this murder was without provocation, without temptation, without reason, sprung from the fury of a heart cankered to all that was just and good, corrupted by all that was wicked and foul.

4. The blow has signally failed. The cause is not stricken; it is strengthened. This nation has dissolved—but in tears only. It stands four-square, more solid, to-day, than any pyramid in Egypt. This people are neither wasted, nor daunted, nor disordered. Men hate slavery and love liberty with stronger hate and love to-day than ever before. The government is not weakened, it is made stronger. How naturally and easily were the ranks closed! Another stepped forward, in the hour that the one fell, to take his place and his mantle; and I avow my belief that he will be found a man true to every instinct of liberty; true to the whole trust that is reposed in him; vigilant of the Constitution; careful of the laws; wise for liberty, in that he himself, through his life, has known what it was to suffer from the stings of slavery, and to prize liberty from bitter personal experiences. [Applause.]

Where could the head of government in any monarchy be smitten down by the hand of an assassin, and the funds not quiver nor fall one half of one per cent? After a long period of national disturbance, after four years of drastic war, after tremendous drafts on the resources of the country, in the height and top of our burdens, the heart of this people is such that now, when the head of government is stricken down, the public funds do not waver, but stand as the granite ribs in our mountains.

Republican institutions have been vindicated in this experience as they never were before; and the whole history of the last four years, rounded up by this cruel stroke, seems, in the providence of God, to have been clothed, now, with an illustration, with a sympathy,

with an aptness, and with a significance, such as we never could have expected nor imagined. God, I think, has said, by the voice of this event, to all nations of the earth, "Republican liberty, based upon true Christianity, is firm as the foundation of the globe." [Applause.]

5. Even he who now sleeps has, by this event, been clothed with new influence. Dead, he speaks to men who now willingly hear what before they refused to listen to. Now his simple and weighty words will be gathered like those of Washington, and your children, and your children's children, shall be taught to ponder the simplicity and deep wisdom of utterances which, in their time, passed, in party heat, as idle words. Men will receive a new impulse of patriotism for his sake, and will guard with zeal the whole country which he loved so well. I swear you, on the altar of his memory, to be more faithful to the country for which he has perished. [Applause.] They will, as they follow his hearse, swear a new hatred to that slavery against which he warred, and which, in vanquishing him, has made him a martyr and a conqueror. I swear you, by the memory of this martyr, to hate slavery with an unappeasable hatred. [Applause.] They will admire and imitate the firmness of this man, his inflexible conscience for the right; and yet his gentleness, as tender as a woman's, his moderation of spirit, which, not all the heat of party could inflame, nor all the jars and disturbances of this country shake out of its place. I swear you to an emulation of his justice, his moderation, and his mercy.

You I can comfort; but how can I speak to that twilight million to whom his name was as the name

of an angel of God? There will be wailing in places which no minister shall be able to reach. When, in hovel and in cot, in wood and in wilderness, in the field throughout the South, the dusky children, who looked upon him as that Moses whom God sent before them to lead them out of the land of bondage, learn that he has fallen, who shall comfort them? O, thou Shepherd of Israel, that didst comfort thy people of old, to thy care we commit the helpless, the long-wronged, and grieved.

And now the martyr is moving in triumphal march, mightier than when alive. The nation rises up at every stage of his coming. Cities and States are his pallbearers, and the cannon beats the hours with solemn progression. Dead, *dead*, DEAD, he yet speaketh! Is Washington dead? Is Hampden dead? Is David dead? Is any man that ever was fit to live dead? Disenthralled of flesh, and risen in the unobstructed sphere where passion never comes, he begins his illimitable work. His life now is grafted upon the infinite, and will be fruitful as no earthly life can be. Pass on, thou that hast overcome! Your sorrows, O people, are his peace! Your bells and bands and muffled drums, sound triumph in his ear. Wail and weep here; God makes it echo joy and triumph there. Pass on!

Four years ago, O, Illinois, we took from your midst an untried man, and from among the people. We return him to you a mighty conqueror. Not thine any more, but the nation's; not ours, but the world's. Give him place, O, ye prairies! In the midst of this great continent his dust shall rest, a sacred treasure to myriads who shall pilgrim to that shrine to kindle

anew their zeal and patriotism. Ye winds that move over the mighty places of the West, chant his requiem! Ye people, behold a martyr whose blood, as so many articulate words, pleads for fidelity, for law, for liberty!

II

REV. HENRY W. BELLOWS, D.D.

"Sorrow hath filled your heart. Nevertheless, I will tell you the truth; It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you."—JOHN 16. 6, 7.

So Jesus, in view of his own approaching death, comforted his disciples! He was to leave them, robbed by violence of their accustomed leader; he whom they had believed should redeem Israel, snatched wickedly and ignominiously from their side; all their hopes of prosperity and power in this world utterly destroyed. He was to leave them a dismayed and broken-hearted band, terror-stricken and scattered abroad, the enemies of their beloved Lord triumphant over him; his words and teachings as yet involved in obscurity and mystery; their souls ungrown in his likeness; the nature of their Master's errand in this world not yet understood—nay, misunderstood almost as sadly by his disciples as by the Jews who murdered him. Knowing, as our Saviour did, just how they were to be affected by his death, how utterly appalled and bewildered, he still tells them, "It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter [who should abide with them forever] will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you."

We understand now, looking back nineteen cen-

turies, how truly Jesus spake. We see that without that death there could not have been that resurrection from the dead; that Jesus Christ was revealed to his disciples as a spiritual prince and deliverer, as Lord over the grave and King of saints immortal, in the defeat of all ambitions having their seat in this world; that he died to prove that death was not the end of being, but the real beginning of a true life; rose again to show that if it was "appointed unto all men once to die," it was not because fate and matter were stronger than spirit, or because death was inevitable, but simply because thus man broke out of fleshly garments into a higher mode of existence. We see now that he finally left his disciples, and ascended into heaven, to show them that absence in the flesh is often only a greater nearness of the spirit—that his power to enlighten, guide, animate, and bless them—yes, to comfort and cheer them—was greater as an unseen Saviour, sitting at the right hand of God, than as a present incarnate Master, in whose bosom John could lie, and into whose side and into the prints of the nails Thomas could thrust his doubting fingers. And what he promised he fully performed! The crucifixion which darkened the heavens with its gloom gave way to the resurrection, which not only broke Christ's own tomb and the tombs of many saints, but slew the angel of death himself, leaving him only the mock dignity of a name without reality, which let into the apostles' minds, and through them into the world, their first conception of the utter spirituality of Christ's kingdom; converted them from Jews into Christians; indeed, began the new era, and from ordinary fishermen created those glorious, sublime apostles,

whose teachings, character, deeds, and sufferings built up the Church on the chief corner stone, and established our holy religion in the world.

And it was not only expedient for Jesus Christ to die, that he might rise again clothed with his conquest over the grave, his victory over the doubts and fears of his disciples, and the bold predictions and short triumph of his murderers—but expedient for him, in his ascension, to go away utterly from all bodily presence with his disciples and followers, drawing their thoughts and affections after him into the unseen world. Thus alone could Jesus keep the minds and hearts of his disciples wide open and stretched to the full compass of his spiritual religion—keep them from closing in again with their narrow earthly horizon—keep them from falling back into schemes of worldly hope—from substituting fondness for and devotion to his visible person, for that elevated, spiritual consecration to his spirit and his commandments, on which their future high and holy influence depended. Jesus went away, that the Christ might return to be the anointing and illumination and Comforter of his disciples. His nearest friends never knew him till he had wholly gone away. They never loved him till he was beyond their embraces. John, lying in his bosom, was not as near his heart as thousands of his humblest disciples have been, who have had Christ formed within them by communion with his Holy Spirit. That going away created and inspired the apostles, who, under God and Christ, created and inspired the Church. Jesus shook off his Judaic, his local, and his merely human character, and became the universal Son of man, the native of all countries, the contemporary of all times and

eras, the ubiquitous companion and common Saviour. His death, his resurrection, his ascension, rehearsed and symbolized the common and sublime destiny of humanity. Man is mortal, and must die; man is immortal, and must rise again; man is a spirit, and must quit the limitations of earth and sense, to dwell with God in a world of spiritual realities.

Thus Jesus honored the flesh he took upon himself, and the world he lived in; honored by accepting the universal lot of life and death. But at the same time that he honored our visible conditions and circumstances, he discredited them of their assumed sovereignty over us by triumphing over the grave, and returning in the flesh to life and to its duties and necessities, and then, finally, he lifted man above not only the grave, but above time and sense, matter and affairs, by ascending into the unseen world, as into a more real state of existence, and promising from that invisible seat to conduct the triumph of his Church, to visit and cheer the hearts of his disciples, and to be with them until the end of the world, when his kingdom should come fully, and God's will be done in earth as in heaven. Then he would deliver the kingdom up unto the Father, that God might be all in all.

And has it not, indeed, been so? The Comforter has come! He came to the apostles, and wiped away their doubts and fears: their personal ambitions, their Jewish prejudices, their self-seeking and self-saving thoughts! For tongues that spake only the dialects of their local experience, it gives them tongues of fire, burning with an eloquence intelligible in all lands and all ages.

And what but a Holy Spirit, a descending Saviour,

taking of the things of God and showing them unto men, has been the strength and salvation of human hearts from that hour to this? How has the Master's influence grown, how mighty his consolations, how irresistible the inspirations of his grace and truth! Buried in catacombs, overwhelmed with the wrath of mighty kings and princes, resisted and withstood by all the pride of philosophers and sages, protested by the vulgar senses and denied by the coarse appetites of man—the holy faith, planted in Christ's broken tomb, has withstood the rigors of every climate, outlived the swords and axes that have turned their edge against it, the hoofs of horses and the iron heels of mailed hosts that have trampled it in the dust, been nourished by the blood of the martyrs that died for its glory and defense, and has overrun the very cities that slew its apostles, crossed oceans unknown to the empires that defiled or despised it, become the glory and hope of a civilization, known only by its name! The Comforter indeed! What visible bodily master could visit every day the millions of homes that the ascended Christ now takes in the daily circuit of his divine walk? And what lips could articulate the unspeakable wisdom he distills into lowly hearts that feel, but can never tell, the joy and trust and truth he imparts? Ah! the best part of the gospel is that Word which cannot be uttered, but which comes and abides with the believing soul—that tender experience of a life hidden with Christ in God, which it is no more given to reveal in language, than it is given to describe the things which God hath prepared for them that love him! Yes! on this holy Easter morning! when the mild spring air is full of God's quickening love, and the breeze goes whis-

pering in the ear of every dry root and quivering stalk, the promise of a new life, a glorious resurrection, is there not a winged but viewless Comforter, noiselessly fluttering in at the windows of all Christian homes, and gently stirring in the hearts that have inherited their father's faith, the blessed assurance of God's eternal love; of the soul's superiority to time and sense, to death and hell; of the supporting presence of a Saviour's love and care, with all the gracious invitations, encouragements, and comforts that breathe from the Gospels, vital with the spirit and life, the death and resurrection of Him whose history they record? Can we read the New Testament to-day and feel that it is only common print that we peruse? Are Christ's living words only remembered phrases? or do we seem to hear them spoken from heaven by Him who is the Word of God, and with a music and a meaning that all "the harpers, harping with their harps," could not intensify or sweeten, making our souls burn within us as when of old he walked and talked by the way, at Emmaus, with his disciples?

It is, dear brethren, the faith, and hope, and trust of those inspired by the Comforter Jesus sent, that enables us to confront without utter dismay the appalling visitation that has just fallen with such terrible suddenness upon the country and the national cause! With a heart almost withered, a brain almost paralyzed by the shock, I turn in vain for consolation to any other than the Comforter. Just as we were wreathing the laurels of our victories and the chaplets of our peace in with the Easter flowers that bloom around the empty sepulcher of our ascended Lord; just as we were preparing the fit and luminous celebration of a nation's

joy in its providential deliverance from a most bloody and costly war, and feeling that the Resurrection of Christ was freshly and gloriously interpreted by the rising of our smitten, humiliated, reviled, and crucified country, buried in the distrust of foreign nations and the intentions of rebel hearts; a country rising from the tomb, where she had left as discarded grave-clothes, the accursed vestments of slavery that had poisoned, enfeebled, and nearly destroyed her first life; a country rising to a higher, purer existence, under the guidance of a chief whom it fondly thought sent from above to lead it cautiously, wisely, conscientiously, successfully, like another Moses, through the Red Sea into its promised land; just then, at the proud moment when the nation, its four years of conflict fully rounded, had announced its ability to diminish its armaments, withdraw its call for troops and its restrictions on intercourse, comes as out of a clear heaven the thunderbolt that pierces the tender, sacred head that we were ready to crown with a nation's blessings, while trusting to its wisdom and gentleness, its faithfulness and prudence, the closing up of the country's wounds, and the appareling of the nation, her armor laid aside, in the white robes of peace.

Our beloved President, who had enshrined himself not merely in the confidence, the respect, and the gratitude of the people, but in their very hearts, as their true friend, adviser, representative, and brother; whom the nation loved as much as it revered; who had soothed our angry impatience in this fearful struggle with his gentle moderation and passionless calm; who had been the head of the nation, and not the chief of a successful party; and had treated our enemies like rebellious chil-

dren, and not as foreign foes, providing even in their chastisement for mercy and penitent restoration; our prudent, firm, humble, reverential, God-fearing President is dead!

The assassin's hand has reached him who was belted round with a nation's devotion, and whom a million soldiers have hitherto encircled with their watchful guardianship. Panoplied in honesty and simplicity of purpose, too universally well-disposed to believe in danger to himself, free from ambition, self-consequence and show, he has always shown a fearless heart, gone often to the front, made himself accessible to all at home, trusted the people, joined their amusements, answered their summons, and laid himself open every day to the malice and murderous chances of domestic foes. It seemed as if no man could raise his hand against that meek ruler, or confront with purpose of injury that loving eye, that sorrow-stricken face, ploughed with care, and watchings, and tears. So marked with upright, patient purposes of good to all, of justice and mercy, of sagacious roundabout wisdom, was his homely, paternal countenance, that I do not wonder that his murderer killed him from behind, and could not face the look that would have disarmed him in the very moment of his criminal madness.

But he has gone! ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President of the United States during the most difficult, trying, and important period of the nation's history; safe conductor of our policy through a crisis such as no other people ever had to pass; successful summoner of a million and a quarter of American citizens to arms in behalf of their flag and their Union; author of the Proclamation of Emancipation; the people's President;

the heir of Washington's place at the hearths and altars of the land; the legitimate idol of the negro race; the perfect type of American democracy; the astute adviser of our generals in the field; the careful student of their strategy, and their personal friend and inspirer; the head of his Cabinet, prevailing, by the passionless simplicity of his integrity and unselfish patriotism, over the larger experience, the more brilliant gifts, the more vigorous purposes of his constitutional advisers; a President, indeed; not the mere figure-head of the state, but its helmsman and pilot; shrinking from no perplexity, magnanimous in self-accusation and in readiness to gather into his own bosom the spears of rebuke aimed at his counselors and agents; the tireless servant of his place—no duty so small and wearisome that he shirked it, none so great and persistent that he sought to fling it upon others; the man who, fully tried (not without fitful vacillations of public sentiment, which visited on him the difficulties of the times and the situation), tried through four years in which every quality of the man, the statesman, the Christian, was tested; in the face of a jeering enemy, and foreign sneers, and domestic ribaldry, elected again by overwhelming majorities to be their chief and their representative during another term of office, in which it was supposed even superior qualities and services would be required to meet the nation's exigencies—this tried, this honored, this beloved head of the Government and the country is, alas! suddenly snatched from us at the moment of our greatest need and our greatest joy, and taken up higher to his heavenly reward! Thank God, he knew how the nation loved and revered him; his reelection was the

most solid proof of that which could possibly have been given. He had tasted, too, the negro's pious gratitude, and tearful, glorious affection! He had lived to give the order for ceasing our preparations for war—an act almost equivalent to proclaiming peace! He had seen of the travail of his soul, and was satisfied. He had done the work of a life in his first term of service; almost every day of his second term, not forty days old, had been marked with victories, until no good news could have been received that would have much swelled his joy and honest pride! And now, as the typical figure, the historic name of this great era, its glory rounded and full, the Almighty Wisdom has seen fit to close the record, and isolate the special work he has done, lest by any possible mischance the flawless beauty and symmetric oneness of the President's career should be impaired, its unique glory compromised by after issues, or its special luster mixed with rays of another color, though it might be of an equal splendor!

The Past, at least, is secure! Nothing can touch him further. Standing the central form in the field of this mighty, providential struggle, he fitly represents the purity, calmness, justice, and mercy of the loyal American people; their unconquered resolution to conquer secession and break slavery in pieces; their sober, solid sense; their religious confidence that God is on their side, and their cause the cause of universal humanity! Let us be reconciled to the appointment which has released that weighty and patient head, that pathetic, tender heart, that worn and weary hand from the perplexing details of national rehabilitation. Let the lesser, meaner cares and anxieties of the country fall on other shoulders than those which have borne up

the pillars of the nation when shaken with the earthquake.

And seeing it is God who has afflicted us, who doeth all things well, let us believe that it is expedient for us that our beloved chief should go away. He goes, to consecrate his work by flinging his life as well as his labors and his conscience into the nation's cause. He that has cheered so many on to bloody sacrifice, found unexpected, surprising opportunity, to give also his own blood! He died, as truly as any warrior dies on the battle-field, in the nation's service, and shed his blood for her sake! It was the nation that was aimed at by the bullet that stilled his aching brain. As the representative of a cause, the type of a victory, he was singled out and slain! His life and career now have the martyr's palm added to the statesman's, philanthropist's, and patriot's crown. His place is sure in the innermost shrine of his country's gratitude. His name will match with Washington's, and go with it laden with blessings down to the remotest posterity.

And may we not have needed this loss, in which we gain a national martyr and an ascended leader, to inspire us from his heavenly seat, where with the other father of his country he sits in glory, while they send united benedictions and lessons of comfort and of guidance down upon their common children—may we not have needed this loss to sober our hearts in the midst of our national triumph, lest in the excess of our joy and our pride we should overstep the bounds of that prudence and the limits of that earnest seriousness which our affairs demand? We have stern and solemn duties yet to perform, great and anxious tasks to achieve. We must not, after ploughing the fields with

the burning share of civil war, and fertilizing them with the blood and bones of a half million noble youth, lose the great harvest by wasting the short season of ingathering in festive joy at its promise and its fullness! We have, perhaps, been prematurely glad. In the joy of seeing our haven in view we have been disposed to slacken the cordage and let the sails flap idly, and the hands go below, when the storm was not fairly over nor all the breakers out of sight! God has startled us, to apprise us of our peril; to warn us of possible mischances, and to caution us how we abuse our confidence and overtrust our enemy. I hope and pray that the nation may feel itself, by the dreadful calamity that has befallen it, summoned to its knees; called to a still more pious sense of its dependence, toned up to its duties, and compelled to watch with the most eager patience the course of its generals, its statesmen, and its press. It cannot be for anything short of the utmost importance, that the venerated and beloved head of this people and his chief counselor and companion have thus been brought low in an hour, one to his very grave, the other to the gates of death!

It would seem as if every element of tragic power and pathos were fated to enter into this rebellion, and mark it out forever as a warning to the world. It really began in the Senate House, when the bludgeon of South Carolina felled the State of Massachusetts and the honor of the Union in the person of a brave and eloquent senator. The shot at Fort Sumter was not so truly the fatal beginning of the war as the blow in the Senate Chamber. That blow proclaimed the barbarism, the cruelty, the stealthiness, the treachery, the recklessness of reason and justice, the contempt of

prudence and foresight which a hundred years of legalized oppression and inhumanity had bred in the South! And now, that blow, deepened into thunder, echoes from the head of the Chief Magistrate, as if slavery could not be dismissed forever, until her barbaric cruelty, her reckless violence, her political blasphemy had illustrated itself upon the most conspicuous arena, under the most damning light and the most memorable and unforgettable circumstances in which crime was ever yet committed!

And in the same hour that the thoughtful, meek, and careworn head of the President was smitten to death, a head that had sunk to its pillow for so many months full of unembittered, gentle, conciliatory, yet anxious and watchful thoughts—the neck on which that President had leaned with an affectionate confidence that was half womanly, during all his administration, was assailed with the bowie-knife, which stands for Southern vengeance and slavery's natural weapon! The voice of the free North, the tongue and throat of liberty, was fitly assailed, when slavery and secession would exhibit her dying feat of malignant revenge. Through the channels of that neck had flowed for thirty years the temperate, persistent, strong, steady currents of this nation's resistance to the encroachments of the slave power, of this people's aspirations for release from the curse and the peril of a growing race of slaves. That throat had voiced the nation's great argument in the Senate Chamber. The arm that had written the great series of letters which defended the nation from the schemes of foreign diplomatists, was already accidentally broken; the jaw that had so eloquently moved was dislocated too; but slavery remembered the neck

that bowed not when most others were bent to her power; remembered the throat that was vocal in her condemnation when most others in public life were silent from policy or fear; remembered the words of him who, more than any man, slew her with his tongue; and so her last assault was upon the jugular veins of the Secretary of State. Her bloodhounds sprang at the throat of him who had denied their right and broken their power to spring at the neck of the slave himself!

But thus far, thank God, slavery is baffled in her last effort. Mr. Seward lives to tell us what no man knows so well—the terrible perils through which we have passed at home and abroad; lives to tell us the goodness, the wisdom, the piety of the President he was never weary of praising. “He is the best man I ever knew,” he said to me, a year ago. What a eulogy from one so experienced, so acute, so wise, so gentle! Ah, brethren, the head of the Government is gone; but he who knew his counsels and was his other self, still lives, and may God hear to-day a nation’s prayer for his life.

Meanwhile Heaven rejoices this Easter morning in the resurrection of our lost leader, honored in the day of his death; dying on the anniversary of our Lord’s great sacrifice, a mighty sacrifice himself for the sins of a whole people.

We will not grudge him his release, or selfishly recall him from his rest and his reward! The only unpitied object in this national tragedy, he treads to-day the courts of light, radiant with the joy that even in Heaven celebrates our Saviour’s resurrection from the dead! The sables we hang in our sanctuaries and streets have no place where he is! His hearse is plumed

with a nation's grief; his resurrection is hailed with the songs of revolutionary patriots, of soldiers that have died for their country. He, the commander-in-chief, has gone to his army of the dead! The patriot President has gone to our Washington! The meek and lowly Christian is to-day with him who said on earth, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest," and who, rising to-day, fulfills his glorious words, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whoso liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

III

REV. STEPHEN H. TYNG, D.D.

“And the king of Israel said unto Elisha, when he saw them, My father, shall I smite them? shall I smite them? And he answered, Thou shalt not smite them: wouldst thou smite those whom thou hast taken captive with thy sword and with thy bow? set bread and water before them, that they may eat and drink, and go to their master.”—2 KINGS 6. 21, 22.

THE point of this story is very manifest. The principle which it establishes is also very clear. The simple question proposed to the prophet and answered by him was: What shall be our treatment of an enemy subdued? One class of sentiment demands, in the very language of man's nature: “Shall I smite them?” Another replies in the spirit of the divine teaching: “Set bread and water before them, and let them go.” The combination of both would be in the analogy of the divine administration. “Behold the goodness and the severity of God.” There are those involved in every such crisis, the sparing of whom is false to the true operation of mercy. There are those also, the punishing of whom would be an avenging undue to justice.

Both mercy and justice derive their very nature and power from a proportionate discernment. When man describes either of them as blind and unlimited, he paints them as arbitrary, tyrannical, and unreasoning.

In a just and equitable administration of government, whether distributing its rewards or its penalties, there must be the most accurate discerning of varied responsibility. The leaders in crime should never be excused from the just penalty of their offense. The subordinates—subjects of relative influence—victims of determined power—often more sinned against than sinning—are never to be dealt with on the same plane of responsibility. For them, mercy delights to rejoice against judgment, and the highest sovereignty may well display itself in the most complete forgiveness.

In the story which lies before us now, four separate facts are very remarkable, and to our purpose extremely appropriate. I. The warfare was really against the God of Israel. II. The power which prevailed was the providence of God. III. The victory attained was the gift of God. IV. The resulting treatment of the captives was the example of God.

These are very important propositions in any earthly crisis. The field of their illustration was very limited in the history of Israel. The extent of the field, however, will not affect the propriety of their application. I deem them remarkably applicable to our own national condition. And as you require and expect me, on these occasions of a nation's worship, to speak on the subjects of the nation's interest, I shall freely speak of the elements and obligations of the present crisis. I assume these four propositions as absolutely and minutely illustrated by our national condition.

I. The warfare which this Southern rebellion has made on our Government and nation has been really a warfare against God. Not Israel was more truly a nation divinely collected, divinely governed, divinely

commissioned, divinely prospered, than have been the United States of America. It is no boastful nationalism to say that this nation, in its establishment and prosperity, was the last hope in a weary world that man could ever on earth enjoy a peaceful and protected liberty. This broad, unoccupied continent, which God had reserved for its possession, was the last open field of earth remaining on which to try the grand experiment of a moral, social, intellectual advancement of the peaceful poor of the human family.

Freedom, education, orderly government, secure possessions, equal social rights, triumphant, stable law, universal possibility and prospect of advancement, complete freedom in man's personal relations to God, had been in all generations, and among all people, flying before the violence of savage force and brutish selfishness. Here was the last possible opening for their peaceful conquest. Here only on earth could human welfare be attained without the violence of destructive revolutions and the overthrow of nations in the confusion of war and blood. To make the other three quarters of the globe free and happy demanded a process of previous destruction of reigning evil. To make America free, happy, and prosperous required only that it should be settled in peace, prospered in liberty, and hallowed in prayer. If it could thus be settled with plants of renown, generations to come should gather from it the fruits of paradise and glory.

The actual circumstances combining to make up the history of the settlement of this nation were so peculiarly and remarkably an ordering and arrangement in divine providence that I will not waste your time, or trifle with your intelligence, by demonstrating in detail

the fact that God has chosen this place and this people for a special exhibition of his own wisdom and goodness in the government of man and for the accomplishment of great results in human happiness, which had been nowhere else attained. I should be ready to affirm that whoever warred with the integrity, prosperity, and onward growth of this nation warred with the plans and purposes of God.

But the warfare through which we have now passed was organized expressly to overthrow the government and integrity of the American nation, for the establishment of local sectional sovereignties. It was avowed to be for the arrest and destruction of the dominion of universal liberty, and for the maintenance and perpetuation of American slavery. It was to establish a perpetual degradation of honorable labor and of the hard-toiling laboring classes by making the capital of wealth the owner of the labor of poverty. It was to create and maintain a repulsive rivalry of distinct and contending peoples in the place of one, united, and mutually sustaining nation. It was to overturn the whole power, which this nation was exercising as a nation, to bless and exalt the earth by breaking it up into inferior and inefficient communities, an example of good to none, a probable curse to all.

I cannot conceive of a warfare, in its inauguration and purpose, more completely against the purposes and the commands of the Most High. If we could imagine its success in the accomplishment of these avowed purposes of this rebellion, it would be impossible to calculate, in human reasoning, the sorrows which it would have brought upon a laboring earth. It would have been the success of savage, bloodthirsty hatred over

all the arts of peace and the employments and habits of patient and civilized men. It would have been the triumph of murder and cruelty, in spirit and habit, intensified by the pride of power, over all the barriers of law and the restraints of opinion. It would have been the overthrow of all the efforts of Christian benevolence in the mere hardihood of selfish gain and acrid hostility. It would have been the ruin of the Christian Church with all its associations for the spreading of the Gospel and honoring and establishing the Word of God. It would have spread a desolation, moral and physical, over this whole continent, devouring the hopes of coming generations, and blasting the anticipations of future goodness and greatness to the children of men.

The spirit, the mind, the heart of this rebellion have been displayed in the long-continued sufferings of the negro—in the oppression and contempt of the poor whites—in the native love of bloodshed, which has delighted in dueling and schooled itself in the skill of murder—in the foulness of lust, which has left its fruits and marks in indelible monuments through the whole Southern country. They have now displayed themselves far more distinctly, but in an accordant manner, in the unprecedented and incredible cruelties which have been inflicted on our captive soldiers—deliberately planning the murder of thousands perfectly helpless, and the objects of pity to all other nations, by starvation, cruelty, and neglect. The whole exhibition of that people, as a people, has been so deeply, intensely wicked, that it was incredible, and was not and could not be believed that such a race of men, within the limits of outward civilization, were to be found on earth. Their success would have been the most shock-

ing social desolation and accumulated crime that the human race has ever seen.

But even all this has not aroused the public sentiment of our nation to the conviction that we were really fighting the battles of the Lord against the enemies of man. And it has required this last ripened fruit of a demoniac hatred, in the shocking murder of the President of the Republic in the quietness of secure repose, and the cowardly assassination of his Cabinet minister in the helplessness of a bed of sickness and suffering, long planned, encouraged, and urged in public papers as a deed of honor, to make perfectly manifest that this whole warfare has been an assault of the most violent of men upon all that was orderly, conservative, and beneficent in the gift of God and in the enjoyment of mankind. And no unprejudiced and impartial reader of history will hereafter, in his survey of the whole period, hesitate to say: "Never was there more clearly on earth an instance of that heavenly war, when Michael and his angels fought against the dragon, and Satan which deceiveth the whole world was cast out into the earth."

II. The power which has prevailed was the providence of God. The whole survey of this contest past has been a review of divine providence. The facts succeeding have been successive steps in this remarkable development of providence. The divine concealment of the real issue from the body of our people at the commencement of the struggle was the opening line of this providence. How few were willing to accept the thought, that thus God would overturn the giant wrong of human slavery! How few could look upon the apparently mad attempt of John Brown, in the feeling

that he was, after all, the Wickliffe of the coming day—the morning star of a new reformation! We did not justify him; we do not—we need not justify him now. But we see him now as we dared not believe him then, opening a battle in a single duel, which should have no other end than the universal destruction of the slavery of man.

We were then combining to contend for a Constitution as it was. We asked no change. How few imagined that we were to fight out its glorious amendment on the side of liberty until the signature of every State to its adoption should be written in the blood of its noblest citizens and youth! We then pressed a compensated emancipation, and were ready to pay for it, at any conceivable price. How few could imagine that the States involved would madly refuse the offer, until God's peculiar plan should be wrought out, to let his captives go, but not by price or reward!

Most slowly did even that wisest man among us, who has been the last great sacrifice upon the altar of liberty, reach even a measure of willingness that the issue of liberty should be in the war at all. And yet how persistently did this great issue rise, as much by reproachful objections against it, as by growing clearness of perception concerning it, till at last South and North combined to see that the one grand question for white and black, for bond and free, was that which they called "the everlasting negro."

How completely hidden from our possible view was the extent of time and suffering to which the war should reach! Could all its demands have been calculated and surveyed, how few would have been willing to embark upon a sea so troubled and apparently so hope-

less! We thought of thousands of precious lives. Who would have dared to confront the certainty of a million? On the one side was ample and long-planned preparation and thought, adequate material, and the edge of united purpose whetted to its utmost temper; men that were prepared to fight, and determined to fight, not in a question of local liberty, but of universal conquest. On the other side was the habit of good-natured yielding of every thing for peace, a total want of preparation of material, a greater want even of spirit and desire to enter upon the contest. How gladly would they have made any concession and accepted any compromise before the grand determination for the trial was wound up! Years of defeat were in store; apparently certain divisions were prepared; men's hearts failed them when they looked at the things which were coming; and yet all that they saw or imagined was but a mere toying with the great issue, when compared with the approaching reality, which they did not see.

How wonderfully and unexpectedly was the union of the North created, by the very assault on Sumter which was to fire the Southern heart! How few would have believed that all the Southern calculation upon a divided North, all the fears of mutual contests in our own streets, were to be put to rest forever in the mere process of the controversy! What a providence for us was that sudden seizing of all forts and arsenals and public property, in the incredible violence and mad earnestness, when a calm and pretentious scheme of counsel would probably have betrayed our giant power in its sleep.

How graciously God has all the time stimulated pur-

pose, and elevated faith, and new-created hope, by the mere mortification of defeats! How mercifully he has trained us up to the national idea, that we are a people, that we are one people, by scattering the blood of New England and the West, of the Middle and the South, of the hilltops and the shore, in one common sprinkling, through the whole field of warfare; burying the dead of the whole land side by side, in far distant but fraternal and equal cemeteries; giving a title to every State, in every soil, in this precious planting of their strength and glory; until at length we have come to rejoice in being one people, under one ruler—and in the one title, American, we know no North, no South, no East, no West! How remarkable is that providence which has given us a new currency, negotiable throughout the continent, founded upon the aggregate of the property of the nation, and cherished and made certain by the very pride of the people; making that which is proverbially, in social economy, the weakness of a nation, the very strength of ours!

What a providence was that which settled the question of our iron-clads on the sea! “Man had not designed or intended it. Our authorities did not suspect the coming, if they were aware even the character of the Merrimac, when she bore down upon our wooden fleet in the harbor of Norfolk. No preparation had been made sufficient to meet her. The Monitor, the only vessel in our whole navy that was able to cope successfully with her terrible armament and iron-plated sides, was considered of so little importance, that when she steamed out of the port of New York, on her trial trip, few were aware of her departure. She was not sent to engage her powerful foe. On the contrary, while

upon her passage south, an order from the Navy Department was sent to call her back. But God interposed. The order was not permitted to be delivered. Winds and storm were made the executors of his will. Her voyage was retarded sufficiently to permit her antagonist to come forth and display her character and power, but not sufficiently to prevent *her* coming in time to save and defend the nation's property and the nation's honor. At the very moment when really needed, when most desired, and all was apparently lost she came to the rescue and secured a glorious victory. *It was a victory given of God.*" It secured the succession of similar victories and the perennial monuments of the skill and courage of American naval warfare.

All these are lines of providence—exalted, hidden, beyond our conception or arrangement. We might multiply them almost indefinitely, for they cover the whole field of observation. Every step which these Southern rebels have taken, they have been fighting against a providence that has been resistless, and have been compelled to defeat themselves. They have fought for slavery as a divine institution, until they were compelled absurdly to promise liberty to their slaves, if they would enlist and fight for slavery with them. Emancipation was made the boon for the black equally by the North and the South. They had vast crops of cotton, which they laid up for Northern armies to seize. They issued an unlimited order to plant only for food, to cover their territory with corn, and thus prepared the way for the support of Northern troops in their glorious march through the whole length of the rebeling territory.

They have lain in constrained idleness around Richmond until the gathering hosts from abroad were too manifestly encircling them to permit a longer quiet. And then Richmond must be evacuated, and their whole armies, driven from their burrow, be made to surrender in the field. These are wonderful providences of God.

Perhaps the last act of providence is the most remarkable of all. They have combined for the murder of the President and his cabinet, in the hope of creating an unexpected anarchy of a nation without a ruler, and of involving the nation, in the suddenness of its despair, in an inextricable and hopeless revolution. But how God has confounded the counsel of Ahithophel! Satan was not more deceived when he plunged the Jewish mob into the murder of their Lord, than when, on this very commemoration day of his crucifixion, he has aimed a traitor's bullet against the exalted ruler of this people. It is a costly sacrifice, indeed, to us, but the blessings which it will purchase may be well worth the price. It has demonstrated the spirit and fruit of this rebellion. It has made it abhorrent and hateful in the eyes of the whole nation. It has cut up all partial, trifling dealing with it by the roots. It has introduced a ruler whose stern experience of Southern wickedness will cut off all pleas of leniency to the base destroyers of their country. It has cemented forever the national union and spirit of this people, by making the man whom they most loved and honored the last great sacrifice for the liberty and order of the people. And just as the murder of Charles the First has been the one grand support of the English throne for two centuries, has made rebellion inconceiv-

ably hateful to the loyal mind, and warned off generations of Englishmen from all approaches to rebellion so will the murder of Mr. Lincoln sanctify the right and power of Government, and make rebellion forever hateful to the American nation.

If there be this day a single fact which especially strengthens the royal house and government of England, it is the unrighteous murder of the first Charles. The severed head of a Stuart is the foundation stone beneath the throne of Britain and Victoria. And if there be one fact of providence which hereafter will especially consecrate the right of national authority, and overwhelm the first suggestion of secession or treason, it will be this murder of the man whom all history will acknowledge the wisest, purest, greatest, best of American rulers; if not the Father of his country, at least the loved brother of all his people, and the friend and defender of the poorest and lowest of all its generations. Thus has providence triumphed over our enemies and given us the victory.

III. The victory is the gift of God. This is so clear in fact, and so clearly a consequence of the series of facts which we have already considered, that I need not illustrate it in minute detail. The time is too recent for our forgetfulness of any of the great distinguishing facts which have marked this warfare, or to permit us to arrogate the honor to our own skill and power alone. It is impossible to forget the gloomy aspect of the first years of this struggle—when at the East we were for a time severed from all communication with the national capital—and in the West, all the States watered by the Mississippi up to the Ohio, and higher on the western side, were held and fortified by

the rebellion. It is impossible to forget the sadness of defeat after defeat in Virginia; the inaction and unwillingness, on the part of some of our leaders, to act in positive aggression against this Southern power, so conspicuously exalted, so defiant, so boastful, so encouraged from abroad; the threatening aspect of the Border States, as they were called; the bold threats of the leaders of the rebellion, of the devastation and ruin they were to bring upon this Northern land.

It is impossible to undervalue the courage, the union, the determination, the spirit with which these Southern rebels were inspired and sustained in their infuriated purpose. It is impossible to forget the devout humbleness of spirit with which our beloved and exalted President called the thoughts and dependence of the people, like some ancient ruler in the Theocracy, back to God. And when in the opening of the second year General Grant commenced his victorious career in the West—and Donelson, and Pittsburg Landing, and Vicksburg, were rapid fruits of his valor, wisdom, and fidelity; and Dupont made his great opening on the coast of South Carolina; and Burnside effected his permanent lodgment on the inland shore of North Carolina; and the noble Farragut opened the Mississippi to New Orleans, meeting in his upward ascent the fleets which came down from the waters above: and Kentucky, Missouri, Tennessee, and Maryland were all recovered to a permanent Union; and Antietam and Gettysburg were the remarkable tokens of divine protection within the limits of our own eastern soil; it was impossible not to discern the hand of God, giving victory from the very hour that the war was acknowledged to be a war for liberty as well as order—and for the deliverance of

the oppressed, as truly as for the conserving of the prosperous and peaceful.

Accordingly, again and again did our exalted and believing President issue his proclamations of thanksgiving, sounding the appeal in the ears of the whole nation—O! give thanks unto the Lord, who maketh us to triumph over our enemies. But later victories are even more remarkable. The rapid campaign of Sherman, and the quiet imperturbable wisdom, faith, and purpose of General Grant, in the combination of all his varied concentrating forces—in his calm endurance—in his modest self-abnegation, in his fidelity to duty, and success in duty, have no parallel in the greatness of character which they severally manifest in human history. All these displays, though grand in themselves, are but a part of the one wonderful divine scheme. All talent, calculation, courage, and force opposed to them seem to have been paralyzed and made useless. And as I survey the whole scene, thus rapidly noted, I should hold myself an infidel in spirit not to say, It is God alone who giveth us the victory.

But I deem all these displays inferior and secondary. The moral greatness of the President, his meekness, his faith, his gentleness, his patience, his self-possession, his love of the people, his confidence in the people, his higher confidence in God, his generous temper never provoked, his love fearing no evil, provoking no evil, are such an elevation of human character, such an appropriate supply for our very want, that I cannot but adore the power of that God, whose inspiration giveth man wisdom, as the one author of this gift bringing an unknown, a reproached, a despised man to reveal

a greatness of ability, and a dignity of appropriation, which surrounding men had not suspected, which shone too purely and too beautifully to be envied or hated by any, and which have at last commanded universal confidence and homage from those who had never united to sustain him.

Yet the divine interposition does not leave the field even here. The creation of the wonderful spirit and reach of human beneficence and ministration, which we have seen in the midst of this war, and by this war, and for this war, throughout our country, is even a higher demonstration of the divine presence and power. The calling forth of the Sanitary and Christian Commissions, like the father and mother of the household, in their separate relationships and responsibility—the one striving for material provision, the other ministering the words and acts of kindness and love to those made the objects of their protection; the creating of the Freedmen's Commission, to search and care for the poor outcasts, for whom nothing was provided—the prompting of the Union Commission to minister to the wants of those whom rebellion had stripped, and rendered homeless and destitute, for whom no other protection seemed prepared—the starting forth of Homes for Disabled Soldiers, and the orphans of soldiers, and the millions of dollars given by a people heavily taxed and burdened by all the cost of defending their liberty and their nation, for the grand and glorious purpose of ministering increased comfort to their varied objects of spontaneous consideration and sympathy—displaying a love, and tenderness, and purpose, which have grown brighter in the midst of the very sorrows which have filled every house and heart—have been such a divine

display of God's interposition, as nothing on earth beside has equaled.

How strangely contrasted has all this divine teaching and guidance appeared with the recklessness of life and comfort which have marked the history of the agents of this rebellion! How most highly contrasted in the different relations adopted toward the prisoners of war! No cruelty to our prisoners in Southern hands could move our Government to a bitter retaliation. Even though sometimes an occasional excitement of acerbity among the people, excessively provoked by the tales of suffering which they heard, has demanded some retaliation, the President could never be brought to be the agent of revenge or cruelty; and the general sentiment of this people would never have consented to it as a principle of national rule. That God, who has given them the victory in the line of their fidelity to himself, would have vindicated his own honor in their humiliation if they had laid such unhallowed hands upon the ark of God. And now all this survey is of a finished work. God hath given us the victory. And there remains as the one absorbing thought that which is our fourth point—

IV. The resulting treatment of the captives in the Lord's example: "My father, shall I smite them? Shall I smite them?" "Thou shalt not smite them: wouldst thou smite those whom thou hast taken captive with thy sword, and with thy bow? Set bread and water before them, that they may eat and drink, and let them go." The carrying out of this resuscitating plan seemed eminently adapted to the mind and heart of President Lincoln. But too great personal honor and influence it is not the will of God to entrust to individual men.

When Moses came to the entrance upon the Land of Promise, he was permitted, by faith enlightened, to see something of its glory. But he was not personally to minister in its settlement or distribution. He beheld the glowing future spread before his people, and laid down in the land of Moab to die.

So our beloved leader has been allowed to live until, as from Pisgah's height, he could contemplate the fast approaching future for his nation. He saw the enemy subdued, their strongholds taken, their army scattered every man to his home, and the sure prospect of union, liberty, and peace before the nation. The one remaining question was, What shall be done with those whom God has thus subdued? The generosity of his spirit and wish, his readiness to give the utmost possible latitude to mercy in the arrangement of their return to national duty and penitent loyalty, were perfectly understood and known. All this future he was calmly, kindly considering, when his life was taken from him by the hand of violence. We shall not withhold our lament that death found him in the sanctioning by his presence of the demoralizing influence of the theater, unwillingly as he evidently went there. That he should have been slain in a Moab like this can never be anything but a sorrow to every serious mind. The full purpose of that providence we do not yet read. This death, like the burning of the Richmond theater, many years since, may awaken a feeling of increased horror and aversion to the seductive influence of the theater throughout our religious community, and may thus be a blessing in the divine providence to arise from this sad incident in his departure.

But he has gone before the settlement, and without

the settlement of this great problem of the coming influence and relation of his administration. That his death will change in some degree the character and measure of that influence cannot be doubted. That a restriction shall come as the consequence of his death upon the freeness of the action of mercy to the conquered is most natural and just. Human law knows no crime greater in its malignity, or in its effects, than the murder of the ruler of a nation, the final, heaviest guilt of treason against its authority. That others, whose influence and example have nourished this spirit, whose words and avowals have often before encouraged and incited it, shall be held responsible for it, is inevitable and just. And our Government owe it to the majesty of the nation, and to the authority of God, which they represent, not to allow such an abhorrent violation of human authority and safety to pass without a very clear and distinct retribution upon the guilty inciters and accessories in such a crime.

Still, let not a spirit of individual vengeance be allowed to rear the monument to our fallen head. Let not passion seize the reins of guidance in an hour so momentous. Let the widest possible door be opened for the exercises of kindness, and the utterance of welcome to those who honestly desire to return to their loyalty and duty to the nation which they have outraged, and the Government which they have insulted and despised. The intelligent leaders in this rebellion deserve no pity from any human being. Let them go. Some other land must be their home. Their own attained relations and results will be punishment and sorrow enough in time to come. Their property is justly forfeited to the nation which they have attempted to destroy, and to

the oppressed, over whom they have tyrannized and triumphed. If the just utterance of law condemns them personally to suffer as traitors, let no life be taken in the spirit of vengeance. Let the world see one instance of a Government that is great enough to ask no revenge, and self-confident and self-sustaining enough to need no retributive violence to maintain the majesty of its authority. Let the Lord's own example be, to the utmost extent of personal relations, our rule and purpose, determined in the spirit of union and patience and kindness, to edify and restore, in the widest possible application of the spirit, consistent with the nation's safety and the honor of the laws—the multitudes who have been swept down the current of rebellion by the dominant influence and example of those whom they have been taught to regard as their leaders in the path of public duty.

There may be great difficulties in the details of the resuscitation of our afflicted land. But there can be none which such a spirit and purpose as were displayed in President Lincoln would not soon overcome and remove. And upon nothing will memory more delight to dwell than upon that high forgiving temper which lifts up a fallen foe, restores a wandering brother, and repays the cruelty of hatred by an overcoming benignity and love. Little was he known in character and tendency by those who met his first administration with violent threats, and reproachful libels. And little has the real spirit of this Northern people been known by the great body of the South, who really know but little upon any subject, but as their accredited superiors have been accustomed to teach them. They have heard from their highest rebel officers nothing but

terms of low and ribaldrous reproach and scorn applied to us. They have called us hyenas, and satisfied their hatred by the freedom of unlimited abuse. But in reality there has never been a time when this whole Northern people have not been ready to meet the first offer of conciliation with the most cordial response of kindness. Let that spirit now prevail. Open the arms of fraternal concord. Spread through all the land the priceless blessings of liberty and education to all the people. Give the full rights of respected and acknowledged citizenship to all. Blot out, cover up the last remnant of that slavery which has been the parent and the child of every species of oppression—the one line of division between a free North and a beggared South—and plant around the grave that holds the monument and the memory of our beloved President a mingled grove of the pine-tree and the palm, the orange and the apple, to flourish in immortal union, and to rival each other only in the beauty of their growth, the abundance of their fruit, and the perennial verdure of their living foliage, that God may be glorified in all and by all forever.

IV

REV. CHARLES S. ROBINSON

“He was a good man, and a just.”—LUKE 23. 50.

ONE other Sabbath like this I remember, and only one; that of which this is the exact anniversary, four years ago. What humiliated the nation then is now measurably rectified. The ensign of our country floats once more on the ramparts from which it had just been torn by the fierce hand of treason. The same batteries that hurled shot and shell at the fortress, whose name has become historic, have been forced to pour forth their empty salutes in honor of the restoration. And the proclamation is already in the air, which was to summon a grateful Republic to a thanksgiving for the manifold mercy of Almighty God.

Right in the midst of our rejoicing we are dashed into sorrow deeper than ever. To-day it is not the humbling of our pride that makes us mourn, but the wounding of our hearts in their keenest sensibilities. For he who has been our leader lies low in his coffin; foul murder has been done at the capital; and the nation stands hushed in the presence of its unburied dead.

Have the old days of barbarism returned upon us? Is assassination become civilized? Has the bullet of a murderer recognition as a belligerent right? In what age do we live? Is justice dead? Where are we? How

happens it that the wires quiver with tidings of deeds worthy only of the darkest years of Venetian conspiracy and shame?

I said, we have got the flag back again on Sumter. So we have. But only at half-mast. It reached the staff just in time to droop. Men began to cheer—suddenly they turned to wailing. The triumph seems a mockery. Victory waits recognition unheeded, for the bells are tolling. He who made our success welcome is not here to share it. ABRAHAM LINCOLN, the honored and beloved head of the nation, is no more!

My brethren, bear me record here to-day. This pulpit has never uttered one timid, troubled word in these four years. I have not lost heart for a moment in the essential righteousness of our cause, nor confidence in the final success that would come to it. You will misunderstand my language now, and mistake my temper, if you imagine I am cowed into any wavering, startled into any irresolution, or grieved into any distrust, by the terrible events of the hour. But I shall not attempt to conceal from you that I am shocked more than ever before, and under the cloud of God's providence as I never expected to be. I do not know the meaning of this awful transaction. I could almost wish it was the custom to wear sackcloth, and put ashes on mourners' heads. All the day would I fittingly sit silent under the shadow of a common grief with you. I speak truly when I say, I have met no greater sorrow in my manly life than this. "I behave myself as though he had been my friend or brother; I bow down heavily, as one that mourneth for his mother." And all this sensibility I know you are sharing with me.

The feeling which rests on each mind and heart to-

day is not a simple feeling. To us all it is, in some measure, undefined. I cannot be of any real help to you, I fear, save in the way of giving you an analysis of your grief, and suggesting the form of its expression.

I. Let me say, then, that in this complex mourning of heart, is found, first of all, our admiration of that great man's character, whose sudden death has saddened the entire nation. Surely, you will not need that I enter into argument to prove that these words of the text that I have chosen, applied to the counselor from Arimathea in the inspired record, are most fitting when applied to our late Chief Magistrate.

He was "a good man." Called by the great voice of the American people to leave his rural home, and assume the highest honors it could confer, his parting request to his old friends and neighbors was only for their continuous prayers. With the sincerest humility, he accepted his place as the minister of the nation, and the servant of God. He had no higher ambition than to know his duty and perform it. He felt himself swept out into the current of a purpose, as majestic in grandeur as it was celestial in origin; the sublime purpose of Him to whom nations belong, to care for this western Republic in the hour of its manifest peril. From that day to this, he has never swerved from the line of his integrity. No man has ever been maligned as he has; no man has ever outlived abuse as he has. When the nation shall have laid his remains in the burial yard of the village where he lived, there will never be heard a hiss by his tombstone, there will be no trail of any serpent across his grave. Even now we have hardly ceased to hear the dignified tones of his voice, wonderfully pathetic, almost prophetic, as he told

us, in the second inaugural address, of the simplicity of his faith, the humility of his estimate of himself, and his profound reliance upon the infinite God.

He was a "just" man. Through all these years it has been touching to notice how implicitly the true-hearted believed Abraham Lincoln to be true. The mean hirelings of place, and the mere parasites of office, kept out of his way. The demagogues and partisans grew passionate over his perversity to their principles, and called him an impracticable leader, because of his steadfast loyalty to truth and fairness as between man and man. When one received injustice, and could not, in the confusion of the times, make his righteousness appear, how instinctively he thought of the President, and knew, if he could only have a hearing from him, all would be well. When military commanders failed, and popular clamor was raised under the dangerous disappointment, calmly and generously the good man waited until they should make another trial. He stood true to those who were seeking to undermine his power, with a magnanimity sublime. Oh, the patience of that great, kind heart in the days when it cost something to be considerate! And now, after the smoke has cleared away from two political battle-fields, fought more savagely than any other such in our history, there comes to view no one act of his at which a citizen will blush. His sun went down while to us it yet seemed day; but at the evening time it was light. He died at the height of his fame. All rancor of party has disappeared. The clouds that dimmed his noon gather now, at the twilight, to glow in his praise.

So much then, is true; "he was a good man, and a just." But there is a question, which our intelligent

Bible-reading people are wont to ask, when any one of their great men dies—was he a Christian man? There is no reason why we should turn away, unanswered, an inquiry like this. It is not an impertinent and obtrusive investigation of his interior life. He made no mystery of his faith. His own tale of his religious experience is something like this—coming in more than one way, and attested with more than one witness:

“When I left Springfield, I felt my utter dependence upon God. The responsibility weighed heavily upon my heart. I knew I should fail without a divine help. But I was not then a Christian. When my child died, I felt that I needed the comfort of the gospel. It was the severest affliction that ever fell upon me. Then I wanted to be a Christian. But never did I feel that I reached the point, till I wandered one day, alone, among the graves of the boys that fell at Gettysburg. There, when I read the inscriptions, so full of hope and faith, I began to think I loved and trusted Jesus as my Saviour.”

Thus, our image of this humble, noble man, rises on our vision complete. Gifted with great intellectual power; proverbial for his rectitude; bearing “honest” for his title as Aristides bore “just” for his; affectionate, with all the instincts of common humanity, even to the lowest; fearless and brave; he added the crowning grace to his memory with his unaffected piety as a Christian.

II. For all this the nation mourns his loss. But I am not mistaken in believing there is an element in our sorrow here to-day, far more subtle and experimental than mere admiration of his spotless character. There is, in the second place, a feeling of personal bereave-

ment. Singularly identified with us all has this man come to be. Test your heart now. Tell me, of all the leaders in civil life, of all the commanders in the field, who has the hold upon your manly affections that this great-hearted man of the people had? Your ideal of him was like that of a relative—one of your household. Never, till the hand of an assassin struck him, did you know how dear he was. I see, in all this, that which makes me happy and hopeful; here is a token of the infinite capacities of tenderness in the spirit of the American people.

I think to-day, as the fearful news is flashed across the land, of the families that live in the valleys, and among the hills, and over the prairies, to some member of which he has been kind, and so has endeared himself to all. How they will weep as for a brother beloved! Village bells are knelling all over the continent. A great hand waved darkly across the landscape, and swooped the banners down from exultation into grief. Oh, we have never known how many letters his own pen has written to bereaved wives and mourning mothers! When news of a terrible death in many an inconspicuous household was to be communicated, the President of the United States took time, from his few hours of privacy, to send an epistle, so generous, so full of grateful sympathy, so gentle and appreciative, that the wounded hearts felt soothed, and bore the bereavement without breaking. He knew how to say kind things so well, and loved to say them!

I think of the soldiers, also, whose interests he watched like a jealous parent. In these trying times of partisanship and confusion there was always a likelihood of haste, and consequent injustice, in the admin-

istration of military tribunals. Many a man, innocent of alleged inadvertence or crime, was unable to show it, and so was in peril of shame or death. Patiently that busy President studied out complicated accounts; bent all his legal ability to the investigation of contradictory testimony; read the long, tedious documents on either side; simply determined that every man should get his due; and then, beyond that, as much leniency as was safe to give him. How the soldiers loved him! They are telling to each other, this very day, stories of his kindness to them. Only last week he spent the day that remained to him in Richmond, going through the wards of the hospitals, saluting, with his warm-hearted grasp, each wounded hero in turn; and, when they had no hands to offer, he laid his big palm on their foreheads, and thanked them in the name of the country!

I think, more than all, of the poor freedmen, when they hear of the President's death. How they will wonder and will wail! They called him "Father," as if it were part of his name. Oh, they believed in Abraham Lincoln! They expected him as the Israelites did Moses. Some, no doubt, imagined he was a deity. They were unsophisticated and ignorant, and that good, kind man seemed so like a being from heaven. They said he would come. They prayed he would come. They waited for him to come. And then he came! When those untutored sons of slavery saw him in the streets of the rebel capital, after its capture, they fairly blasphemed without being aware of it. He seemed to them and their children a second Messiah. He never broke a promise to their hope. When they were certain he had uttered one word they rested on it, as they

would on God's. He stood by the poor creatures his hand had freed, under all obloquy and suspicion. He put his signature to a parchment that made them men and women with souls and bodies. Then the enfranchised millions opened their very souls to him, as if out under the sunshine. His name was a spell to quiet or to rouse them. What will they do, now he is dead? Alas! alas! for the weeping and the wonder they will have, when they know how he died!

Thus, we all weep together. Christian resignation offers its high consolations, and we have no spirit of murmuring or complaint. Yet none of us will deny that this is the severest blow, which, as a great people, we have ever received. The nation has, twice before, lost its Chief Magistrate by death; but there has been no mourning like this to-day.

III. A third element in our grief, under this afflicted dispensation of Providence, is the fear of impending calamity. It is impossible to free our minds of the deepest solicitude for the future. Alas! we say, for the nation bereaved of its pilot when out in the midst of such a sea as this! Palinurus has been suddenly swept, by a wave, from the helm.

I suppose this anxiety is natural; and yet, I am sure, it is needless. Difficult questions are coming up. The practical wisdom of our recognized leader was cutting knots which men's perversity kept tying. We trusted him. We were knitting ourselves together in closer confidence in his decisions. That shrewd, native judgment, that clear-sighted penetration, that incorruptible integrity—oh, how we used to throw ourselves back upon qualities like these, and feel secure! We found fault with him more than once; but, eventually, he was

justified in his course. We said he was slow; but he went as fast as God did. He reasoned with logic that events taught him. We were inordinately cast down, under defeat; he kept us cheerful. We grew boisterous under victory; he was calm himself, but glad to have us so happy. He was never disheartened, never unduly elated. When he failed, he became humbler; when he succeeded he thanked God. When the way was open he was as alert as anybody; when the way was hedged up, he was strong enough to sit still. By and by we learned to know him well and rest in him sublimely. Meantime he urged us to look beyond him. He made us devout. Put a man on the busiest street-corner, and let him keep looking upward, and he will gather a crowd that will all be looking upward. So our President gave unaffected praise to God until we all began to sing with him. Spectacles like these, which have been witnessed daily, have never been known in this land before; Mammon has learned the doxologies belonging to God.

When such a leader is taken suddenly away, there is nothing unphilosophical in the feeling of utter dismay and apprehension that men are apt to experience. But in our case, all this is needless. My brethren, I commend to your calm consideration one solemn thought concerning the lessons of all history. Men are nothing but instruments in the hands of their Maker in working out his purposes. Just as a sculptor needs now a chisel, now a file, now a graver, and never thinks he must apologize or explain to us, who stand by to watch him, why he drops one tool or takes up another; for he is making a statue, which he intends for a worthy immortality—so the all-wise God, carry-

ing out his vast plans, assumes one man and lays aside another, and never answers any of our curious questions, while his "eternal Thought moves on his undisturbed affairs." We are to blame seriously if we allow ourselves to be depressed with forebodings. God's rule, in all this four years' war, has been to bring to naught the things that are, not by the things that are, but by the things that are not. We have lived under the unvarying discipline of surprise. By this time we ought to have learned our lesson.

With courage undiminished, therefore, let us believe that God will fit this coming man for the duties of his unexpected office. Be on the alert now for the discovery of some new purpose. The infinite plans of the Almighty are shifting their phase for some disclosure that will relieve our embarrassment. It is expedient that even such offenses as these should come. There can be no doubt that God means to make good out of this evil. And the question is this: Will you and I be quiet in all the pain of our bereavement, if we are only sure that the event will be overruled to the benefit of the cause, the race, the nation? Will we accept the counsel of Caiaphas as possibly adapted to our crisis: "Ye know nothing at all; nor consider that it is expedient that one man should die for the people, and that the whole nation perish not?" Perhaps, in this very alarm for the future, there will be found a healthier spirit for us all.

IV. For in the fourth place, I remark, we find as an element in our mourning to-day, a deep-seated indignation at the horrible crime which has been committed. Humanity sickens and shudders at the diabolical ingenuity, the malignant hatred, of this culminating act

of the rebellion. If there ever was a time in which to obey the command, "Be ye angry, and sin not," that time has come now. "There was no such deed done nor seen from the day that the children of Israel came up out of the land of Egypt unto this day; consider of it, take advice, and speak your minds."

Let a vast public sentiment be aroused and organized, that shall exhibit this vile wickedness in its true light. Let us invoke Christendom to make it an eternal hissing. With a recoil of feeling so violent that it wearies my will, and shocks my very being, with uttermost loathing for an offense so abominable; seeing in it that keen, fine relish of depravity that marks it not only as devilish, but one of the master-works of the prince of devils, I stand simply appalled—wondering with unspeakable wonder how it can be accepted by any creature wearing the form of civilized humanity! It is an outrage on the community, whose tolerance it defies. It is an insult to decency, a rebuke to forbearance, an offense unto God. It is without the power of language to reach the condemnation it merits. The words of denunciation die on my lips in their own feebleness. It is with an affecting sense of gratitude to God that I discover the positive poverty of my mother-tongue in epithets of vileness befitting its description. As much as in you is, live peaceably with all men; but there ought to be a voice of opinion so stern, so outspoken, that no man of credited decency should stand tamely by and hear a crime, so unparalleled in its baseness, even extenuated.

Is the world going back into savagery? Is this Christian land to become the rival of Dahomey? This is no isolated act. The history of this slaveholder's rebellion

is full of such. Again and again have the lives of our chief men been threatened with the dirk, the bullet, and the knife. Poison has been put in their food. Their homes have been entered by spies. Their steps have been waylaid in the streets. And our common people have fared no better. Quiet villages have been invaded, and women and children shot down with fiendish glee. Cars, crowded with unsuspecting travelers, have been thrown from the track. Public buildings have been fired over a whole city at once. And all this under the shadow of authority claimed through a paper commission. Yet the nation has kept its temper. The spectacle of a great people, thus outraged beyond a parallel, yet so patient and forbearing, has been sublime enough to make our enemies wonder. They have called our magnanimity meanness, and complimented us upon our manifold spaniel-like virtues, with sarcasm that burned in upon manly sensibility like fire.

This assassination is the earliest reply which chivalry has had to make to forbearance unmeasured and friendliness almost fraternal. Now, let us have done with it! Talk to me no more of "our misguided brethren." Some are misguided—and it is those who misguide them I denounce. Cain was brother to Abel. Relationship is a perilous thing when it says, "Art thou in health, my brother," and then stabs under the fifth rib. Talk to me no more of the "same race, educated at the same colleges, born of the same blood." Satan was of the same race as Gabriel, and educated at the same celestial school of love and grace; but one became a rebel, and between them ever thereafter was "a great gulf fixed." He cannot be brother of mine, he belongs to no race of mine, who, in the foul cause of human

bondage, fights with a rural massacre, makes war with midnight arson and crowns his unmanly barbarity with stabbing a sick man in his bed, and shooting an unarmed husband in the very sight of his wife.

Let no one deem this violence unnecessary. They tell us that none of our utterances are lost; the vibrations of the air on which they fall perpetuate them into an eternity of circles, spreading wider and wider. If I am ever again to meet these denunciations of mine, conscientiously spoken in this Christian pulpit, let me find them in company with a declaration that will explain them. There are, in this community, to-day, men and *women*—God forgive them!—nurtured under the hot debasements and vile luxuries of the slave system, sojourning here on our charitable sufferance, in order meanly to escape the perils of the ruinous war they have helped to incite, who clap their hands in applause of this murder! I think, in serious self-defense, we are to see that this thing is ended. This wickedness clamors for retributive judgment, and invokes the wrath of God.

V. Thus I am led, naturally, to speak of a fifth element in our feeling of mourning to-day; the profound conviction of necessity that the law of the land should now take its course in relation to all the aiders and abettors of this infamous rebellion. There was, perhaps, needed one more proof of the unutterable sin of treason. Here has it been flashed out upon us, like the final stroke of a departing thunderstorm, the least expected, but the most fearfully destructive of all that have fallen. We have been growing more and more loose in our estimates of guilt. We were catching from each other a spirit of sentimentalism that boded no

good. Tired of war, longing for quiet, eager for trade, sickened with bloodshed, we were ready to say, let the criminals be pardoned, let the penalties of law be remitted. The next act in our national history was, in all likelihood, to be a general amnesty proclamation. Suddenly, the hand which would have signed it was smitten down into death. Then our eyes were opened to the fixed, unalterable malignity in the temper of our foes. A great conspiracy is disclosed. Murder is done at the capital. Our beloved President becomes a victim to the very magnanimity he was inculcating. Warned fully of the peril, he would not believe human nature could be so base. He trusted, and was betrayed. The entire government was menaced, in the moment of its open-hearted proffer of good will.

We are satisfied that all this is perilous pusillanimity now. There is no fitness of generosity to malignants venomous as these. So, while our hearts are chilled, their affections hurried back on themselves in curdling horror, with pity ineffable, and sorrow that cannot be repressed, we are united in saying, let the will of the law be done! When there was a rebellion in heaven, the rebels were punished. God sent the fallen angels to hell. We are not to find fault with that kind of administration. Men can forgive. I do not believe there is one unkind sentiment in any heart in the house of God this day. We draw a distinction, world-wide, between a crime and a criminal. The one we denounce, the other we pity. But the majesty of law must be vindicated. No puritan had a right to be the defender of Guy Fawkes. No patriot had a right to screen Benedict Arnold from justice. Let there be now no violence. Let the common people be

spared. But, on the track of the villains that have opened this insurrection, and urged it along its bloody track even to this dreadful consummation, let the footsteps of justice follow swiftly, relentlessly.

It may, possibly, be said, by some, that this assassination of the officers of government is a mere act of madness, done by a brace of frantic fanatics; and that it is not equitable and fair to hold a whole people responsible for its wickedness.

Let it be said, in reply, that the tidings of this murder, going into the ranks of rebellion, will be hailed with a howl of gladness and satisfaction, equal to the yell in Pandemonium, when Satan seduced Adam, and buried a race in ruin. It will never be disowned, save by a few of the most exposed leaders, who, seeing in it their own ruin, will repent, not like Peter, for sin, but Judas, for the results of sin. Even now, the instincts of every rebel sympathizer are on the alert to befriend the assassins, and block the way of justice. Furthermore, let it be said, that this crime happens to be conspicuous and heartrending, because it has marked the nation's idol for its victim; but it is only one of fifty thousand murders, actual, intelligent, committed during the last two years by the parties in power through the revolted States. And these murders in the prisons are, every one of them, just so much the more diabolical, as starvation slowly is more horrible than the quicker death of the bullet. The spirit is the same in all cases. This wickedness is the legitimate outgrowth of that system of slavery which originated the rebellion and debauched, from time immemorial, all the finer instincts of man.

Hence, there is no revenge in the popular heart to-

day, but only retribution. We pity the malefactors; we pray for them; but in this determination we are fixed—let the majesty of the law be vindicated upon them as traitors; let justice pursue them, one by one; let the gates of the world be closed to their search for asylum; let judgment follow on as implacable as doom.

VI. I might well pause here, in the enumeration of elements in the feeling we are all cherishing under the pressure of this heartrending sorrow. But there is one more, which I detect in my own heart, and know is in the hearts of my hearers. We desire to know what instruction the all-wise God has intended us to receive. We would inquire for his counsels, and humbly learn of him. My office, as a Christian minister, will be discharged this morning, when I have sought to point out to you some few of the lessons forced into vivid illumination by this terrible dispensation of Providence.

1. First of all, then, let us learn here how history is composed. I am certain we have no proper conception of the magnitude of an event like this. We are too near it to discover its proportions. Travelers tell us they are always disappointed with the earliest glimpse of vast mountains. Standing close under the shadow of awful forms, so peerless in majesty, they have no adequate notions of their loftiness and amazing mass. These need distance on the landscape to be truly appreciated. So an event like this is never really revered as it should be. It needs time for the free play of the imagination. We are all unconscious of the spectacle we are to present to posterity.

The dreadful deed, which has filled our minds with horror, will be a growing vision of weird wickedness, shining with a strange luridness of its own, as one of

the wildest tragedies of the world's most unwelcome remembrance. It ranks with the suicide of Cleopatra, the death of Cæsar, the murder of William the Silent, the conspiracy of Catiline, the gunpowder plot of Guy Fawkes, the imperial incidents in the wide empire of crime. To us the event seems simply personal; our views of it are necessarily narrow. Our leader has fallen. Our Government has been menaced. But we only speculate upon its immediate results. The criminals will soon be apprehended. The insurrection will end, and all the excitement will subside. But when the mighty future shall receive the inheritance, it will be weighed by other balances, and estimated more truly.

Thus history selects and perpetuates its own materials. Each thought, each word, each deed, each flash of sentiment, each outbreak of passion, each exercise of influence, enters into the grand aggregate of human recollection and intelligence, which we call our Age. Out of this the pen of unerring history compiles its annals.

For Humanity sweeps onward; where to-day the martyr stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas, with the silver in his hands;
Far in front the cross stands ready, and the crackling fagots
burn,

While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return
To glean up the scattered ashes into History's golden urn.

2. In the second place, let us learn the essential iniquity and barbarism there is in any system of human oppression. It was long ago remarked by Lamartine that no man ever bound a chain around the neck of his fellowman without God's binding a chain of equal links around his own. Whoever debases the image of God will certainly become debased. This thought

receives an illustration here that amounts almost to a demonstration. This crime is the manifest outshoot of American slavery.

I suppose no one remains now who doubts that all this aggregated mass of abomination, this summation of villainies, whose tide of murky violence is rolling itself along before our weary eyes, had its fountain-head in the malignant ambition of a few men, who started the stream of revolution in order to waft themselves into continuous power. These miserable criminals, whom justice is pursuing with eager scent, are but the merest minute-hands on the outermost dial of that popular sentiment which they represent. The spring that has set them in motion, the mechanism that gave them all their power, even the delicate balances that have timed their present success, are out of sight, yet easily discoverable in the dark intricacies of that domestic and political life based on the humiliation of a feebler race. You may tear these index-pointers away, but the clock-work will run on. There will still remain the secret progress of debasement, on the bold face of which they have happened to become conspicuous. You will gain nothing till you tear the hideous system to pieces, and break the spring that lies coiled within it.

What is this crime? Nothing new surely; only more public. It is one of a million crimes, each of which God has seen. The same reckless imperiousness of will, that has so many times struck at laws, has now struck at the Executive of law—that is all. The same thwarted passion, that has more than once shot a slave unpunished, now has shot a President—that is all. The same spirit is unsubdued. It is ready to fly in the face

of anything that stands in its way. To continue a system of social life that now has become a necessity in a measure, as a minister to laziness and lust, these people have dismembered the church, divided the republic, fought their own brothers, and at last taken to murder and assassination. No one can fail to see that there is one single line of connection running all through the history of this infamous rebellion. The pride of power, engendered by the tyranny, petty at first, over the unprotected black race, has betrayed these miserable wretches into the mistake of supposing they could lord it over the white race—that is all.

This latest crime is more showy, but the hearts are no blacker than before. And the hearts have been made black by the system. How else will you explain this appalling fact; there are *women*, with babes in their arms, who will declare that this murder in cold blood of a man in the presence of his wife is *chivalrous*! This is monstrous, when judged by any system of philosophy. There is but one solution of the mystery: underlying all the ferocity of such a sentiment is found the subtle working of mere pride of caste. Slavery has debased the feminine and human sentiments with which they were born. That code of morals always did tend to barbarism. The young men of the South were corrupt before the war. The women were brutalized in the finer feelings of natural decency. They would send women to be stripped and whipped by men for a price. Passion grows wild with mere indulgence. Hence it is that a deed combining so much of execrable meanness with so much of hellish cruelty find women unsexed enough to applaud it! Home on the diabolical system it represents do I soberly urge the responsi-

bility of this murder. It is high time to have done with it, root and branches.

3. Once more: Let us learn here to-day the power of martyrdom in fixing great principles. President Lincoln has been useful in his life far beyond what falls to the common lot of even the most patriotic and public-spirited men. But his death has confirmed his usefulness—made it illustrious, influential, and immortal.

In the natural course of time his period of official service would have ended. His administration of the government would have been canvassed cautiously, and, perhaps, uncharitably criticized, and, by some parties, condemned. By this sudden, tragic close of it, however, it has been forced into prominence. It will now be marked forever. All the principles it has aimed to establish are settled hereafter beyond a peradventure. The documents he has added to the archives of the nation are sealed with blood. This republic will take no step backwards from the vantage-ground to which he had led the banner of its sovereignty. Even his policy will have weightier influence than that proposed by any living man. The noble archer has fallen in death, before he could really know how princely were the shots he made; but the arrows he sped latest are yet out in the air, over the sea, and will strike unerringly the mark. And when they who stand nearest to the spot where the shafts hang quivering, look around to discover whose was the sinewy strength that sent them so forcefully and so true, they will find that another hand, just as firm, has assumed the bow, and another eye, just as keen, has discerned the same target.

They who oppose an honest man living are ever among the first to honor him dead. Nobody dares

uproot a standard planted by a loved leader who poured out his life at the foot of its staff. Perhaps it was this which was needed to bring our people together permanently. Perhaps this was the essential condition of our restoration to unity, that we become reconciled over an open grave. It may be that party-spirit will yield now, and bury the bitterness of its animosity in a martyr's tomb.

You will recall the touching fable of Roman history. A vast seam opened in the land, in the very midst of the Forum, disclosing a yawning abyss which they could not fill with rocks or with soil. At last the soothsayers declared that the commonwealth could be preserved only by closing the gulf; and the gulf could be closed only by devoting to the gods, who had opened it, what constituted the principal glory and strength of the people. At this all stood aghast. But there was one Curtius, a youth of high birth, who, hearing the deliverance, demanded of his countrymen whether their arms and their courage were not the most valuable possessions they owned. They gave him assent with their silence. And then the heroic warrior arraying himself in full armor, and mounting his horse, rode headlong into the chasm; whereupon the earth immediately closed, and over the memorable spot swept a placid lake bearing his name.

Shall we say that now our divided country will come together again, when he who seemed the glory and strength of the American people has gone down in the breach? Shall not his sacrifice avail for propitiation to that foul spirit of sectional pride which rent the land asunder?

4. And this leads me on to mention a final lesson.

We see now the inevitable triumph and perpetuity of our cause. We are not hero-worshippers in any degree. We never were. But we believe in God. We entered upon this war not willingly, not of our own accord. We have been fighting for a principle. That we have never surrendered nor forgotten. What we loved this leader for was what we deemed truth to our cause.

What is our cause? It is easier to say what it is not; for its essence is negative. Whatever this crime of assassination is, whatever it represents, whatever it aimed at, whatever was the spirit that prompted it, whatever may be now wickedly offered in its apology—just *not that* is our cause. And as that crime, in spirit, in purpose, in instigation, was all in the interest of human bondage, so our cause embraces all that is antagonistic to that system. There never has been but one issue in this terrible contest. Underneath all these evident questions has been lying one which some of us studiously labored to ignore; and that was concerning the dignity of universal labor, and the absolute equality of all races before the common law. He who, at this late day, shuts his eyes to this fact, is neither intelligent nor wise. We have fought for an open Bible, a free school, an unfettered press, and a Scriptural pulpit.

In all the doctrines ostentatiously put forth by our foes—States' rights, uncontaminated blood, family pride, sectional independence—there has ever been this keen, sharp liking for slavery as a social system. They recognized it as a kind of secret zest among themselves; as voluptuaries recognize, with an understood leer, a favorite lust; as wine-bibbers recognize the subtle flavor of an indescribable liquor. Our cause consists

in precise opposition to that. We, therefore, have stood for the rights of men, the truth of the gospel, the principles of humanity, the integrity of the Union, the power of Christian people to govern themselves, the indefeasible equality of all the creatures of God in natural conditions of existence, no matter what may be the color of their skin. So the nations of the world have looked upon us, and held us responsible. We were the enemies of all class-systems, castes, and aristocracies. We were the champions of manhood in all that was noble, of womanhood in all that was pure. This has been, and still is, our cause.

And what I call you to learn now is, that this cause is safe. A martyr's blood has sealed the covenant we are making with posterity. Oh, the glories of our immediate prospect of usefulness in the years to come! The Republic is secure. The Union is confirmed as a perpetual federation of States. The peril through which we have just passed has no parallel. Our Government, as an entirety, was aimed at with one savage blow. Such a stroke, on any other nation, would have rocked Christendom to its center. Yet our nation is untremulous as the primeval granite. The most delicate balances of commercial life show not even the semblance of noticeable variation, even when this violence of a ton's weight all at once jars the beam! Our cause is eternally secure!

Think, then, as we close our meditation upon this martyr life, how strangely God has overruled much that seemed so destructive to our good. On that very day—they call it Good Friday—there is annually represented, in the Sistine Chapel, at Rome, the disaster of the world when the Redeemer was crucified. Thirteen

lamps are lit in the darkness, ranged in pyramidal form, the topmost one conceived to be the symbol of Messiah. A low, mournful chant from the Lamentations continues to echo through the building, while one light after another is extinguished at intervals until twelve are gone out. Only the loftiest and the brightest remains; and still the chant moans on. Then the last one is struck, and every glimmer perishes in total gloom. Thereupon the music ends. A moment succeeds, of unutterable oppression—rayless and stifled—and then one voice breaks the silence; a voice wailing, piercing, as if from a crushed and broken heart, lifting the burden of the Miserere; the grief of the race over its Helper and its Hope.

Fitting seems the symbol to us now, as we look only on the earthly side of this tremendous loss; on that same day, while the shadows were gathering in the chapel of that seven-hilled city, our light appeared to go out, and the nation was in the gloom.

But to-day let us look on the heavenly side. How sweet and calm it is to think of that great, brave heart, this Easter Sabbath! He is not here, but risen. Far beyond the sound of battle, far beyond the turmoil of state, in the infinite realms of gladness, that troubled mind has found its rest. Mourned, as never before martyr was mourned; loved, as never before statesman was loved; honored, as never before patriot was honored; he has gone down to a spotless grave. High over all human passion that disembodied spirit stands, free as the thought that follows him; the eye of faith seems to behold him even now on the radiant plain of eternity; on either side falls away every official adornment; the soul of the Christian man bends in all humility

before his Maker's presence, saved by grace; saved, not because he wore the robes of the highest station on the globe; saved, not because of his rare gifts of affection or intellect; saved, not by reason of the blessed deeds he had done; saved, merely because of his faith in the Saviour that he learned by the graves of the boys that fell at Gettysburg; and as you gaze after him, with a subdued and tearful heart, you can only pay him the tribute that trembles on the lip that speaks it—"HE WAS A GOOD MAN, AND A JUST!"

V

REV. WILLIAM IVES BUDINGTON, D.D.

"Surely the wrath of man shall praise thee: the remainder of wrath shalt thou restrain."—PSA. 76. 10.

OUR honored, trusted, and beloved President is dead, and by the hand of an assassin. Can we believe it? Can we bear it? He has been growing upon our confidence and affection, so constantly and so largely, that it is both a personal and a national bereavement; it is a loss to each of us and to all of us. We have lost a friend who was a father to the humblest in the land, and a ruler who was the savior of the country. I have been looking for comfort for myself and for you; I have found it, and I think you will, in the familiar, but still unexhausted and inexhaustible truth contained in the text. *The wrath of man shall praise God!* Suppose it were not so; that God could not do it, or would not? What then? God would not be God, he would not have the power, or he would not have the love, that is the very essence of his nature. So sure is the doctrine which is the foundation of our peace and hope before God. "Surely," says the psalmist, and "shall"—observe how strong the words he chooses—"Surely the wrath of man shall praise thee." The latter clause is susceptible of another and better rendering: "The remainder of wrath shalt thou gird about thee." It is not that he restrains it; his power and wisdom are still more conspicuous in giving it license, and yet making

it his servant. It is not necessary for God to restrain human wrath, as if any parts, or consequences of it, passed beyond his control, and he was compelled to meet power with power; but having made men free, he uses their freedom, so that the remainder of wrath, its last shreds, he girds himself with, as a man buckles his sword-belt around him. He makes it his strength and ornament. It is not enough to say, human malice effects nothing against God; it praises him, it brings about his purposes, he uses it as a weapon, it is made so subservient as to seem to be, what the wisdom of God forbids us to believe it is, necessary to his glory. This is a strong statement of a precious truth. We may repose the most perfect confidence in God, that instead of being thwarted by the rage of men, he will use it as an instrument, and whether men are good or bad, they will be made to serve him: the good, of their own accord; the bad, in spite of their evil designs.

I might show the truth of this by many examples, some of which are familiar, and have been cited by inspired authority to establish the doctrine. Pharaoh and Sennacherib are said, in Holy Scripture, to have been raised up for the very purpose of exhibiting God's power in them, and making him known throughout all the earth. And this, without in the least abridging human freedom and blameworthiness, as was most conspicuously shown in the killing of the Lord of glory, "delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God," but "taken by wicked men, and by wicked hands crucified and slain." But we need not go to past histories, not even when interpreted by inspired penmen. The event of to-day proclaims God, his power, and wisdom, and love, as really as any event

which ever provoked a nation's tears, and clothed them in sackcloth. The wrath of man has praised God, shall praise him, and is praising him now. Be not afraid of any manifestation of human wickedness and rage. Be not surprised, and let no sense of loss and defeat overwhelm you, because the spirit of Rebellion, in its dying throes, mad with shame and despair, has stung itself to death by striking at the sacred person of the Chief Magistrate. Even now, amid the wild excitement of this hour, with the surges of grief sweeping over the nation, every patriot bosom tumultuating with conflicting emotions, we already see enough to say, "The wrath of man shall praise God." It is not all darkness above us; through the rifts of the clouds the light is shining, glimpses of the infinite flood filling the eternal heavens.

Let me now ask your attention to a few of the considerations, which may aid you to understand how the wrath of man, in compassing the death of our President, shall yet praise God.

1. In the first place, it shall do it by revealing the wickedness of this rebellion.

There would seem to have been evidence enough of this already; with bursting hearts we are ready to exclaim, we did not need this last act to make the rebellion the most tragic of crimes. Considered simply as rebellion against just authority, it must be held to be a sin against God, so long as the 13th chapter of Romans maintains its place in the Bible, and binds the consciences of Christians. Nor is it possible to mitigate this sentence by quoting the exceptional cases in which the right of revolution is to be allowed. Our enemies themselves being judges, this was no exceptional case; no grievance had been endured by the

South; on the contrary, her foremost statesman, the Vice-President of the Confederacy had publicly declared, and abundantly shown, that the Government at Washington had never done them a wrong, but had been the most beneficent of governments, and that from the beginning the South had controlled the legislation of the country, and had received the lion's share of the honors and emoluments of the Government, while bearing the least considerable portion of its burdens. If rebellion ever was a sin, therefore, and St. Paul declares it always is, this was the greatest sin against God that ever was inaugurated. It began in a conspiracy worse than Catiline's; it secretly plotted death to the constitution, while in the enjoyment of its honors and immunities; it raised, organized, and drilled armies, while nobody but themselves believed that war was possible or intended; and when at last the strange rebellion was actually born, it came not less of perjury toward God than of treason toward man.

Thus conceived, and thus brought forth, its whole history has been marked by cruelties, which have been only the more diabolical, because they have been practiced under the studied hypocrisies of thanksgivings, and fasts, and humble professions of humanity and injured innocence. The most flagrant falsehoods have been invented to fire the Southern heart; the most ferocious passions engendered, venting themselves upon wounded men, and the unresisting bodies of the slain; and all this, while the Government, actuated by the most merciful of men, and the most paternal of rulers, was holding the olive-branch in one hand and the sword in the other. At length, in its adult stature, the rebellion culminated in a malignity, which has abso-

lutely no parallel in the military annals of mankind, in the starvation of prisoners of war, adopted when the novelty of the war had worn off, when no apologies of impulse and sudden gusts of passion could be pleaded, but entered upon as a system, and prosecuted with a calm and unrelenting purpose, until by tens of thousands the naked, the frozen, and the starved were consigned to a death in comparison with which the cruelties of Indians and Sepoys were mercies. I do not overstate the facts—would God I did! I have just seen a letter from Dr. C. R. Agnew, a gentleman of the highest professional skill in the city of New York, and who, from love of country, and in the midst of a large and lucrative practice, has consecrated conscientiously one third of his time to the service of his country in connection with the Sanitary Commission. No one can doubt his competency to testify, nor his character as a Christian man; and I will now read from his letter dated at Wilmington, N. C., March 20, 1865. It is painful for me to read it in your presence, ye mothers and sisters and wives; it will be painful for you to hear it but you must do it, and hold your minds to the facts which are thus certified to you, for only by knowing these facts, and feeling as they will make you feel, can you understand this rebellion and the justice of God in dealing with it. Dr. Agnew writes:

“Many of the men were in a state of mind resembling idiocy, unable to tell their names, and lost to all sense of modesty, unconscious of their nakedness and personal condition. Some of them moved about on their hands and knees, unable to stand upon their gangrenous feet, looking up like hungry dogs, beseeching the observer for a bite of bread or a sup of water. Some

of them hitched along on their hands, as they were able, pushing gangrenous feet, literally reduced to bone and shreds, before them. Others leaned upon staves, and glared from sunken eyes through the parchment-like slits of their open eye-lids into space without having the power to fix an intelligent gaze upon passing objects. Others giggled and smirked and babbled like starved idiots, while some adamantine figures walked erect, as though they meant to move the skeleton homewards so long as vitality enough remained to enable them to do so. To see the men who remain here in hospital would move a heart as hard and cold as marble. Their condition is that of men who have for months suffered chronic starvation. Their arms and legs look like coarse reeds with bulbous joints. Their faces look as though a skillful taxidermist had drawn tanned skin over the bare skull, and then placed false eyes in the orbital cavities. They defy description. It would take a pen expert in the use of every term known to the anatomist and the physician to begin to expose their fearful condition."

But all this long history of war, culminating in this frightful crime against humanity, was not enough to make apparent the wickedness of the rebellion; there were among ourselves not a few sympathizers and apologists, and among foreign nations it still wore an air of respectability. Its authors and leaders," we were told, "were honorable, chivalric men; they never could be subjugated; we must let them go and establish a slave empire, or by an inglorious compromise become ourselves partners of their crime." And one thing more was necessary to unite all hearts at home, and make the cause of freedom the cause of civilization and

mankind: the arm that had struck at the life of the American nation must be permitted to strike down the person of the American President. It has been done. The wrath of man has expended itself, and who does not see that that wrath shall praise God? This last revealing act has brought home to every man the murderous malignity with which the rebellion was instinct. When our President fell, "you and I and all of us fell down."

The rebellion is no longer an abstraction—it is murder. Treason is no longer a mere opinion, as respectable as any other while the war lasts, and the better opinion if it triumphs; but it is red-handed violence, stealing behind the back of our chief to murder him, and breaking into the sick-room of our leading statesman to stab him in his bed. Let who will speak well of this rebellion hereafter, neither you nor I may care. The *venue* is changed; we are henceforth no more concerned than the rest of mankind; our enemies have made themselves outlaws, and our cause is merged in the cause of humanity. Eternal justice is avenged. The wrath of man praises God!

2. But I proceed to make a second point in illustration of the text. We learn the wickedness of that system of slavery, which has nurtured the implacable, man-eating and God-defying spirit, revealing itself in the murder of the President.

It is no new thing that we see to-day, only now we *see* it, and *feel* it, as we did not when it was grinding the poor bondman in the earth. The wisdom and goodness, in one word the glory of God, is conspicuous in this, that men now take part with God in his abhorrence of crime perpetrated upon the humblest of his

creatures. If you will reflect a moment, if you will call to mind the facts by which slavery has expressed itself, ever since you can remember, you will recognize the same spirit, and the great criminal of to-day, who has draped our houses and our churches in black, is a legitimate child of slavery; no new thing has happened under the sun, only a new exhibition of an old thing; it is but the outcome of that proud insurrection against human rights, which has trampled on men for more than two centuries. Call it what you will, a Patriarchal system, which brings down to our times the virtues and blessings of the highest style of manhood; a system of domestic life, good enough for gentle woman to cherish in the name of the family and the sanctities of private life; an order of society which the minister of God is to baptize with a Christian name, and in the conservation of which, the church of God in America is to find her mission; call it what you will, I know that the separation of husband and wife, the sale of little children out of a mother's lap, the withholding of wages from the laboring poor, and the denial of knowledge to the mind, which is as much the birth-right of the human soul as the light of the sun is of the human body; I *know* that these things are sins against God, and sins against Him who said, "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, ye did it unto me," such that even all the tears and blood and groans of this civil war are not too severe an expression of the righteous judgment of God! But oh! the difference between knowing this, and feeling it, as we do to-day, when this violent invasion of the sacred rights of man has entered our hearts through the sacred person of the representative head of the nation! Many

a poor black man has fallen, shot from behind, who died, as our President did, for the assertion of human rights; and although each of these murders revealed as much of wickedness to the infinite heart of God, as this last, they did not to us. Many a traveler at the South, not black but white, for no greater crime than the declaration of his belief in the inalienable rights of all men, and many suspected of such a declaration, or of such a belief without the declaration, have been murdered and left swinging from the branches of trees; but the intelligence, when it came North, only wrapped in mourning some solitary family, or some little circle of relatives bereaved; we did not feel it, and could not feel it, as now when the fell spirit of slavery has stricken down our President, and draped a nation in the emblems of mourning.

I do not presume, with my present knowledge, to charge this crime upon individuals; we must await the developments of the trial to know who are implicated in the bloody conspiracy; but I do take it upon myself to say that slavery is responsible for this crime; the proof is demonstrative, it could not be stronger. The only right that slavery has is the might of a superior over an inferior race; and as if conscious of its origin, it has always opposed violence to reason. It has taught that it was right to kill a resisting black man and equally a protesting white man. Since the war has raged, nothing has been more common than to threaten with assassination the agents of the Government, and especially its head. Rewards have been offered; vicious and uneducated young men have been inspired with the ambition; and when at last one has been found bold enough and mad enough to do it and succeed it will

be impossible in the recoil of public feeling, and in the fear of the execration of mankind, to deny the parentage and training of the act. It matters not who or what the miserable tool was, what his name or his antecedents, whether a Northern sympathizer or Southern rebel, he but embodies the spirit of slavery, he is but the hand that executes its savage command. This, therefore, is the vindication of God's providence. He has given vent to the wrath of man till it has fully declared itself, and all men seeing detest it. Slavery stands revealed, for the abhorrence of mankind; its last act, in the rebound, strikes itself upon the head, and in the excess of its wrath it praises God!

3. We learn the folly as well as madness of sin. And so the wrath of man shall praise God.

The thought of the murderer was to avenge the South, and destroy our national Government; the effect is to bury the cause of the South beneath the execration of mankind, and gather around the Government the strength of all loyal hearts and the sympathy of every civilized people. Was there ever an instance like this of the insanity of wickedness? Destroy the Government! Never was it stronger. It is the revelation of a strength we scarcely dared claim, and which was never suspected abroad. It is lodged in the hearts of the people, and is as indestructible as the people themselves. The ship of state scarcely feels a tremble as the helmsman falls at his post; another hand is on the wheel, the machinery never intermits its action, nor even feels a jar, the good ship falls off not so much as a point from her course, and is now as safe and sound as when our loved and elected chieftain guided her with a wisdom, patience, and faithfulness never surpassed.

Probably no two men in the nation could be struck down whose death would be a greater calamity to leading rebels than that of Lincoln and Seward. The Government can spare them, for by the blessing of God upon their wise administration of public affairs it is now sure of the support of the people and of the respect of foreign nations; and there are other men as capable to guide the policy of pacification and reconstruction. But the rebels, the leading and responsible rebels, cannot spare these men, least of all by a death occasioned or inspired by them. The armies of Grant and Sherman have destroyed the body of the rebellion; Mr. Lincoln's death its spirit. From this hour forth not a shred of respectability remains to it; and as this intelligence shall reach the nations of the old world, its adherents from very shame will fall off from it, and its representatives abroad in the midst of the horror of mankind be compelled to employ the language of apology and deprecation. And this by their own act! Their mad threats, their insane spirit, has at last found a head and a hand; and nothing has been wanting but success to defeat it. God is praised, and by the wrath of man. There is something wonderful about this. "How unsearchable are the judgments of God, and his ways past finding out!" The very mercifulness of Mr. Lincoln, the fact that as far as possible in faithfulness to public interests he was bent upon showing kindness to individuals, the fact that of all men in this country he least of all deserved to die by a rebel bullet, this has made him the fittest sacrifice for his country, and given his blood a power over friend and foe, to make friends, or to banish enemies, which no other event could possibly equal. A man who was regarded as the

father of the people, and the saviour of his country, has been murdered for no fault of his own, but as the representative of a righteous cause, as the man who stood for you and me, and for the cause of the down-trodden, and for the liberties of millions yet to be; and his blood, thus shed, is doing and will do what his life and no other life could accomplish. It has united our countrymen, as they never were before; around the bier of Lincoln, they have felt and acted as one family. This great national sorrow, if it has not made us one nation, has proved us one. Common emotions have done much to knit to each other the hearts of our countrymen; taking his life and death together, I do not hesitate to say that Abraham Lincoln has done more than any one man that ever lived to make the American people one nationality! I do not mourn for Lincoln; his best friend need not mourn for him; he died at the acme of his fame; he died in a way to make the most of his virtues, his loving, kindly nature, it has all borne fruit in his death; he is embalmed forever in the hearts of his countrymen, and his blood is the cement of that Union to the preservation of which he religiously consecrated his life. He was happy too, in the time of his death, it was the sunrise of peace upon the land; a momentary pang, he knew not whence or what it was, and he was happy in death.

His suffering ended with the day,
Yet lived he at its close,
And breathed the long, long night away,
In statue-like repose.
But when the sun, in all his state,
Illumined the eastern skies,
He passed through Glory's morning gate,
And walked in Paradise.

If then he has not suffered loss, and the country, united by sorrow, has gained ; behold the folly and madness of this great wickedness ; see how the wrath of man praises God !

4. There is another influence of Mr. Lincoln's death which illustrates the text. It checks that unreasonable, and I will add unchristian charity, which ignores the guilt of sin, and denies the necessity of its penalty.

People are talking of justice now, not forgiveness. There is for the moment wild talk of vengeance ; for one extreme is apt to generate another ; and vengeance is an extreme, but no more so than indiscriminate pardon. Before this war broke out, a lax theology prevailed among us, which had succeeded, to a considerable extent, in banishing from our pulpits, and from the minds of our people, the old and vital doctrines of the gospel, the intrinsic evil of sin, and the absolute necessity of penalties to vindicate the law of God, and, by consequence, the need of an infinite atonement to open the way for pardon. Men ceased to fear God, or reverence his law ; the guilt of sin was denied, it was only a mistake at worst ; hell was derided as a superstition ; and many were lapsing into infidelity and atheism. At the same time, and by legitimate consequence, low views were entertained of government, as God's ordinance, capital punishments were abolished, penitentiaries were no longer penal, criminals were sympathized with, and pitied rather than blamed, and the greatest criminals were the most shielded ; treason had shrunk to the dimensions of a political theory, and was no longer a crime, much less the greatest crime known to the statute-book and possible to the citizen, while murder had lost its revolting character by no longer

putting the murderer's life in peril. From all this the war, we thought, had redeemed us; it had certainly taught us fundamental lessons of right and wrong, and made a chasm between them in the blood of our sons, which nothing ever seemed able to fill up. But with the success of the national arms, and the comparative subsidence of the rebellion, there was fast returning upon us our old loose way of thinking and talking. Bloody treason began to be whitewashed; and the chief traitors found apologists, and men pleaded for the lives of traitors, who would have been the first to fall by assassination had the treason triumphed. How far this reaction would have gone, but for the last great crime of the rebellion, none can tell. The dying viper might and probably would have been nursed into life again by the warm confidence of a country into whose bosom it had struck its venomous fangs. The genius and the virtues of the military leaders of the South were praised, as if the brilliant qualities of criminals, instead of enhancing, diminished the crime. A base-born hero-worship was already preparing to sacrifice the sacred interests of right to the pretensions of a proud aristocracy. But blessed be God! we have been spared this shame; in the hour of our triumph we have not been permitted to fall down, and beg pardon of our conquered foes for the heroism of our slaughtered sons. God's providence has saved us this! The wrath of man has been allowed one more expression, that we may not mistake, and that all the world may know, the malice, strong in death, of this man-hating and God-defying rebellion! It has stood for its picture once more, lest through the smoke of battle the features of the demon should be obscured; now upon the dark

background of the war, like a retiring tempest, a miscreant leaps upon the stage, brandishing the assassin's dagger, exulting in the murder of our good President! Blessed be God! the wrath of man shall praise him!

5. There is a still more impressive lesson to be learned. God has a right to the blood of his servants, no less than to their life. There are times when the death of a good man will do more than his life can by any possibility. Suffering wrong with patient love will sometimes triumph, when everything else fails. God needed for his purposes the death of his Son, so imperatively needed it that not even the prayer of that Son, whom his Father always heard, could avail to make the cup pass from him. God needed the blood of the martyrs, in their day, to corroborate and sanctify his gospel! God needed, likewise, the blood of Abraham Lincoln! We can already see that it is doing what his life and his best services were powerless to accomplish. When leaving his home at Springfield giving himself to his country and asking the prayers of God's people for him, he gave himself equally to life and death. Even then threats of assassination flew thick and fast about him, they paved his way to the capitol, he was almost involved in their toils before he reached it, and now that the threat is accomplished, he has fallen a sacrifice, not unprepared nor unwillingly. It is a high distinction—I might say the highest and not over-state it—when a man's death is needed to accomplish his life's work; and useful as he may have been while he lived, to be still more useful when he died. There are few men of whom this can be said. God places not many in such circumstances, that even when through mortal weakness they die, it adds strength to the whole influ-

ence and force of their lives. Most men die because they must, and their time has come; and however much their removal may be mourned, their death is simply a loss; it is the payment of a debt to nature. But not so with the soldier-like death of Lincoln. It gives him an immortality of fame, seals with blood and consecrates forever the history of which he has been the anointed leader; and out of such a death there is a resurrection of new life for the nation and mankind! No man's life is to be compared with Christ's, and no man's death with his; but he comes nearest to the Divine Man who receives a trust for humanity, carries it to a successful issue, and at last dies for it, making his life to culminate and triumph in death. This is the high calling of men treading after and next the person of Christ! This is the crown of martyrs! This is the calling and the crown of Abraham Lincoln!

I cannot cease speaking without commending to your prayers and confidence him who is called so suddenly to the Chief Magistracy of the land. I feel compelled to do this, because of the unfortunate impression made upon the country by Mr. Johnson at the late inauguration. With a haste as unreasonable as it is uncharitable, he has been condemned, as if an act proved a habit. There is not a man in this assembly who would not feel that the deepest injustice had been done him by such treatment. Admitting the worst that has been said, or that *can* be said, of Mr. Johnson's condition on that day, it is as susceptible of a favorable interpretation as of an unfavorable. It *may* have been, nay, we are bound to believe it *was* an accident pure and simple—proof only of an enfeebled body, and of an anxiety in spite of sickness to discharge a public duty.

We have the amplest assurances that this was the case. The Vice-President, now President of the United States, is entitled to the respectful confidence of the American people. The strong and generous testimony of General Burnside, yesterday, in New York, is sufficient and will be cordially regarded as such by all loyal and patriotic citizens. Let us give him our confidence, and pray for him as we did for his lamented predecessor.

VI

REV. JOHN McCLINTOCK, D.D., LL.D.

"Remember them which have the rule over you, . . . whose faith follow."—HEB. 13. 7.

It is the LORD; his will be done. The blow has stunned the nation. Had we no trust in Him who conquers even the last enemy, "the victory of the grave" which calls us together to-day would fill us with despair. And even with all the light which the word of God affords, and with all the strength which our faith in God gives us, we can still only say, "His way is in the sea, and his path in the deep waters." We shall know hereafter what he doeth; but we know not now.

"Remember," says our text, and *"follow."*

There is little fear of our forgetting—there is little fear of the world forgetting the name of ABRAHAM LINCOLN. It was the remark of Heine, the German poet and satirist, that "men preserve the memory of their destroyers better than that of their benefactors; the warrior's name outlasts the philanthropist's." There is some truth in this, taking the world's history as it has been. But it is one of the best signs of the times that men's hearts are, more than ever, attracted by moral greatness, and that all laurels are not stained with blood. The day is dawning, even though its rising sun be dimmed by clouds, and struggles up amid

gloom, and tears and blood, in which the glory of the reformer shall outshine that of the conqueror—in which the

Saints of humanity, strong, yet tender,
Making the present hopeful with their life,

shall be held the true heroes in men's thoughts, as they are the true heroes in the progress of humanity, and before the eye of God. And to this heroic class belongs the name of Abraham Lincoln, who fell, if ever man did, fighting the battles of humanity.

A voice came to us ten days ago from beyond the sea. Here is what it says of Abraham Lincoln: "When the heats of party passion and international jealousy have abated, when detraction has spent its malice, and the scandalous gossip of the day goes the way of all lies, the place of Abraham Lincoln in the grateful affection of his countrymen and in the respect of mankind, will be second only, if it be second, to that of Washington himself." When Robert Cairnes penned those prophetic words, how little did he dream that in a few weeks his prediction should become history! "When the heats of party passion are abated!" A work of long and weary time, no doubt. Yet it has been done in a day. The fame of Abraham Lincoln has not had to wait for the revolving years to set it right. The bullet of the assassin has done the work of an age. To-day that name stands as high before this whole people, of all parties, of all sects, of all classes, as it would have stood in a half a century, had the blow of the assassin never fallen. Party spirit, for the time at least, is dead. Who thinks of party now? There are doubtless, in this congregation, many men who voted against Abraham

Lincoln; is there one of them who does not mourn him to-day? When you heard that Abraham Lincoln was dead—you, who a year ago, perhaps, made his name an object of abuse and calumny; you, whose lips were accustomed to speak of that brave, noble, loving man as a usurper, perhaps, or at least as a foolish imbecile, and an unfit tenant of the highest place in all the world—I ask you, when you heard on Saturday morning that Lincoln was dead, did not your heart throb as never before; did not your throat become husky and the damp gather in your eyes in spite of you, as you spoke of it? Party spirit for the moment is indeed forgotten. Do not forget the lesson; and when your party journals begin, as they will begin very soon, to assail Andrew Johnson, as they have in the past assailed Abraham Lincoln, do not be led away; let not opposition be sullied with calumny or embittered by hate.

The streets of the city of New York, and of every city in the Union, from Portland to San Francisco, are clad in mourning. I have been struck, in going through the poorer streets of this city, to find the emblems of sorrow more general, if possible, on the abodes of the humble and the lowly, than on the stately dwellings of the rich in the grand avenues. All over this land, and over all the civilized world, I dare say there shall be grief and mourning in the hearts and homes of those who are called the “common people”—of whom was Abraham Lincoln. The “ruling classes” abroad will grieve also, but for a very different reason. The Tories and aristocrats of England have watched, with fear and wrath, the later progress of the Republic toward triumph; and they will feel the tremor of a new fear when they learn that this good and generous

man—so tender, so merciful, so forgiving, so full of all peaceful thoughts that revenge or cruelty could find no place in his heart; this noble, steadfast man of the people, at whose feet all their taunts and gibes had fallen harmless, whose simple dignity of nature achieved for him that serene indifference, that high superiority to abuse and calumny which have been claimed as the peculiar attributes of what are called high birth and breeding—has passed away from earth. For they were just learning that he loved peace next to justice, and, in the vague terror of their conscious guilt, as abettors of the slaveholders' rebellion, they looked to the gentle ruler, whom they had so vilely traduced, to avert the war which their consciences told them ought to come.

But while, for this reason, there will be real grief among the ruling classes, there shall be sorrow of another sort among all the liberal hearts, among all who have hoped and struggled for the future equality of the race, and who, these four weary years, have been watching the issues of our great war for freedom, with an intensity of feeling only next to our own. As for the working classes, everywhere through the British islands, and on the continent of Europe, the name of Abraham Lincoln, had come to be, for them, the synonym of hope for their cause; for "Love had he found in huts, where poor men lie," not only in every slave cabin in the South, where he is canonized already, but in many a shepherd's lodge of Switzerland—in many a woodman's cabin of the Black Forest—in many a miner's hut of the Hartz Mountains—in many a cottage in Italy, for there as well as here, the poor had learned to look upon him as the anointed of God for

the redemption of the liberties of mankind. It is but lately that Garibaldi named one of his grandchildren Lincoln, little dreaming how soon that name was to be enrolled among the immortals. Oh! how his great heart will throb, how the tears will roll like bullets down his seamed and furrowed face, when to him shall come the sad message, "Lincoln is dead!"

And now let us ask why all this sorrow? Whence this universal love? Certainly it was not intellectual grandeur that so drew all hearts toward Lincoln. And yet I do not sympathize with much that has been said in disparagement of his intellect although mere mental gifts, of the highest order, might well have been eclipsed, in the popular estimation, by the sublimity of that moral power which overshadowed all his other qualities. But it is stupid to talk of him as a man of mean intellect. He had a giant's work to do, and he has done it nobly. Called upon to steer the ship of state through the mightiest and most rapid tide of events that ever sweep over a nation, he guided her safely, and was within sight of the harbor, when he was struck down at the helm. Even in his speeches and writings where defects of form reveal the want of early culture and give room for the carping of petty critics who can see no farther than the form, I do not fear to say that the calm criticism of history will find marks of the highest power of mind. Do you remember his little speech over the graves of our martyrs at Gettysburg? I remember the thrill with which I read it across the sea. It is Greek-like in its simple majesty of thought, and even in the exquisite felicity of some of its phrases. Nor could that have been a mean intellect which enabled this simple son of the people, standing

among men who piqued themselves upon their refinement and culture, among men of large acquirements and polished speech, to hold on his own way among them, to take or reject their advice, to hear all plans and all arguments, and after all to be the real ruler of the nation and of the times. With such gifts as God gave him, he was enabled to pierce to the very core of a matter, while others, with their fine rhetoric, could only talk around it.

Yet it was not for the intellect, but for the moral qualities of the man that we loved him. It is a wise order of Providence that it is so that men are drawn. We never love cold intellect. We may admire it; we may wonder at it; sometimes we may even worship it, but we never love it. The hearts of men leap out only after the image of God in man, and the image of God in man is love. Oh! what a large and loving heart was stilled last Friday! How fine, how tender, how all-embracing was the love of that old man! Those of you who have never seen him, and never have known the inexpressible charm of his simple manner, can never understand how much there was in him to love. Men of all classes were alike won by his personal magnetism. Those who have traduced him most, and those who have been most carried away by the blind fury of partisan hate, and have gone to Washington to see him, have always come away disarmed. Whenever they had a talk with the President, whenever those tender eyes opened gently upon them (they had the habit of opening gently), and they looked through those portals of his soul and saw the infinite wealth of tenderness that was there they yielded to the spell. Illustrations of the tenderness of his nature abound. A colonel in

the army was telling a friend the other day of a time in 1862 when he had command of one of the posts, and the President visited the place for a few days. This officer had never met the President and had no very exalted opinion of him, "but at the end of those ten days," said he, "I found that I was in love with him, and I could not help it." He related an incident that took place one evening while sitting alone with the President. Mr. Lincoln was reading Shakespeare, when suddenly turning his eyes upon the officer, he said: "Colonel, do you ever find yourself talking with a dead friend as if he was present and still living?" "Yes," said the colonel, "I know the feeling, for it has occurred to me often." "I am glad I asked you the question," said Mr. Lincoln, closing his book and leaning his head upon his hand, "I did not know that it was common, but ever since my little boy died, I find myself talking with him every day."

The entire absence of vindictiveness, either personal or political, was one of the ripe fruits of Lincoln's native tenderness. Did you ever hear of his saying a hard thing of his opponents? After all the evil calumnies heaped upon him at home and abroad, did you ever know him to utter a single word showing personal hate, or even personal feeling? It is a marvelous record. Test our public men by this standard, and you will see how loftily he towers above them in moral dignity. He lived as he died: the last of his public utterances closed with the words, "With malice toward none, with the charity for all." This phrase will fall hereafter into that small number of phrases, not Scripture, but which men often cite, unwittingly, as though they were.

Another striking element of his moral nature was his profound faith—a faith not like that of the man who now stands at the head of the French people, a blind fatalistic confidence in his own destiny, or in the destiny of the system with which he is identified. Nor yet merely an uncalculating faith in the wisdom, virtue, or steadfastness of the American people. Abraham Lincoln had this, indeed; but it was not all; he had a profound religious faith; not simply a general recognition of the law of order in the universe, but a profound faith in a Personal God. He once remarked to me, at a sudden turn in conversation, “Ah, Providence is stronger than either you or I,” and he said it in such a tone as to reveal a habit of thought. It was out of the abundance of the heart that the mouth spoke. We were discussing at the time the relations of this country with Europe, and the effects of his Proclamation of Emancipation. “When I issued that Proclamation,” said he, “I was in great doubt about it myself. I did not think that the people had been quite educated up to it, and I feared its effects upon the Border States, yet I think it was right; I knew it would help our cause in Europe, and I trusted in God and did it.” I believe that no President since George Washington ever brought in so eminent a degree to his official work a deep religious faith. Of his personal religious experience I cannot speak of my own knowledge, but we have more than one cheering testimony about it. I have been assured that ever after the battle of Gettysburg he was daily in the habit of supplicating in prayer the throne of divine grace, as a believer in Jesus Christ, and that from that time he classed himself with believers. Oh! what prayers those must have been in

the dark days of '63, and how wondrously has God answered them.

I shall not speak of the patriotism of Abraham Lincoln, though it is one of the points of which I had intended to speak, but you know all about it. You know what a tremendous duty fell to him and how he did it all the way through; seduced by no blandishment, frightened by no threats from the steady pursuit of his one duty—to restore the integrity of the Government. How far he succeeded is known to you all. The “forts and places” which he said he would retake are all ours to-day, and the main army of the rebellion is scattered and gone!

The manners of Abraham Lincoln have been a matter of a great deal of comment, and of snobbish comment too. If unaffected simplicity, the most entire ease, and the power to put one’s visitor at ease, and to do it unconsciously; if these are the ultimate results and the final tests of refinement, as they unquestionably are, then was he the peer of any nobleman in manners. When you shall learn to be as easy, as gentle, as truly unaffected, as free from all thought of yourself, as Abraham Lincoln was, then indeed will you have finished manners. What if there were a few accidental remnants of his former habits? Of all the people in the world, we are the very last that should think of these.

Just now, across the sea, men are grieving over the death of a plain man of the people like Abraham Lincoln, a man of the same kind of manners, a man bred to the plough, and whose early years were given to trade—Richard Cobden. And not merely in naturalness of manners, but also in moral elevation, in guileness sin-

cerity, in delicate regard for the feelings even of enemies, in true devotion to the good of their fellow men especially to the cause of the poor and oppressed and in earnest religious faith were these men twin brothers. Even in outward look there was a marked resemblance; the same tenderness of eye, the same pathetic sadness of general expression, and the same lurking smile of humor.

In two weeks after the fall of Sumter I heard the news of it in Paris. Cobden arrived in town from Algiers, I think, just then. Early the next morning I went to him and said, "Are you enough interested in the American question to have a few words?" "Interested!" said he, "interested!" and the tears started to his eyes. "My God! sir, I do not sleep at night!" We then talked over all the probable phases of this great question and its tremendous issues. Never, until I came home and sat down alone with Abraham Lincoln, as I had sat down with Richard Cobden, did I know how much alike these two men were. How prophetic is it of the near coming of the time when all the sophisms of power, by which a few have held, and are still striving to hold, the mass of mankind in their iron grasp to make them the tools of their ambition and avarice, shall be swept away forever, that all over the earth, in palaces as well as in hovels, there is mourning over Richard Cobden and Abraham Lincoln; men that worked with their hands and yet raised themselves higher than nobles; precursors of that triumphant Christian civilization that is yet to gladden the hearts of all mankind with the reign of universal brotherhood. In seven years Cobden bowed the neck of the proudest aristocracy in the world. In five years

Lincoln destroyed and buried the most cruel, the most dangerous aristocracy that ever sought to establish itself in a civilized nation. The two representative men of the spirit of the age have passed away from earth together.

We had no fear about Abraham Lincoln, except the fear that he would be too forgiving. Oh! what an epitaph—that the only fear men had was that he would be too tender, that he had too much love; in a word, that he was too Christ-like! And how Christ-like was he in dying! His last official words in substance were, “Father, forgive them, they know not what they do.” And on Good Friday he fell a martyr to the cause of humanity. I do not think there was adequate ground for the fear that he would ever have sacrificed substantial justice upon the altar of his personal tenderness; or, that he had not the strength and the resolution to punish the authors of the rebellion; yet, after all, in coming ages, it shall not be the least of his titles to the veneration and love of mankind, that his contemporaries found no fault with him, except that he had *too much* love.

Last Friday, we are told, President Lincoln asked General Grant if he had heard from General Sherman. General Grant replied that he had not; but that he was hourly in expectation of receiving dispatches announcing the surrender of Johnston. “Well,” said the President, “you will hear very soon now, and the news will be important.” “Why do you think so?” said the General. “Because,” said Mr. Lincoln, “I had a dream last night, and ever since the war began I have invariably had the same dream before any important event has occurred.” He then instanced Bull Run, Antietam,

Gettysburg, etc., and said that before each of those events he had had the same dream. Turning to Secretary Welles, he said: "It is in your line too, Mr. Welles. I dreamed that I saw a ship sailing very rapidly by, and I am sure that it portends some important national event." Dear friends, the life of Abraham Lincoln is closed. After a very, very stormy voyage, the ship has reached her harbor at last. And how, after all these tempests, these fierce blasts, these rising floods, how did the ship sail in? Shattered and sinking, with sails all torn and rent? No, dear friends, God ordered it otherwise. Not a mark of the storm was on the noble vessel; the hull was sound, the spars were strong, the sails were spread, with the broad flag flying again as it never waved before, and with pennants of red, white, and blue streaming gloriously and triumphantly over all, the ship sailed into port, and the angels of God said their glad "All hail!" So now say I—and I venture to speak in your behalf, as well as in my own—Abraham Lincoln, Patriot, Philanthropist, Christian, Martyr, Hail! and Farewell!

And now, what are to be the results of this tragedy to the country and to mankind? It is God that rules, and already we see that, even in this terrible crime, he has made the wrath of man to praise him. One thing is clear: even now the American people are united as they were never united before. Four years ago (or it will be four years within a week), in 1861, I stood in Exeter Hall in the City of London, with an audience of nearly four thousand people. The London Times of the day before had said, "The Great Republic is gone." I made these words the text of a little speech to these four thousand Englishmen. I ventured to say to them,

what in my heart I believed to be true, that whatever might be the result of civil war elsewhere, and however a single battle might turn in the United States, the Government of the United States was impregnable; that the great Republic would come forth out of the trial stronger than ever; that however the first battle might go, we should win the last, and the rebellion would be crushed. It is but right to say that these remarks met with sympathy. The four thousand people that sat before me showed every sign of feeling; they rose from their seats, they clapped their hands, they stamped their feet, they shouted. The four years have passed, and the Republic is not gone, thank God, but stands out in grander proportions, is established upon a firmer foundation than ever before. In the four days that have passed since the shot that laid Abraham Lincoln low, the work of fifty years in the consolidation of the Republic has been done. The morning of the same day that saw one President die, saw another quietly inaugurated and as quietly performing his functions. True, there were a few men in Wall Street who seemed to look upon it as the harbinger of a golden harvest; men who, if allowed by any chance to pass the gates of the Celestial City, would go with their eyes bent downward studying some plan to pluck up the golden pavement. Naturally enough, these men mistook the mighty import of passing events and bought gold for a rise. On Monday gold was ten per cent lower than on Saturday.

Another lesson we have learned is this: that in our Government no one man is essential. The Harpers have just published a book by Louis Napoleon Bonaparte on the life of Julius Cæsar. Its object is to teach

the world that it must be governed by its great men; that they make epochs and not merely mark them. How suddenly that book has been refuted, and what a blow has been given to this gospel of Napoleon, by the assassination of Lincoln and its issues. Here is one greater than Cæsar struck down as Cæsar was, and yet the pillars of the Republic are unshaken. What a pitiful anachronism does the Imperial plea for Cæsarism appear, in presence of the dead Lincoln, and the mourning, yet living and triumphant Republic!

Let us now gather one or two practical lessons for ourselves and our children. Hatred of assassination is one of these lessons, if, indeed, we needed to learn it. The work that Brutus did to Cæsar was just as bad a work as that of Booth to Lincoln. It was centuries before humanity recovered from the poisoned wound it received from the stroke from that dagger that pierced the breast of Cæsar. Teach your children, moreover, not only to hate assassination, but treason as well; for treason breeds assassins, as it breeds all other forms of crime and wrong. You cannot be too severe upon it in your thoughts or in your talk; you are severe upon the robber and the assassin; shall you be lenient toward the treason which has begotten both robbery and assassination?

Remember, too, that as treason is the parent of assassination, so slavery has been the parent of treason. Is it necessary for me to exhort you to teach your children to hate slavery too? In this one thing I ask you to join with me this day. Let us bow ourselves before Almighty God, and vow that so far as in us lies, none of us will ever agree to any pacification of this land, until slavery be utterly extirpated. Watch your

editors then; watch your clergy; watch your generals and soldiers, your admirals and sailors, watch even Andrew Johnson, though of that I apprehend there will be no need. Watch them all, if need be, and see to it that this sprout of hell never shoots up again in the American soil.

One more lesson, and not the least. If anything I have said, or anything that you read or hear in these sad days, breeds within you a single revengeful feeling, even toward the leaders of this rebellion, then think of Abraham Lincoln, and pray God to make you merciful. Think of the prayer of Christ, which the President said, after his Saviour, "Father forgive them, they know not what they do." Let there be no place for revenge in our souls; justice we may and must demand, but revenge, never. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." I counsel you also to discountenance all disorder, all attempts by private persons to avenge the public wrong, or even to punish sympathizers with treason. I have been sorry to hear from the lips of generous young men, under the pangs of the President's assassination, sentiments of bitterness and indignation, amounting almost to fierceness. It is natural, no doubt, but what is natural is not always right. Indulge this spirit, and you may hear next that this man's house or that man's should be mobbed. Mobs are alien to our northern soil; they belong to another atmosphere than that of free schools and free men. The region of slavery was their natural home; let us have none of them. And soon, when the last shackles shall have fallen, and throughout our land, from sea to sea, there shall be no master and no slave, the blessed Peace shall come, for which we have looked, and prayed, and fought

so long, when the Republic shall be established upon the eternal foundations of Freedom and Justice, to stand, we trust, by the blessing of God, down to the last syllable of recorded Time.

VII

REV. A. N. LITTLEJOHN, D.D.

"Know ye not there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"—2 SAM. 3. 38.

BRETHREN, you know the event which has called us together amid these badges of sorrow. All sights and sounds proclaim it. The very air is full of it. Its mingled horror and sadness may not be uttered. The grief that hangs so heavy upon us moves a continent to tears. We are but a small company of mourners in the vast multitude who will to-day bend in anguish over the bier of the nation's head. We were just beginning to see the bow of peace wearing out from the vapor and settling over the troubled waters. We were just beginning to feel that the last chapter had been written in the record of blood. The disappointment is bitter and terrible. Without question we have at last reached the Marah of the nation's journey through the wilderness. The sword that was to pierce us through, God has reserved for the hour of victory. The land is a fountain of tears, and the hearts of the people are bowed as the heart of one man. There could be no sorer lamentation, though every house had in it one dead. It is made the duty of the pulpit, beyond any other organ of public sentiment, to deal with the overwhelming sorrow of the hour, to guide and temper the

nation's grief, to teach it how and for what to weep, to interpret the sober philosophy of the grave, and to press home upon the softened, pain-stricken sensibilities of the people those gifts, privileges, and destinies which the world can neither give nor take away. Certainly our century, with all its intense and changeful life, has witnessed no such impressive instance of the sudden ruin and intrinsic vanity of earthly fortunes in the high places of power. Yesterday, Abraham Lincoln stood upon an eminence which the wisest and the best might have envied. His word was clothed with the force of law. His hand was upon the secret spring of a nation's energies. His opinions were scanned and weighed as the foreshadowing of the settled policy of a redintegrated republic. On his will and purpose largely depended the peace of the world. He had but to speak, and two continents gave him audience. To-day, he is still in death. He lies where each of us must lie. He fills no more space than that allotted to the humblest member of the race. Yesterday, he was of good cheer at the approaching reward of four years of honest, anxious, patriotic toil, with an outlook upon honors manifold, and with an assured release from the bitterness of days of darkness and fields of blood, his own unexultant but manly smile reflecting the profound joy of a redeemed and triumphant country. To-day, he is gone as the rest of us shall go, to give account of his stewardship to God. Alas! the brevity and uncertainty of the noblest earthly career! Let us know and feel that we can mourn intelligently over this terrible bereavement only as we shall individually see in it a new and more pointed admonition from our final Judge.

The deed which has deprived the land of its Chief

Magistrate and, perhaps, the Department of State of its illustrious incumbent, let us not hesitate to say, was worthy of the cause which has filled the land with widows and orphans—a cause conceived in wickedness, brought forth in iniquity, and consummated in a crime which shall live forever as the sufficient commentary upon the spirit that gave it being. Under no provocation should we be tempted to harshness and injustice. But it is neither harsh nor unjust—but the simple truth gradually forced upon us by the stern logic of events—to say that the murderous hand which has brought upon us this stupendous calamity is, in reality, the same hand which wielded the merciless lash upon unresisting victims whose cry there was none to hear—the same hand which, tutored into lawless violence by the cruel and arbitrary instincts of slavery, struck down a senator of New England for presuming to exercise freedom of speech—the same hand which kindled and led an unprovoked and suicidal rebellion against the mildest and freest of governments—which hung and slaughtered in cold blood thousands who remained faithful to their allegiance, and occupied itself at intervals with the torture and starvation of the captured in prison camps and noisome dungeons. There is no help for it. Charity itself can invent no sufficient mitigation of the fact. This crime must go into history as the legitimate embodiment of the spirit of that greater and once legalized—protected crime of oppression which, by the decree of God, has been swept away, and the very traces of it surged out by fire, battle, and blood. It seems as though the last bite of the serpent was needed to convince us of its incurable and dreadful venom. Henceforth slavery will have no

apologist in the court of the world's civilization. The mark of Cain is upon it, and no hand will be found bold enough to brave the infamy of attempting to hide it. Consigned at last to the gulf of perdition, with a wild and heartless malice, it sought to drag down with it all that lay within its reach. It has perished in a way to satisfy the proprieties of retributive justice. Its end is not merely ruin, but dishonor. Its name will rot with the bones of the assassin who directed its last blow. And, hereafter, though the common life of the Republic shall be freed from its insult, menace, treason, and atrocity; yet trumpet-tongued it will continue to bear witness through the ages, by a thousand scars, to the malignant and tremendous power of the demon that once possessed it.

In the death of Abraham Lincoln, the people who have been in arms against the national authority, and who will soon be suing for mercy, have lost their wisest and truest friend. They have lost one who, beyond any other man in official position, was ready to pity their desolation, to commiserate their folly, and to receive them back as prodigal sons. They have lost one who had already anticipated and given expression to the latent magnanimity and clemency of the national mind. They have lost one who would have spared no effort, consistent with the public safety and honor, to enable them to retrieve their broken fortunes, and renew at the common altar their plighted faith.

But if they from whom we have been estranged during these four years of conflict, have lost so much by this calamity, what shall be said of our own loss. Say what we will, interpret Providence as we may, it cannot be exaggerated. Happily party differences no

longer stand in the way of a suitable recognition of the transcendent services of our late Chief Magistrate. It may be doubted whether any instance can be cited, in which the mists of prejudice have so suddenly parted, only to reveal behind them a fame so free from challenge or disparagement. Certainly history furnishes no case in which death has so instantly invested its victim with the sanctity of an approval more spontaneous and universal. The character of this man had grown so evenly, so silently, and from such modest beginnings; it had borne vast burdens, wrought mighty issues, with so little friction; it had sent its root so deep into the core of our life, that we knew neither what it was to us, nor how large it was destined to appear in coming time, until death spread out before us the quiet and solemn shadow of its proportion. The work of the public mind in dealing with this character, since it has taken its place in the sphere of the unchangeable has been that of recognition, not of discovery. We say to-day only what we might have said a week ago, but for the reserve with which the living must always be spoken of. The same pure, simple, honest, incorruptible, large-brained force of will and conscience that we see to-day, and whose departure we mourn as something not likely to be replaced, has been toiling for us all through these recent years of doubt and peril. We saw it, and yet feared to speak too strongly of it, lest some flaw or soil should appear before its career should close. But now that its record is made up, we may love, revere, and praise in language which, before, might have seemed that of partial admiration.

History, when it shall give its final verdict, may

modify, in some particulars, the glowing eulogies of the hour. It may be that the nation under the impulse of sudden and profound grief, may claim too much for this man of the people. But this much is sure, he will go forever into their memory, and the seal will be immovably set upon it—that never have they had in that highest and most responsible position, an uprightness more unquestioned, a wisdom more balanced, luminous, and practical, a generosity more lofty, a patriotism more ardent, a cheerfulness more patient, a purpose more brave in the day of trouble, or a consecration of talent and energy to the common weal more absolute. All agree that his heart was too open and large to harbor a mean or selfish intent. And as for anger and revenge under immense provocation, none need be told that they found no place in word or deed. No ruler was ever more reluctant to strike, even when crime crossed his path and demanded the blow. There is scarcely an infirmity imparted to him by the most unsparing criticism, which was not traceable to a certain gentleness of spirit, which, however harsh and knotty wills that “make haste to the hangman’s office” may sneer at, will be accounted hereafter, in calmer days, as the only flower of Paradise that was able to float on this sea of blood.

There are some who scruple to call Mr. Lincoln great. We are not among them. If he was not great, then, by some strange fortune, it fell to his lot to achieve results hitherto deemed possible only to the highest order of faculty. If he was not great, history will have its most startling wonder to record. It will have to show how an ordinary man wrought the most extraordinary things in a sphere of action where per-

sonal character and official influence are subject to the severest scrutiny. It will have to show how something less than greatness did what conceded greatness has always pronounced most difficult. The nation, at this hour, grudges not to own him great. There is a wisdom in the popular instinct which adjusts sorrow to the sense of loss. Judged by this rule there can be no doubt where the common mind of the country places this man. There were qualities, gifts, enrichments, which he lacked. He had not the severe dignity of Washington, nor the acumen and breadth of Hamilton, nor the versatility of John Quincy Adams. He had not the electric eloquence of Clay, nor the matchless finish of Everett, nor the massive strength of Webster. And yet there was in him a fullness, ripeness, directness of power, which if measured by what it did will prove him inferior to none of the illustrious names gone before him. There can be no dispute as to what was really in him, for he pretended to nothing which he had not, and concealed nothing that he had. His simplicity and candor made him appear less than he was. He spoke and acted with such absence of parade, that all who did not weigh him well thought him an honest mediocrity, plodding slowly toward a great end. The cheerful ease with which he mastered the most intricate questions of the time, deceived all but those nearest to him as to the magnitude of his labors. He made no claim to eloquence. All the more striking attributes of the orator were wanting. And yet, in his plain, strong way he said things—as when he stood over the heroic dead at Gettysburg—which the world will never forget. As a writer he was singularly deficient in the ordinary graces of style. And yet he has left State Papers

which will be regarded hereafter as the ablest expositions of the momentous issues of our time. The elaboration bestowed by those in quest of fame upon the vehicle of thought, he bestowed upon the thought itself. Destitute of methodical training, utterly without what is technically known as culture, there was that in his handling of obscure and complicated subjects which evinced the finest fruit of careful intellectual discipline. He never said anything that would imply that he thought himself a man of courage or inclined to self-sacrifice on behalf of imperiled principle; but there are none who knew him well that will not at once accord him all the moral qualities of the true hero. No man, perhaps, ever had a career which, taken in its whole length, was better calculated to invite vanity, boasting, and self-sufficiency; or to develop the small weaknesses which, with most men, follow in the wake of rapid and unexpected success. But the keenest eye fails to detect in him the traces of such qualities. His modesty and humility kept pace with his rising eminence. And of him it can be said truly—and nothing could be more wonderful—that such was the habitual gentleness—such the native, robust magnanimity of his character—such his incorruptible fairness, that, amid all the fiery strifes and clashing factions of a period of tumult and revolution, he never alienated a friend, or justly made an enemy.

The word greatness is variable and elastic. It is often a term of comparison conveying no absolute meaning. It covers all degrees of power from that of confessed genius down to that of commonplace, but successful talent. Still, loose and vague as may be the use of the word, it has, after all, a very definite signifi-

cation to the settled judgment of mankind. There are certain tests—certain properties of character which, wherever they are found, assert the presence of true greatness, and secure for it, in the critical estimate of the world, the attribute of immortality. I shall name some of these tests and properties, and then inquire how they were answered in the character and career of Abraham Lincoln.

1st. It is a proof of greatness to discharge immense responsibilities in times of change and peril, and to hand over a trust of extraordinary powers without even the suspicion of failure or abuse. There can be no question that Mr. Lincoln met this test as completely as any ruler of ancient or modern times. He parted with power with less regret than he received it. It had no attractions to him. It stirred no ambition, tempted to no self-aggrandizement, awoke no dreams of dynastic fame. No one in high office could be more scrupulous to mark the rightful limitations of authority, or more reluctant to overpass them under the pressure of danger to the national life.

2nd. It is an evidence of greatness to lead and to fashion, amid all possible elements of hazard and convulsion, an era of transcendent success in the life of empires or republics. Without controversy, we find this in the character and administration of this man. He began his work amid disadvantages which never can be adequately estimated. He encountered difficulties which would have utterly overwhelmed a will less patient, cheerful and self-poised than his own. And yet the civic and military achievements of the Government over which he presided have never been surpassed. The contrast between the commencement

and the close of his administration will be one of the wonders of history. When it began one half the country was ablaze with the flame of rebellion, and the other half was dumb with perplexity and the sense of coming disaster. There was not only the division of geographical sections, but the division of heterogeneous races and clashing social institutions. It was an open question whether the will of a single part should override or obey the sovereign will of the whole body—whether the nation was only a heap of atoms or an organic force. In the Old World, where it was believed that our trouble would develop sympathy, if not friendship, we found only envy of our growth, fear of our strength, and studied predictions of our failure and ruin. Western Europe was rejoicing that the day had come for writing the epitaph of republics. How changed all this when Mr. Lincoln's career closed. He lived long enough to see the tokens of returning peace, the defeat and surrender of hostile armies, the closing up of the terrible wound upon the nation's life, the utter destruction of the political heresy that had plunged the land in fratricidal blood, the fusion into a more compact and homogeneous unity of diverse races, the confession of all nations that the Republic had triumphed, and the joy of the oppressed throughout the world over another mighty advance of liberty and justice in the affairs of the race.

3rd. It belongs to the highest order of mind and character to mould and govern the opinions of a free people. This, Abraham Lincoln did as few have done before him. He mastered and directed public sentiment upon the most vital questions. He did it fairly, conclusively, permanently. With a skill and prescience

which will challenge the admiration of posterity, he gathered up and crystallized the fluid thought of the masses into the statesmanship and policy of the hour. His success on this difficult task was due, in the main, to marked peculiarities of intellect and administration. He had no theories, no pet fancies, no schemes with which he believed his fame identified. He was not a bookish statesman. He had no historic idols. No school of political thought could wholly claim him. He studied all questions demanding his decision under the light of facts. His course waited upon events. His policy grew naturally out of the emergencies around him. His wisdom was of the sort which neglects no fact, but gives to each its proper force. He knew how to walk with the people, and yet to assert his function as a leader and prophet. The time was when some believed him slow, timid and vacillating. Results have shown that he was only patient, cautious and comprehensive; and that the hot, hasty wills who judged him lived in an atmosphere of fog and confusion. We have had no statesman of whom it can be so truly said, that he was, in the work that fell to him, so wise an imitator of the developing, sanative forces of Nature and Providence, whose great law it is to be progressively conservative and conservatively progressive.

4th. It is a quality of greatness to win and to hold in high station and amid days of change and peril the confidence of millions. In this Mr. Lincoln was pre-eminent. No case can be named in which a vast people surrendered into the hands of their ruler more of their lives, fortunes, and destinies, and yet were freer from doubt, suspicion, or complaint. In the darkest hour of the four years past, whatever else might give

way, there was no change or abatement of the popular trust in their head.

5th. It has always been reckoned a mark of greatness to preserve an original, uncorrupted individuality amid the frictions and abrasions of a rulership which makes the incumbent the depository of all men's notions, the prey of flatterers, deceivers and parasites, the victim of the menace or the blandishments of a dominant party. Who has shown this mark of greatness more clearly than this man? The day he died he was no other than he was when he left his home for the capitol—save in knowledge, experience, trial, service, and suffering. He was ever so truly himself that custom could not alter, conventionality could not spoil, fashion could not beguile him. Faction, with its secret schemes, put its teeth on a file when it struck his simple, healthy, honest will. And court sycophants found their occupation gone, as there was in him absolutely no vanity, or private ambition to work upon.

6th. It is the effect of a great man's life to enrich by character, deeds, and sufferings, the annals of a people, and to multiply their traditions of endurance, heroism, and triumph. In this our late President, by general consent, will rank second only to Washington.

7th, and finally. The sovereign and unchallenged test of greatness, as adjudged by all nations and ages, is to complete service by sacrifice; to attest by death what was toiled and fought for in life; to add the martyr's crown to the patriot's work. This alone was needed to round out and immortalize Abraham Lincoln. God gave him the baptism of blood, as he had already given it to the cause which he represented, and so translated him into the list of the world's leaders,

deliverers, emancipators, who plead more mightily from their graves than living rulers from the seats of power. Let us not doubt, then, that a great man has passed from us into history, and joined the powers which cannot die. Let us not doubt that our time of sorrow has brought forth a character worthy to enshrine its immortal issue. This man has gone from us. He needs no other monument than the race whom he led forth from bondage, and the country saved, under God, by his guidance. He has been followed to his grave by such majesty and sincerity of grief as never yet waited upon king or conqueror, and his memory may be safely left to the keeping of all lands and ages.

We have lost the mortal. We have gained the immortal. We have lost a Chief Magistrate. We have gained one who shall henceforth be known among the world's benefactors. We have lost a virtue subject to change. We have gained a virtue which shall be the same until the heavens shall be no more. We have lost a voice that might have faltered and a will that might have fallen away from its task. We have gained both, exalted and consecrated to a wider and nobler mission. We have lost a rare combination of gifts. May it not be that we have gained another, which, in view of emergencies yet to come, shall prove the foresight and adaptation of God's. We have lost a man built up into greatness by the institutions of liberty and law. We shall gain another proof of the power of those institutions to repair all damage and waste in the life committed to their keeping.

I have spoken of the man, his character, career, and services; I have sketched his place in history, and

shown why the gratitude and love of this bereaved people should cherish and venerate his name. Permit me, in conclusion, to indicate what God teaches us in this sorrow. Once more he admonishes us that our strength is not in chariots or horses, or men of war, or an arm of flesh. Once more he tells us that in the development of his plans there is no necessary man. Again he interposes to check the instinctive gravitation of mankind toward great personalities, and to strike at the root of all civic and military idolatries engendered by illustrious fortune or commanding genius. Again he shifts from shoulder to shoulder the mantle of the ruler, the statesman, the conqueror, the prophet, to show us that it is only in his wisdom and might that we can safely glory. "The earth is weak and all the inhabitants thereof. I bear up the pillars of it." "God is the Judge. He putteth down one and setteth up another." Once more, too, amid the far-sounding joy and the waving of multitudinous banners, he suddenly opens at our feet the path of humiliation winding on into the valley of the shadow of death. Thus, by a calamity and bereavement which have pierced the common heart, he has seen fit to set up another check to the pride and self-confidence of a great people flushed with victory. May these admonitions not be in vain. May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be so poured out to-day upon the weeping, prostrate millions of this land "that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety, may be established among us for all generations."

VIII

REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER*

"And the Lord blessed Abraham in all things."—GEN. 24. 1.

A FEW hours since, I came home from witnessing the resurrection of the flag over Sumter's walls, and on our way the arrow of fatal tidings met us and pierced us through. I came in tears to find you all in tears. And to-day I only seek to give utterance, in the broken language of grief, to the artless, spontaneous outgush of our every heart. "I cannot see to read in the valley of the shadow of death," said Christopher North to his class, when he returned to them their essays unread, a few days after the death of his wife. Nor could I see to write under the shadow of this overwhelming sorrow. Let me, in the most unstudied language, just talk to you about that dear departed *father*, whose form lies but a few leagues off to-day, on its way to the burial.

It is more than two centuries since the civilized world has received a shock like this. I open the page of history and read, that on the 10th of July, 1584, William the Silent, the founder of the Dutch Republic, was passing from his dining-hall to his private apartments, attended by his wife. Near the stairway was an obscure arch sunk deep in the wall, and almost

*The above report of an extemporaneous discourse, delivered in the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, on April 23, is mainly recalled from memory.

hidden from view. The Prince of Orange had just reached the second of the flight of stairs, when a hired assassin darted out from the dark archway, and standing within a few feet of the prince, discharged a pistol at his heart. Three balls entered his body; one of them rebounded even from the wall beyond! William exclaimed, as he felt the wound, "Oh! my God, have mercy upon this poor people!" In a few moments he breathed his last in the arms of his faithful wife, Louisa of Coligny.

Gérard, the assassin, dashed out of a side door and endeavored to make his escape by a narrow lane to a spot where a horse stood in waiting for him. He stumbled over a pile of rubbish in his path, and before he could rise again he was seized by several halberdiers who had followed him from the house. He was brought at once before the magistrates, was subjected to the most excruciating tortures, and in a few days was condemned to die under the terrible triple agonies of burning, quartering, and decapitation.

No one can read the narrative of the murder of the deliverer of Holland, without being amazed at the coincidence between the crime of Balthazar Gérard and the crime of the brutal Booth. One could almost believe that the American miscreant had learned his horrible part from the Burgundian fanatic. The lofty and magnanimous character of the two illustrious victims—the same cowardly assault upon both when unarmed and unprotected—the same weapon employed—the fact that both the victims were attended by their wives—the method of attempted escape—all these furnish a resemblance that is as startling as if drawn from the realm of a horrible fiction. The crimes were

not more coincident than the characters of those who figured in these two foremost assassinations of modern history.

William the Silent was a noble representative of Protestant heroism, Protestant faith, and Protestant liberty. Gérard was the fiendish embodiment of all that was crafty, bigoted, and revengeful in Spanish Popery. Abraham Lincoln was the representative of American Republicanism in its most pure and primitive type. In Booth, the butcher, was incarnated the diabolical spirit of Southern slavery. He is a specimen of the pupils which the "peculiar institution" has graduated for half a century. Proud, indolent, dissipated, licentious, a slave of the wine-cup, and accustomed to the unbridled indulgence of his passions, he was the very man to step forth as at once the representative and the champion of the traitor-confederacy. What Preston Brooks more feebly attempted in the "Freshman class" of slavery, John Wilkes Booth achieved in the "Senior year" of its matured iniquity. This astounding tragedy at Washington is but the legitimate product of the same accursed system that tore down the nation's standard at Sumter, that massacred the heroic garrison of Fort Pillow, that starved the thousands of Union soldiers at Belle Isle, Andersonville, and on the Charleston racecourse, and had been for a century maiming and branding and torturing God's poor bond-children on innumerable plantations. Abraham Lincoln, holding the pen that pierced oppression through with its edict of emancipation, is the embodiment of Christian democracy. John Wilkes Booth, wielding the assassin's weapon, is the embodiment of the bowie-knife barbarism of the slaveholding

oligarchy. Thanks be to God that the days of that oligarchy are numbered!

But let us turn away from the harrowing crime to its illustrious victim himself. Let us, as a bereaved household, sit down and talk together in the soft, low accents of affection about the great, the good, the honest, the patient, the gentle-hearted, the beloved head of our national family whom God has taken to himself. We are too near his coffin to criticize him; our hearts are yonder in that coffin with him. God knows that when the tidings of his murder first smote me through on that steamer's deck, I could hardly have felt a keener agony if I had heard that my wife or child were gone. So you felt; so millions feel; such will be the pang that will attend this tragedy in its circuit around the globe. No man of our time could be stricken from his orbit that would leave such a startling void; and no man of any time was ever followed to his burial by such myriads of mourners, or laid in a grave that was so literally drenched with a nation's tears. Yes! the poor ploughboy of a Kentucky homestead has a funeral that was not accorded to a Napoleon or a Wellington.

In selecting a passage for the motto of this unpremeditated tribute, I could find scores of lines in God's word that would be appropriate to the eulogy of our martyr-president. But none, perhaps, that could tell more briefly his history than these simple words—*"The Lord blessed Abraham in all things."* In blessing our Abraham, God blessed our regenerated country, and the whole household of humanity. Let me point you to some of the crowning mercies of the Divine gift—with devout gratitude to the Heavenly Giver.

I.—And first God blessed our President with a lowly

birth. Abraham Lincoln was thoroughly a man of the people. The common people of America saw the very best that was in themselves when they looked at him. So plebeian a President we have never had. Benjamin Franklin has hitherto been the type-man of American democracy. For remember that our Washington came of gentle blood, and belonged to the colonial aristocracy of Virginia. He had many of the traits of an English country gentleman; his associates were such men as Lord Fairfax and the patricians of the "Old Dominion." But Lincoln was made of that homely stuff that was wrought into Andrew Jackson and Daniel Webster.

Look for a moment at the career that is photographed in the following dozen lines:—Born in Hardin County, Kentucky, of farmer parentage on the 12th of February, 1809; his boyhood spent in clearing forests with the woodman's axe; one year only spent in the rudimentary studies of a district school; at the age of nineteen toiling as a hired hand on a Mississippi flat-boat; then a clerk in a country store of Illinois; next a student of law from a few books borrowed in the evening, to be returned on the next morning; in 1834 a member of the State Legislature; in 1846 in the National Congress; through the year 1858 measuring weapons with Douglas in the most protracted and brilliant political canvass yet waged between American debaters; in 1860 chosen triumphantly to the Presidential chair; for four years the central figure in the most stupendous conflict of modern times; re-elected to the Presidency by a voice of the people "like the sound of many waters"; and from that lofty eminence, in the very moment of victory, translated through

martyrdom to a seat in history beside our first Washington himself; I ask you, where is a record like unto this in our modern annals? Yet to the last and through all his wondrous steps of exaltation he is the same plain, modest, homely, simple-hearted Abraham Lincoln who hewed out rails in an Illinois forest and "sorted" farmers' letters in a rustic postoffice. Since the day when a Corsican lieutenant of artillery presided over a congress of conquered kings at Tilsit, history has recorded no such extraordinary elevation. Napoleon grew dizzy, but honest Lincoln's head never lost its balance. Lifted into the gaze of all Christendom, his calm spirit reposed in a majestic serenity; for he felt that the Hand that raised him thither held him there with an infinite grasp until the Divine purpose was accomplished. Suppose that when the coarsely clad boatman of Illinois was floating down the Mississippi in his rude craft some prophetic angel had told him that he would yet make that river the scene of prodigious exploits of which he should be the prime controller and would one day sweep from all that river's bank the gigantic system of human bondage, would he not have smiled at the bare thought as the dream of an enchanter? Yet the dream was fulfilled. To Joseph's sheaf all the other sheaves made obeisance. I count it as an especial mercy that, through all his career, God blessed our Abraham with true humility, and kept him as free from selfish ambitions as the lowliest sentinel who ever paced his solitary rounds on a rampart.

Secondly, God blessed our good President with more than an unselfish heart; he gave him a clear and vigorous head and a most marvelous sagacity. It has

been too common to speak of Mr. Lincoln as merely a good, honest man, whom the "accidents" of politics made conspicuous—a man who merely drifted on a current of events that he was powerless to control. Such will not be the verdict of posterity. The next generation will acknowledge that the man who rose from a log cabin to the Presidential chair—who led a vast republic through its wilderness of perilous confusions and its Red Sea of horrible carnage with a patience that never gave way, a faith that never faltered, and a sagacity that made never a serious mistake, was a man who has no superior in the American annals. I predict that fifty years hence the foremost name in American history will be the name that was signed to the Edict of Emancipation. Napoleon's test of ability was a very simple one—"Who *did* all that?" We apply this test to our departed President, and ask—who has achieved more than Lincoln? Who did his life-work better than he? The backwoodsman of Illinois did not lay claim to Hamilton's imperial intellect, yet Hamilton never read events more sagaciously. He did not claim John Jay's profound wisdom, yet Jay never decided more wisely. He did not pretend to Daniel Webster's massive and magnificent oratory; but Webster never put more truth into a portable form for the common people. Lincoln's speech in the Cooper Institute of New York in 1859 was a masterpiece of clear trenchant argumentation. With him common sense did the work of genius. He clove at once to the root of the matter. Some of his homely sayings will live alongside of Benjamin Franklin's. His pleasant jokes had more meaning in them than many another man's pompous harangues.

For example, when Mr. Lincoln wrote to a Kentucky friend these simple words, "if slavery is not wrong then nothing is wrong," he answered in one sentence all the detestable logic of Thornwell and Calhoun. When he said in 1858, "it is impossible for this Union to exist, one half slave and the other half free," he announced a truth which previous statesmen had either failed to perceive or else failed to utter. His brief address on the battleground of Gettysburg is sublime in its pathos. His last memorable "Inaugural" will take its place beside the Farewell Address of Washington. The carping *London Times* did not dare to sneer at that. When I read it on the street in a daily journal, I said to myself, "God be praised for a President who can utter God's Word from a Presidential chair!" There are few finer passages in the English language than this oft-quoted sentence, so sonorous in its roll, and so severely true in its portent. "If it is the will of God that this war continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk and until every drop of blood drawn by the lash shall be repaid by another drawn by the sword, then, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, that the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

Scoffers at home and secessionists abroad have been wont to flout at Mr. Lincoln as a "jester," a "clown" and a "buffoon." As well denounce Washington as a cynic because he seldom laughed. Lincoln's humor was as natural to him as breathing. It was a happy gift. It kept his temper sweet and lubricated his mind that might otherwise have been worn into sullenness or

into despondency by the tremendous friction of care and overwhelming anxieties. None of his jokes were ill-timed or malevolent. Some of them were exceedingly adroit. For instance, when an inquisitive visitor questioned him too closely as to the destination of the Burnside expedition, the President inquired with mock gravity, "my friend, can you keep a secret?" "Yes, sir," he eagerly replied. "Then," said Mr. Lincoln, "I will venture to inform you that the expedition *has gone to sea.*"

The shrewd sense that made this ready answer was the same shrewd sense that dictated every Presidential message, that aimed the emancipation-edict at slavery's guilty head, and guided his every footstep along the dark dangerous way that duty commanded him to tread. I do not claim for our beloved President a profoundly philosophical mind. I do not claim for him brilliant genius. But I do claim that when the Almighty made Abraham Lincoln for this great national crisis, *he did not make a mistake.*

III. Let us look now a moment at another blessing which God gave to our beloved and martyred ruler. Beneath that manly head he gave him a woman's heart. Did you ever hear that our father Abraham ever spoke a harsh word to one of his children? Did you ever see his now dead hands stained with cruelty? With almost unlimited power entrusted to him, did he ever play "the tyrant"? He loved everybody and wanted everybody to love him. Nobody was afraid of him—except rogues and traitors, and he was too lenient even toward them. The humblest "blue-jacket" that entered the White House was sure of a hearty grasp of that open honest hand, and if the soldier's child

came along, the tall ungainly form would lift it up for a kiss. He never could stand a woman's tears; they were almost certain to melt down a death sentence into a pardon. His last act was one of clemency to a notorious traitor; if he had lived, he was in more danger of surrendering to rebel prayers than he ever was of surrendering to rebel swords.

All the common people had felt of Lincoln's heart, and they loved him. His political foes were his personal friends: "he is a kind honest man after all" was the confession that followed even the bitterest assault upon his public policy. The popular names given to great men are a clue to the popular estimate of their characters. We once had a resolute piece of stuff in the Presidential chair whom the people styled "Old Hickory." We had an "Old Tippecanoe"—so named from his principal battle; we called another gallant veteran "Rough and Ready." But this plain homespun kind-voiced President was so near to every one of us—so like our own relative that we were wont to call him "Uncle Abe" and "Father Abraham." There was no disrespect in this; but rather a respect so deep and honest that it could afford to be familiar.

Did this abounding kindness of heart ever warp his sense of right, and lead him to compromise his principles? This was his danger, but I think that in the main he avoided it. Not for a moment did he yield to the false counsels of the treacherous, the bribes of the corrupt, or the weak fears of the desponding. Abraham Lincoln's religion, as far as the world saw it—lay in two cardinal principles—a rigid sense of right—and an unfaltering faith in the Providence of God. He was a child of Providence. "If I did not seek help

from God every morning I could not stand up under the load laid upon me," was the substance of a remark made to an intimate friend during a gloomy period of the war. What was the degree of our President's heart-faith in Jesus Christ is known only to the Omniscient. He worshiped in God's sanctuary; he once taught in the Sabbath school; he was rigidly moral; he practiced abstinence from the wine cup as well as preached it; he set a noble example of industry, continence, fortitude and integrity. He never made any public confession of his faith in the Redeemer. This I regret from my inmost heart. Would to God that the lofty philanthropy which made him our *Wilberforce*, had also been coupled with Wilberforce's devout, tender and fervid piety! Praises be rendered too unto God for the faith in an overruling Providence which dwelt in Lincoln's great kindly heart; and for the beautiful law of right which guided his glorious career! Never had a public man a harder path to tread; but he never lost his way—for he simply and steadily *kept to the straight road*. After issuing the proclamation of freedom he said to a friend, "I did not think the people had been educated up to it; but I thought *it was right* to issue it, and so I did it."

And now that great, generous child-like heart has ceased to throb! Those deep, melancholy eyes—deep wells of sorrow as they always looked to me—are dimmed forever. Those gaunt ungainly limbs with which he strode along his patient way under the burthen, are laid to rest. The hand that broke four million of fetters is lifeless clay! Lincoln in his coffin has put a world in tears. Never was a man so mourned; never before did all Christendom stand

mourners around one single bier. That pistol shot at Washington echoes round the world in the universal wail of humanity. God pity our noble friends abroad when they hear the tidings! Kossuth will weep as he wept for the lost crown of Maria Theresa. John Bright's heart will bleed as it bled but yesterday over the grave of Cobden. Garibaldi will clasp that little grandson to his bosom with a tenderer love, that the child bears the name of "Abraham Lincoln." Our missionaries in Syria and China and the Pacific Isles will drop warm tears on the pages of those Bibles that they are rendering into heathen tongues. Here at home I see the sorrow in every eye; the air is heavy with the grief; "there is not a house in which there is not one dead."

Intense as is our grief, who shall fathom the sorrow of those to whom he brought the boon of freedom, when they shall learn of the death of their liberator? What wails shall mingle with the voices of the sea along Carolina's shore! Miriam's timbrel in a moment drowned in Rachel's cry of anguish!

Last Saturday morning I addressed one thousand freedmen's children in the doomed city of Charleston. When I said to them, "May I invite for you your father Lincoln to come to Charleston and see the little folks he has made free?" a thousand black hands flew up with a shout. Alas! at that moment a silent corpse lay in the East Room at Washington. On reaching Fortress Monroe—under the first stunning blow of the awful tidings, I went aside to a group of poor negro women who were gathered about a huckster's table, which was hung with a few coarse strips of black muslin. "Well, friends, the good man is gone." "Yes,

sah," spake out a gray-haired Aunt Chloe—"yes, sah! Linkum's dead! They killed our best friend. But God be libin' yet. Dey can't kill him. I'se sure of dat!" How instinctively the childish faith of those long-suffering hearts reached up to the Almighty arm! In that poor freedwoman's broken ejaculation, "Linkum dead—but God still libin'," I find the only solace for your smitten heart and mine.

Did Lincoln die too soon? For us and for the world he did; but not for himself. It is all sadly right. God's will be done! The time had come when, like Samson, our beloved leader could slay more by his death than in his life. He has slain the accursed *spirit of slavery* yet lurking in the North. He has slain the last vestige of sympathy with the discomfited rebellion in every candid foreign mind. That pistol's flash has revealed the slave-drivers' conspiracy to the world—"Not only doomed, but damned."

Our father died at the right time; for his mighty work was done. He lived to see the rebellion in its last agonies; he lived to enter Richmond amid the acclamations of the liberated slave, and to sit down in the arch-traitor's deserted seat; he lived until Sumter's flag rose again like a star of Bethlehem in the southern sky, and then, with the martyr's crown upon his brow, and with four million broken fetters in his hand, he went up to meet his God. In a moment his life crystallizes into the pure white fame that belongs only to the martyr for truth and liberty! Terrible as seems the method of his death to us to-day, it was after all the most fitting and glorious. He fell by the hand of the same iniquity that slew Lyon and Shaw, and Sedgwick and Rice, and Wadsworth and McPherson. In

God's sight Lincoln was no more precious than the humblest drummer boy who has bled away his young life on the sod of Gettysburg or Chattanooga. He had called on two hundred thousand heroes to lay down their lives for their country; and now he too has gone to make his grave beside them.

So sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest.

When that grave that now opens for its illustrious victim on yonder western prairie shall finally yield up its dead, glorious will be his resurrection! Methinks that I behold the spirit of the great LIBERATOR in that judgment scene before the assembled hosts of heaven. Around him are the tens of thousands from whom he struck the oppressor's chain. Methinks I hear their grateful voices exclaim, "we were an hungered, and thou gavest us the bread of truth; we were thirsty for liberty, and thou gavest us drink; we were strangers, and thou didst take us in; we were sick with two centuries of sorrow, and thou didst visit us; we were in the prisonhouse of bondage and thou camest unto us." And the KING shall say unto him, "inasmuch as thou hast done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, thou hast done it unto me. Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord."

IX

REV. ELBERT S. PORTER, D.D.

"What aileth the people that they weep?"—1 SAM. 11. 5.

A GREAT indignity had been offered Israel by Nahash, the cruel Ammonite. When the people heard of it they wept, and Saul, beholding the public sorrow, exclaimed: "What aileth the people that they weep?" When told the cause thereof the Spirit of God came upon Saul, and his anger was kindled greatly.

High crimes always awaken corresponding indignation. For there is that in human nature which arises into flame when touched by the presence of a flagrant wrong. The instinct of justice which has been implanted in the human soul by the Author of all justice, is quick in its spontaneous protest against every form of palpable outrage. A woe is denounced against them that call good evil, or evil good, for when men lose ability or willingness to distinguish between right and wrong, to approve the one and condemn the other, then society is fatally wounded and vice becomes the equal of virtue; and it is the Spirit of a just God which kindles a holy indignation in the human mind against crimes, whether committed against nations, communities, classes, or individuals. It may be taken for a maxim that a righteous abhorrence of malignant and criminal passion is an essential element of popular

virtue. Where this is wanting, a nation has parted from all integrity of feeling. It has fallen into the depths of moral putridity, and rots in the infectious atmosphere generated by abominable atheism. So long as men retain God in their thoughts and reverence him as the Supreme Lawgiver, they must cry out against common offenses and extraordinary crimes. They forfeit their noblest instincts when they come short of this duty.

It is not strange, therefore, that the assassination of the President of the United States should awaken feelings of horror, and evoke the indignation of every right-minded man. That it has done this, admits of no question. Never, since its beginning, until yesterday, has this nation felt, so profoundly as it does now, the anguish of a sacred indignation; because of a monstrous, and, in our country, hitherto unknown crime. This indignation is none the less because it is, for a moment, stifled by tears and sobs of genuine sorrow. Need we ask, "Why do the people weep"?

Whatever be the reason, one thing is certain, that there has been no attempt to feign or affect sorrow. It has been as spontaneous as light, and as universal too. There was no waiting on yesterday for proclamations, or resolutions, or any of the customary methods of forming and shaping opinions. Men were speechless with grief, and pallid in the presence of a great calamity. Business there could be none, for the people had no heart to engage in traffic. They looked into each other's faces and conversed only through their falling tears. Funeral woe hung over our cities. An appalling blow had paralyzed the popular heart, and it communed in bitterness with its own woe, waiting to

be comforted. Undoubtedly the manner of the President's death gave particular character and shape to the all-pervasive grief, and yet we may ask whether, if he had been allowed to end his useful life upon a quiet bed in this period of our national conflict, there would not have been an unusual lamentation over his death.

He is done with earth. His record is made; his deeds have passed into history, and he will be judged like other men who have occupied conspicuous public positions. It is too soon yet to undertake to estimate his services or to measure his influence. This generation must first pass away before a just and impartial criticism shall assign him his true place among the illustrious benefactors of mankind.

When on the 4th of March, 1861, Abraham Lincoln became President of these United States, he ceased to be the chieftain of a political party. Perils, great, vast, and immediate, were around him. He could no longer give up to party what he owed to the whole country. From that moment it became his supreme care to do what seemed right and necessary for the preservation of the Union and the maintenance of its just governmental authority. In the excitement and confusion of the times it was not in the power of any fallible man to adopt measures exactly suited to please the prejudices, the passions, and the interests of all. During our most tranquil periods the high office of President has been compassed with immense difficulties. If its dignity is great its responsibilities are far greater. In a republic like this, where opinions rave and rage like tempests over the deep, our chief magistrates, even in the more quiet times of the republic, have never found

themselves free from grave embarrassments, or threatening dangers. But the difficulties of administration experienced by his predecessors were as nothing compared with those which beset Mr. Lincoln. Secession, long plotted, thoroughly organized and defiant, had already brought the national government to the verge of ruin. Men were everywhere asking whereunto will all this infernal mischief come? The popular mind was without definite convictions concerning what ought to be done. The leaders of public opinion, following their themes, their abstractions, and their low ambitions, held few doctrines in common. The President was then, perforce, obliged to take counsel only from his oath of office, and to go forward, trusting in God and the rectitude of the cause he had been elected to defend.

Looking back over the four years of his official history, it is possible to detect some mistakes; but these mistakes will be very differently defined and described by opposite schools of opinion. The criticisms to which his administration of affairs has been subjected by avowed political dissenters, have not, perhaps, in the main, been any more ungenerous or embarrassing than those emanating from adverse faction, in the party claiming to be his particular supporters. I allude to this only to remind you of the immense difficulties which from the first have ever beset his public life. Yet he seemed to be oblivious of parties and of party factions alike. He inquired for the men who were willing to stand by their country, and them he called into civil and into military service. He had one thing to do—to save the country—to preserve the Union—and who will or can doubt that he gave himself

wholly and entirely to that work? If he had been able to foresee all things, he might have avoided some alleged errors. Had he been possessed of divine intelligence, he would have timed and adjusted measures with a skill forbidding criticism. Yet after all allowance is made for any real or imaginary imperfection of official judgment, it must still be confessed that the President who, under God, conducted this nation through a great war with a powerful foe, and within sight of returning peace, will ever be honored and held worthy of honor by those who consider the magnitude of his task and the magnitude of the results it has secured.

I think all candid men, of whatever shade of opinion, will concur with me in this estimate of the official career of our lamented President. That he did, or tried to do, whatever seemed to him right and expedient for the salvation of our government, will be readily admitted even by those who were free to censure particular acts. Mr. Lincoln was not a fanatic, nor a theorist. He had no hobbies. His mind was broad, comprehensive, and practical. His motto seemed to be that of Edmund Burke, "A true statesman must deal with practical affairs in a practical way." This furnishes a key to his policy. In the summer of 1862, I passed an hour with the President in his summer retreat at the Old Soldiers' Home. There were but three others present, and the conversation was free and unrestrained. He spoke of slavery as a thing which had grown up with the nation and grown into it—said that one section was no more responsible than another for its original existence here, and that the whole nation having suffered from it,

ought to share in efforts for its gradual removal. His mind at the time was impressed with the necessity of adopting a scheme of gradual and compensated emancipation. That scheme, however, found no favor among the insurgents, and was violently condemned by certain organs of opinion at the North. When, however, foreign intervention became imminent, the President issued as a war measure the proclamation of freedom to the slaves. It was a measure concerning which men have differed—but that it was believed by the President to be necessary for the preservation of the Union, I have no manner of doubt, and since the Southern people have themselves come to the conclusion that slavery as an institution is dead, and have by their own acts helped it to its end, there is no longer reason at this day to revive disputes, which have ceased to possess any practical utility. But whatever men may choose to think or say respecting the official acts or intellectual characteristics of our late President, one thing must be held as true by all—and that is, that the popular confidence in his moral integrity has well-nigh approached sublimity. That confidence has been as a wall of defense round about us. I shall not enter into particulars illustrative of this. You must all remember that the war has produced through all its vicissitudes a tremendous strain upon popular feeling of adverse kinds. There have been ambitious men not a few, planning and plotting for their own advancement, and they have built up little parties around them, whose interest could be subserved by destroying confidence in Mr. Lincoln. But while they had always some success, after all, the people would fall back upon that plain, unpretending, everyday sort of a man,

who maintained his faith in God unimpaired, and trusted that the future would reverse all the misjudgments of the present. The lesson of such a political example of unimpeachable integrity is worth a great deal to this nation.

Several of our Presidents and statesmen have risen from obscure life. They were not born to the silver spoon and silken bed of luxury. Jackson, the son of a poor Irish widow; Henry Clay, a poor white of the South; Van Buren, a lad of humble means, have filled important pages in the history of the world. Mr. Lincoln was born in Kentucky, and passed all his early, and some of his maturer years in a hard conflict with poverty. This, by some, has been used to stigmatize and defame him. But right-thinking men will find in it occasion to bestow upon him double honor. It is not difficult for the favored few to gain a full share of worldly success. Born to wealth, to social position—surrounded by friends, ever ready to bestow or secure patronage—they have the current with them. They do but float down its surface to the harbor they desire. But the many are poor, have few friends to help them, and they must not only struggle against wind and tide, but at the same time endure the scornful jeers and malevolent opposition of the more favored mortals. No poor boy is allowed to make his way unless he has heart, and courage, and purpose enough to disregard the contempt of supercilious wealth, the secret malignity of interested rivals, together with all the other common or uncommon obstacles in the road to success. Our free institutions embody the principles of a Christian democracy. The Bible favors no class distinctions. It teaches that all are required to use

what talents they possess, and that each shall be compensated according to his fidelity in their use. And that is what our political system also says. In the world it is not so. The poor remain poor—the ignorant remain ignorant, and the rich heap up riches. This at least is the rule where aristocracy bears sway. It is, thank God, not so here. Our churches, our schools, our newspapers, our whole life, inculcate the doctrine of Christ, respecting the right of each man to rise in intelligence, virtue, dignity, and influence. Against this life, secession lifted its murderous hand in the beginning, and to add to the “sum of all villainies,” has assassinated the President. I do not wish to employ the language of passion. But I hate, with a perfect hatred, this infernal spirit of rebellion which has plunged our land into mourning, filled hundreds of thousands of graves with the bodies of martyrs slain for their loyalty to principles taught us by the Son of God. Can there be a doubt respecting this issue? The American people are to be executors of the unrecorded will and testament of their generous, humane and patriotic President. Let them be true to their trust. Do any undervalue the inestimable privileges of our American institutions, let them look abroad and see how “privilege” oppresses the many. The few are masters of the people. Here the many have advantages which assure them opportunity of being all they have capacity to become. Abraham Lincoln was the representative of popular rights, manhood, and liberty. The people weep because they loved him in character as a President, and as a man. The assassin who struck him, assailed every loyal citizen through him—and dealt a murderous blow upon the nation in murdering

its head. We have our duties. We must stand by the successor of Mr. Lincoln. Andrew Johnson is worthy of our support. He is now our Chief Magistrate—and as he wears the mantle of his immediate predecessor, so let us give him the support of our prayers and our loyal devotion to the cause he serves. Henceforth the name, fame, and virtues of each are in the keeping of so much of the world as delight to honor rare ability, unimpeachable integrity, and fervent devotion to the rights of all mankind. Washington was indeed the father of his country, and some future Bancroft shall record on the page of history that Abraham Lincoln was the political savior of what Washington and his compatriots had founded. We weep, but we shall dry our tears in the sunlight of Hope. The President is no more—but the Republic lives. Let it be perpetual.

X

REV. S. D. BURCHARD, D.D.

"And by it he being dead yet speaketh."—HEB. 11. 4.

THE chapter from which our text is taken contains a record of the achievements of faith in the days of the patriarchs—a record designed to stimulate us in these far-off ages of the Christian Church.

"By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain, by which he obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts; and by it he being dead yet speaketh."

Abel, the accepted worshiper and martyred brother, still lives in his faith and speaks in his example, declaring that sin can be pardoned only through the propitiation of Christ, of which his offering was the appropriate and significant type. Though this is the personal and primary reference of this brief sentence, it may be regarded as containing a general principle—a lesson to the living, as well as a touching memorial of the dead.

The world is full of voices—the voices of those that have lived, but are gone.

Their utterances did not cease when their voice was no longer heard.

They have a continuous oratory, awakening emotions and memories in the nursery, around the family

hearthstone, and in the places of public concourse. Does not the voice of the little child still linger in your dwelling, though its form is no longer visible? Do not its familiar toys, its unused dress, its well-remembered smile, its last kiss speak in a tone of pathos such as no living voice could articulate?

Our fathers and mothers may be gone. Long years may have passed since the tie of affection was sundered, and we wept disconsolate orphans over their graves, but the father speaks still in his manly words and deeds, and the mother in the closet of her devotions.

The great—the good—the loving live; they are invisible, yet life is filled with their presence. They are with us in the sacredness and seclusion of home—in the paths of society, and in the crowded assemblies of men. They speak to us from the lonely wayside—from the council halls of the nation, and from the sanctuaries that echo to the voice of prayer.

Go where we will and the dead are with us. Their well-remembered tones mingle with the voices of nature—with the sound of the autumn leaf—with the jubilee shout of the spring time.

Every man who departs leaves a voice and an influence behind him.

The graves of the peasant and of the prince are alike vocal. The sepulchral vault in which the remains of our beloved President were laid the other day, as well as the cold, wet, opening earth in which the humble laborer was buried, utters a silent yet all-subduing oratory. From every one of the dead a voice is heard in the living circles of men, which the knell of their departure does not drown, which the earth and the green sod do not muffle, which neither deafness nor

distance, nor anything that man may devise, can possibly extinguish. The cemetery often speaks more thrilling accents than the senate house, and the chamber of the dead is often more eloquent than the council hall of the living. You perceive the sentiment then, which we gather from the text, that the influence of a man in his deeds and words while living survive him, so that he being dead yet speaketh, and his words and influence may abide forever through the ages.

Let this thought engage our meditations and give us fresh incentives to virtue and usefulness. It is a thought which may well mingle in the solemnities of this hour.

The nation weeps over the tragic end of its chief magistrate, but his kindly words and well-remembered deeds are left us as an imperishable legacy. They are enshrined in our hearts, and will live in our lives, and will help to form the nation's life and character.

Does not the principle thus stated find illustration in our daily life and experience? Do not the sayings and doings of your departed friends often arrest you in the stir of business or pleasure, imparting a new impulse either for good or evil? Do not their words often echo in the chambers of memory, stirring the heart to its deepest depths? Do not their features and forms start into bright contrast with the darkness of actual absence, and make the present radiant with the light of early recollections? Do not the sounds of the one and the sight of the other daguerreotype themselves upon our moral life?

Can we isolate and divest ourselves utterly from the impressions made upon us by those who have ceased to move in the throng of living men?

We are shaped and moulded in our characters, not less by the memories and forces of the past, than by the surroundings of the present. We are checked and stimulated by the example and teaching of those who have rested from their labors, and which now come to us like a prophet's voice from out the dark and dream-like past.

A young man, for instance, who has been trained under the best maternal influence, becomes restless and discontented, and leaves the home of his childhood and the restraints of former years, and yields himself a victim to passion and to crime. In the lapse of time, and in the far-off land of his prodigality, the ghosts of departed scenes of innocence flit before him, and the voice of the heartbroken mother rings amid his heart's emptiness, and though dead, she yet speaketh with an emphasis and effect she could not command when living.

We may vary the illustration and take that of a departed minister of Christ. He stood as the ambassador of God, and his eye kindled with the fires of inspiration, and his face glowed with rapture as he gave utterance to the great messages of truth and salvation. He shunned not to declare the whole counsel of God:

Yet he was humble, kind, forgiving, mild,
And with all patience and affection taught,
Rebuked, persuaded, solaced, counseled, warned,
In fervent style and manner. Needy poor
And dying men, like music, heard his feet
Approach their beds, and guilty wretches took
New hope, and in his prayers wept and smiled
And blessed him as they died forgiven; and all
Saw in his face contentment, in his life
The path to glory and perpetual joy.

But he died! the voice that brought consolation to the mourner's heart has become silent. The tongue which poured forth the irresistible stream of sacred eloquence has become mute and still. The eye that kindled with almost insufferable luster has become rayless, and the lips on which hundreds hung with breathless attention have been closed forever. But has all that excellence died? Is all his usefulness at an end? No, my brethren, "he being dead yet speaketh." His example lingers behind him. The good and imperishable of his nature walks among his flock, visiting their homes, comforting the sorrowing, warning the wicked, and reasoning in the crowded assembly "of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come." And the multitude may not perceive till they see the parting wing that an angel has been with them.

Often there comes from the pastor laid in his grave a more tender and melting eloquence than there came from the same pastor when standing in the holy place and anointed for his work, and from the herald of Jesus wrapped in his winding sheet, a more successful sermon than from the herald of Jesus robed in the vestments of his official character. And aside from this, precious and perpetual harvests may be reaped by his successors from the seed sown by hands that have done their work. But, my brethren, this is the fair side of the picture, and were the influence left behind by the dead always of this character, then would men be throughout their entire history like angels of mercy scattering a golden radiance from their wings, or as glorious meteors rising in rapid succession over a world of darkness, anticipating and heralding the light of the millennial day.

But alas! if many of the dead yet speak for God and truth, and freedom, and oppressed humanity, others utter a different voice, and leave behind them a curse instead of a blessing. Reverse the portraits we have just sketched.

Suppose the mother to whom we have alluded, instead of training up her children "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," had encouraged them both by precept and example to walk in the ways of fashion, worldliness, and sin, to neglect God and the great salvation, what is the influence she leaves behind her? The same voice comes from her grave as from her home. And often and again will her evil maxims be quoted, and her life of thoughtless gayety appealed to as a sanction for more excessive frivolity and sin. She is dead, but the bane of her example lives; her form is beneath the sod, but her voice is still heard, and her specter still lingers in the circle of her children and friends as a mighty incentive to evil.

We may pass from this to a higher sphere, and take the minister whose character is just the reverse of that to which we have referred:

He swore in sight of God
 And man to preach his master Jesus Christ,
 Yet preached himself; he swore that love of souls
 Alone had drawn him to the Church, yet strowed
 The path that led to hell with tempting flowers,
 And in the ear of sinners, as they took
 The way of death, he whispered peace.
 The man, who came with thirsty soul to hear
 Of Jesus, went away unsatisfied;
 For he another gospel preached than Paul,
 And one that had no Saviour in it, and yet
 His life was worse.

Now, what will be the posthumous influence of such a minister? Can it be other than evil only, evil continually?

The field on which he labored will have received a blight and a mildew. The gospel has been belied, and there will spring up a harvest of infidelity.

Thus far have we spoken of the influence for good or evil, which men leave behind them in the immediate circle in which they moved while living. But there are other ways in which men may speak to the coming generations, as with a voice echoing through the ages. We refer not to the lettered tombstones, which often tell of deeds of valor and of a loving trust in God; nor of monuments erected to commemorate illustrious worth; nor of splendid legacies to the cause of beneficence, which enshrine the donor in the memory and affection of the Church. But the earth is filled with the labors—the works of the dead.

Almost all the literature—the discoveries of science—the glories of art—the ever-enduring temples—the dwelling places of many generations—the comforts and utilities of life—the very framework of society—the institutions of nations—the principles of government—the fabrics of empire—all are the works of our predecessors, and by these, though dead, they yet speak. Their memorials are all around us—our footsteps are in their paths—their presence is in our dwellings—their voices are in our ears; they speak to us in the sad reverie of contemplation—in the sharp pang of feeling—in the cold shadow of memory—in the bright light of hope; and can it be that we shall not be influenced by the language they utter?

But the dead speak through the press—the books

they may have written—and thus perpetuate their influence through all time. Baxter, Bunyan, Doddridge, Howe, and Edwards are at this moment speaking to thousands, with all the freshness and force of personal eloquence, and more souls have doubtless been converted through their instrumentality since they entered upon their rest, than when their voices were heard in the assemblies of men. The gospel trumpet which they here put to their lips has not ceased its reverberating echo. It rolls like the voice of a clarion along down through the ages, and it shall continue until another trumpet shall be heard sounding the funeral knell of time.

But wicked men, too, speak through the press, and live in their writings to poison the fountains of influence, to corrupt hearts that might otherwise have been pure, and to desolate homes that otherwise might have been happy.

It will be the keenest sting of the worm which never dies, and the most agonizing pang of the fire which shall never be quenched, that they have written volumes which are circulated by every library and sold by every vender, in which the foundations of morality are sapped, and thousands of souls effectually and forever ruined.

The press, my brethren, is a mighty illustration of the truth of our text. It shows that the dead live and speak and exert an influence in moulding the character of the generations which succeed them. And if the wise and glorified in heaven wish that their pens had been more industriously employed, the fallen and lost in hell wish that their hands had been palsied ere they touched the scroll which was to scatter plague

and pestilence through ranks of living men. Thus is the sentiment of our text illustrated and confirmed, that a man lives and speaks, in his words and deeds and influence, after he is dead.

There is, indeed, a voice in the providence which has bereaved us, that touches the great heart of the nation, filling it with sorrow as no other conceivable event could have done. We can conceive of nothing short of a universal earthquake, or the sound of the archangel's trump, which would have produced the gloom, the awe, the consternation which now surround us. Who that contemplated our country a few days previous to this dreadful calamity, and heard the shouts of victorious men, and saw everywhere the symbols of joy and of triumph, and listened to the expressions of hope, could have named any event, not miraculous, which, in a moment, as it were in the twinkling of an eye, would have changed the whole aspect of things, would banish mirth from all the gay, composure from all the serene; make the merchant lay down his fabrics, the scribe his pen, and the mechanic his tools; unrobe the bride of her ornaments and the bridegroom of his attire, change the proclamations of chief magistrates from days of rejoicing to days of lamentation, and command a universal pause to business and pleasure, as though we all were anticipating the ushering in of the day of doom? Such a shock was inconceivable from the most natural causes! But God has done it, and we stand confronted before a providence so mysterious, a providence that bereaves us, without a moment's warning or anticipation, of one of the purest, wisest, and safest of men that ever presided over the interests and destinies of a great people. In a lecture delivered in this place

a year ago, I characterized him as "the type man of the age." Now that death has ensphered and immortalized him, and disarmed envious and malignant criticism, I may venture to quote what I then said, without fear of giving offense to any one.

"Having thus presented Jefferson Davis as the type and exponent of Southern civilization, we come now briefly to consider our type man, or the exponent of Northern civilization.

"The two forms of civilization are distinctly before you, the bases on which they respectively rest, the principles which they embody, and the spirit with which they are animated. And of all the men now before the public eye, whether in the cabinet or in the field, Abraham Lincoln, the censured and the praised, is our ideal, the impersonation of republican principles, the thinker, and the type man of the age! I am aware that this avowal is in advance of the popular sentiment, but posterity will do him justice and give him his appropriate niche in the temple of fame. He is not perfect; he needs refinement and taste. Just as our civilization is not perfect; it is in its boyhood state; it needs development, especially in its æsthetic forms. It is not graceful; nor wrought out into perfect symmetry and beauty. Neither is Lincoln handsome; but he is frank, generous, and true. He has muscle and sinew. He has wrought in the log cabin; on the flatboats of the Mississippi: he has wrestled with poverty and the tall forest trees of the West. He is, in the strictest sense, a man of the working classes. He was born to the inheritance of hard work as truly as the poorest laborer's son that digs in the field; and yet, by the strength of his intellect and by his untiring devotion

to truth and right he has come up, through an ascending series, from the walks of the lowly, from the toils of a day-laborer, to stand at the head of one of the most powerful nations on the earth! Is he not great? Is he not entitled to our confidence and esteem?

“Our ship of state is now in a storm of fearful magnitude—the elements are in high commotion, and every part of her noble structure is strained to the utmost tension, but the mind of the thinker is calm, and his strong hand is on the helm. The eyes of all nations are turned to this plain backwoodsman, with his good sense, his noble generosity, his determined self-reliance, and his incorruptible integrity, as he sits amid the war of conflicting elements, striving to guide the national ship through a tempest, at whose violence and perils the world’s wisest and oldest statesmen stand aghast. Leave him at the helm and he will bring the vessel, with all her sails set and her pennants flying, to the desired haven, though the old scow which she has towed and which has retarded her progress from the beginning will have been sunk to the bottom, never again to rise to the surface on our American waters!

“Lincoln is a strong man, but his strength is of a peculiar kind; it is not aggressive so much as passive, and among passive things it is like the strength, not so much of a stone buttress as of a wire cable. It is strength swaying to every influence, yielding on this side and on that to popular and present needs, yet tenaciously and inflexibly bound to carry its great end. Surrounded at first by all sorts of conflicting claims and elements, by traitors, by timid loyalists, by radi-

cals, and conservatives, he has listened to all, weighed the words of all, watched, waited for light; but still self-reliant and full of hope, he has kept steadily to the one great purpose; and let him alone and the issue is certain—the rebellion will be crushed—the Union restored—our national honor vindicated, and America shall be all that poets have dreamed or sung: “The home of the brave and the land of the free!”

Are not these true words? Some of you then thought that they were said for party effect, but they were spoken out of the convictions of an honest heart. Has he not done what was predicted of him? And when the storm-fiend was on the waters and the tempest rose high, and we all trembled with apprehension, did he not abide calm in the ship, his hand steady on the helm, and when the storm lulled and the sky began to clear and the sun to burst forth from the darkened clouds, and we saw the old ship gallantly nearing a peaceful harbor, the stars and the stripes floating from her topmost mast, and the multitude on the shore all jubilant with hope—all elated with joy—lo! the pilot falls by a cowardly assassin, cold and unconscious on the deck, his hand still at the helm. The commander is dead, but the ship is safe! The flag floats at half mast, but the stars and stripes are all there! Let our mourning then be tempered with gratitude that our beloved chief was permitted to live to accomplish his work. He could not have died with greater luster, when his laurels were all fresh and green, and now, the auroral halo of the martyr will preserve them unfading through all ages. And now, my hearers, what is the voice addressed to us from the life, teachings, and example of our deceased President?

First, that "honesty is the best policy"; that to do right is the wisest and safest, leaving our reputation and all consequences in the hand of God.

Abraham Lincoln's administration was characterized by no crooked or sinister policy. He was called to his responsible position at a time the most difficult and dangerous to the interests and life of the nation, when treason was rampant in the different sections of the land—when rebellion assumed an attitude the most menacing and appalling—when the great republic seemed to be shaken to its very foundations and the wisest statesmen trembled for the result. But the President was calm and firm. He sought to know his duty and then to do it. He adopted his policy, and determined to maintain the integrity of the government and to vindicate her laws. To this end he saw that the rebellion must be subdued, and when those in arms would not yield to wise and paternal counsel he resolved to settle the great questions at issue by the stern arbitrament of the sword. He called for large forces and the munitions of war. The people nobly and promptly responded, for our national honor had been insulted and our national life was in jeopardy. Thousands of our best and bravest from all the loyal North rushed to the rescue of our imperiled country. They fought—they fell on many a battlefield. The rebels were desperate, and when our noble President discovered that slavery was to them a source of strength he resolved to strike the monster to the earth. The timid feared; the semi-loyal press howled, and the more rebellious heaped abuse upon the President. Nothing was too vile for them to say. His policy was all wrong. He was threatened and villified. But

Abraham Lincoln was firm in the calm consciousness of right and duty.

But where are his accusers now? The *Daily News* and the *World*, that never had a kind word to offer—that indulged in unmeasured vituperation and abuse while he was living, are among the first to do him honor now that he is dead. Have they been converted? Has death changed their views? No, my brethren; in their deep heart they knew that Abraham Lincoln was honest and true to his country's weal. But they were under the ban of party, and could not speak peaceably of him. His acts survive him; his deeds live, and by these, though dead, he yet speaketh. Posterity will do justice to his memory, and he will be known in history as the great Emancipator—the savior of his country. The almost universal feeling even now is, that in his death liberty has lost her greatest champion, humanity her truest friend, and America her purest patriot.

What then is the voice that comes to us from out the background of his noble life?

Be honest—true to your convictions of right—firm in duty, leaving all issues with God. This marked his character and will give immortality to his name.

Another voice, which he being dead, yet speaketh to us, is the folly and sin of putting our trust in an arm of flesh. He did not.

If any man ever cherished a firm reliance on Divine Providence, it was Abraham Lincoln. Listen to his address to his fellow-citizens, when first leaving his home for the scene of his labors. He says: "A duty devolves upon me which is perhaps greater than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days

of Washington. He never would have succeeded except for the aid of Divine Providence, upon which he, at all times, relied. I feel that I cannot succeed without the same Divine aid, which sustained him, and on the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support; and I hope you, my friends, will all pray that I may receive that Divine assistance, without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain."

Through all the progress of this terrible war, his trust has been not so much in the strength of his armies, or the skill of his chief captains, as in the favoring providence of God. His last inaugural is an outflow of a heart trusting in God, in which he confesses he has been the child of his providence, and simply an instrument in his hand.

But our danger all along has been in trusting to an arm of flesh. In the early history of the war one man received almost universal homage until hope deferred, the national heart fainted. And now, in our more recently brilliant successes, we are in danger of overlooking the true source of success in the prominence given to the instrumentalities employed. But from the life, as well as from the grave of the President, comes this startling admonition:

"Lean not on earth; 'twill pierce thee to the heart;
A broken reed at best—but oft a spear,—
On its sharp point, peace bleeds and hope expires."

A similar warning comes from the Divine Oracle:

"Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help. His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth; in that very day his thoughts perish."—Psalm 146. 3, 4.

The thoughts of our late President respecting the welfare, peace, and prosperity of the country, though they lingered with him to the last, have perished. He had done his work of subduing the rebellion. Other hands must do the work of punishing the rebels and reconstructing the government, and in this, as in the other, we need the Divine guidance and blessing.

Not Seward nor all the wisdom of the national council, but God, must help us to the end. And as his hand has been so obviously in the great struggle guiding our armies, may we not hope that he will be with us presiding over our councils in the restoration of peace and union? And in this work of pacification and reconstruction, in my utterance this day I think I have the mind of God. If I were the President I would show no mercy to traitors and rebels and assassins at the expense of justice. I would see to it that the majesty of law was vindicated and the government sustained, if it required a whole hecatomb of human victims. Shall we hate and punish theft and arson, and murder, and shall we fraternize with treason and rebellion? "Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon, lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph."

Again, had I the ears of the heads of this government, I would say, in its reconstruction, whatever else you do or fail to do, let not one vestige or germ of that accursed system, which has been the cause of all our trouble, remain. Let it be uprooted, root and branch, and thrown into the great dead sea of past time! Let there be no yielding, no concession, no compromise

here unless you would have history repeat itself in a second fratricidal, and still more desperate and bloody war!

The only remaining utterance or voice which comes to us from the life and the grave of our lamented President, is in reference to the evanescent nature of all earthly good. He had reached the acme of human fame; he was the commander in chief of half a million of armed men; he was the ruler of a mighty nation; he was in the meridian of his days; he was esteemed for his personal character and worth; and yet in a moment how is the mighty fallen, and all the glory of his fame is to him as though it has never been.

But few of all the wrestlers reach the goal of their ambition, or realize their hopes. And such as do, have only stood for a short time on the giddy height, and then vanished like the passing meteor, or died a sudden and, perhaps, a violent death. Cæsar met with the assassin's dagger in the Roman senate. Charles the First, King of England, and Mary, Queen of Scots, were beheaded. Henry the Fourth, King of France, died by the knife of the assassin. Napoleon the First was banished. Alexander, after his brilliant career, died in a drunken revel, at an early age. And now our beloved President is added, as an illustration of the vanishing nature of all human greatness. He, too, has died by the hand of violence.

Death sitteth in the Capitol! His sable wing
Flung its black shadow o'er a country's hope,
And lo! a nation bendeth down in tears.

Never was grief so heartfelt and universal. It is said that death loves a shining mark, and often against

such are his swiftest arrows hurled. All that we love, value, venerate, and press to our hearts, must bow to the inevitable decree, "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou must return." But when the end comes by violence, how doubly inconsolable is the grief! But still this tragedy has its voice, and will answer its providential end.

A thrill of horror through the nation sweeps,
And tears of anguish from the eyelids fall;
All party ties and lines forgotten are,
And thus in grief, if not in patriotic joy,
The nation is as one.
'Twere well to weep such tears,
They purge the heart, and to the soul give strength
To do great deeds, when deeds are needed most;
Who loves his country, therefore, shame not now
O'er her great woe, with me to weep.
For now each sigh is but a bitter oath,
Each tear a seal, which makes the oath a bond,
That every loyal heart doth feel and swear
Upon the altar of his country's cause,
Which, by the sacrilegious hand of one
Who would deface the noblest work of God
Without a sigh, hath been outraged,
As never did a fiend the laws of God
Or man outrage before!

But the assassin, though he may elude the vigilance of the government for a time, cannot escape. The mark of Cain is on his brow, the murderer's guilt is on his soul, and the Nemesis of vengeance will find him out, and bring him to an awful retribution. But though justice may thus be satisfied, though the act may have been suffered in the Divine providence to tone up the public mind to a keener sense of retributive justice, still all this does not recall the people's favorite—the

type-man of his time—our generous, noble, and patriotic President.

Gone, gone, gone, to his blest and honored grave,
Gone, gone, alas! our noble, and true, and brave;
When fond hopes clustered around his life,
When every heart with love was rife,
Our brave, true chieftain fell.

Lincoln, Lincoln, beloved, fare thee well!

Our country's flag around him fold,
What shroud more meet for heart so brave,

A nation's prayer shall bless his mold,
A nation's tears bedew his grave.

And shall we bear one word of scorn?
One rebel taunt, one hostile sneer?

No! freemen, no! his foes we spurn,
And pledge our fealty round his bier.

Freemen! behold your murdered chief,
His memory to your care we trust;

Let mercy mingle with your grief,
But strike the traitors to the dust.

Sleep on, brave chief, the flag you bore
O'er North and South, shall surely wave,

And Union, peace, and love once more
Shall meet and mourn around your grave.

XI

REV. SAMUEL T. SPEAR, D.D.

I MEET you to-day, my friends and fellow-countrymen, under circumstances of the greatest public grief and sorrow. I had risen early Saturday morning to complete the first of two sermons, having for my theme "Victory and its Duties;" and expecting to have preached that sermon to you at this time. I waited for the morning paper, and when it came it brought to me, as it did to you, the intelligence of the most awful event in the history of this country. The carrier greeted me with a tearful and saddened countenance, exclaiming: "Sad news this morning! The President is shot!" I could scarcely believe it true; yet I opened the paper and read the dispatches, and saw that it was so. Ere this the news has spread through all parts of the land, kindling emotions in the hearts of the nation which no words can describe. But yesterday we were joyous and hopeful, thanking God for his mercies, and congratulating each other upon the bright prospects of the future. Our recent victories gave promise of a speedy and lasting peace. We saw, as we supposed, the end of this terrible war. How suddenly and how awfully have our emotions been changed into those of the deepest sorrow! Who can refuse to weep? Who can withhold his tears or command his feelings at such a moment? And is it so?

Has the President of these United States; the personal representative of the honor, glory, and dignity of this nation; the man of the people's choice; the man who has guided the ship of state with consummate wisdom and unfaltering integrity during these stormy years; the man whom God seems to have raised up and signally qualified for the duties of this great crisis—yes, has Abraham Lincoln, good in his greatness and great in his goodness, fallen the victim of murderous assassination, just in the moment of our triumph? And has his honorable Secretary of State been assailed with the instrument of death for a like purpose? We pause in the profoundest astonishment. Our indignation in one direction, and our sorrow in the other, are past all utterance. The American people never felt this as they do to-day. They never before had such an occasion for feeling. We all feel the dreadful blow. It has fallen upon us like a thunderbolt in the midst of our joys. To the deep and pungent thrill of the national heart no human words can do any adequate justice.

1. Looking towards earth, and at man, one instinctively inquires, why has the assassinating hand sought the life of Abraham Lincoln and that of William H. Seward? Why has the President of these United States been marked for death? The answer is a plain one. It consists in the fact that he was the President, officially entrusted with the executive duty of administering the military power of this government for the suppression of a wanton and wicked rebellion against the constituted authorities of the land. This was Mr. Lincoln's sole offense. The murderous weapon was not aimed at him as a man, but as the President of these United States—as God's minister for the punishment

of evil doers and the praise of them that do well. It was therefore aimed at you and at me—at every man, woman and child living under the protection of this government; at public order, at the sanctity of law, at the integrity of the Union, and at the God who commands our subjection to the powers that be. This is the true interpretation of the blow sought to be struck; and this it is that gives significance to the act. We look upon Mr. Lincoln as a murdered President, and not as a man falling in the private walks of life, the victim of a purely personal vengeance. The blood that flowed from his lacerated brain was in the circumstances official blood. The pistol-shot that hurried him to his doom was fired into the heart of the nation. I do not wish to stir either your passions or my own to undue violence; yet I think it best in this dreadful hour to look at facts as they are and speak of things as they are. Abraham Lincoln will go down to posterity as a murdered and a martyred President—slain for discharging his duty, honored by God, and trusted by a grateful people. In his death we all feel the pangs of death. Well may the nation bow in grief. Well may all party feeling and rancor subside, while a whole people weep before God under an oppressive sense of the calamity which has befallen them.

2. Looking at the circumstances attending this sad event, we inquire: Whence came the blow? It was on the evening of the day when the flag of the Union again floated in triumph over the war-scarred walls of Fort Sumter. It was when the nation had flung her proud flag to the breeze in the fullness of grateful joy; when victories had seemingly extinguished the last hope of the rebel insurgents; when Jefferson Davis, the traitor

and the tyrant, was fleeing from the hand of avenging justice. It was at a time and in a place when and where our great military commander was expected to be present, who was doubtless marked for the same fate. The thing was done under circumstances that clearly imply plan and concert of action, and more parties than one as involved in this stupendous guilt. Why was Mr. Seward assaulted at the same time and in a different place? And who held the horses of these fiends in human shape, while each proceeded to the work of death? I know not, my friends, who these men are; but I cannot well resist the conclusion that they represent a class—and, I must add, a very large class—of those with whom we have been contending in this war, who will rejoice when they hear the news, and laud these murderous wretches as distinguished heroes. I do not say that a large number of persons were directly privy to this assassinating conspiracy; yet, you may depend upon it, the agents thereof had their accomplices. This, let me tell you, is the work of traitors, coming from the same impulses and inspired by the same hellish motives which have governed traitors in seeking the destruction of this government. It is one of the dread incidents of their treason, accomplished in the moment of their extremest desperation. It is the work of men the same in kind as those who sought to wrap the city of New York in one universal conflagration; the same in kind as those who refused all quarter to our colored soldiers at Fort Pillow; the same in kind as those who sacked the city of Lawrence, in Kansas, and murdered its helpless citizens. It is a work proceeding from the same spirit, the same style and temper of humanity, that has, by

the process of slow starvation, deliberately murdered our prisoners of war by thousands and tens of thousands.

Jefferson Davis, the head of the rebel Confederacy, has not personally assassinated the President, I am aware—perhaps he had no direct connection with this atrocious murder—yet, by his authority, by his agents, with his knowledge and approbation, thousands of our soldiers have been literally starved to death in rebel prisons. General Lee may be a Christian gentleman—some people say he is—yet he is a traitor to his country, who richly deserves to be hung for his crimes. Libby Prison and Belle Isle were directly under his eye at Richmond; he knew how our prisoners were treated in those dens of death as well as elsewhere; he was, too, the man of great influence in the Confederate government; and when and where did General Lee ever lift his voice, or do a solitary thing to mitigate these outrageous enormities? I am speaking in a plain way. My soul is stirred within me. These are serious times. Let me tell you, my friends and fellow countrymen, that this act of assassination does not stand alone by itself. It is one of a series. It has a common basis with other acts of kindred character. It represents and identifies itself with a class of acts, as it will crown them with an immortality of infamy. It is the creature of treason; and this treason is the child of slavery; and this slavery has made the traitors barbarians, who would rather rule in hell than submit in heaven. The history of this war proves it. We may as well understand first as last with what kind of men we are and have been dealing in this dreadful contest of arms. They are desperate men. Slavery has made

them insensible to the rights of our common humanity, ruined their moral sense, and just fitted them for the work of treason and death. Our excellent President, for whom we have so often thanked the God of heaven, who in his life so beautifully recognized the providence and the grace of the King of kings, from whose past wisdom we have received so many blessings, and in whose future we had hoped so largely, now lies in death—stricken down by a traitor's hand. I have been compelled to ask, in view of the circumstances, whence came the blow? Not simply from the daring fiend who inflicted it, but from a source more generic and universal. Treason fired that shot, and treason killed the President, and slavery made the man and the men fit for such deeds. And treason wants nothing but power to kill this nation. It has never yielded to anything but power, and it never will. The men in whom is embodied this spirit of treason, who are its leaders and great sources, must be absolutely crushed and utterly blasted in this country. You can never have any peace with them. You can never make any peace with them. They are not the men of peace. The military arm of the government must first subjugate them; and then a just and righteous retribution must so dispose of them that they will be virtually dead to the country. Then you will have peace; and till then you will not.

3. Looking again at this sorrowful event, I am led to submit another question: Who are the *mourners*, the men and women that will be afflicted by this appalling tragedy? The family of our dead President, his wife and children and immediate kindred, are at this moment bathed in the most heart-rending sorrow. He

who was the pride and glory of their lives, whose relation to them had lifted them to position and honor, in whose private and public character they could not but rejoice, has fallen in a way to give death its deepest affliction and grief its most poignant sting. Alas! for them the husband, the father, and the guide, is no more. May the God of grace comfort them with that comfort which God only can supply. The members of his cabinet, who have so often shared with the President in the councils of state; the generals and other officers of his appointment, who have so nobly borne the banner of their country on many a hard-fought field; the common soldiers who, under this waving banner, have braved the storm of death and driven the rebel hosts in confusion before them;—these men of wisdom and these men of valor are to-day in tears. Their sensibilities are overwhelmed. They mourn the loss of one whom they had learned to trust, and who had learned to trust them. All truly loyal men and women throughout the nation are mourners to-day. Every right-thinking man feels as if he had lost a dear friend. During his administration Mr. Lincoln has displayed qualities of intellect and heart which have commended him to the strongest confidence and affection of the American people. His sterling honesty, his sagacious and far-reaching common sense, his abiding faith, his hopeful temper, his enduring patience, his fidelity to the country's cause, his amiable, forgiving, and unrevengeful mood of feeling, his profound respect for the rights of man and his deep reverence for God, mark him as the man whom the people loved. Millions who never saw him felt towards Mr. Lincoln the tender attachments of personal friendship. There was a charm

about his character and his life which it is not in human nature to defy or resist. Go where you will to-day throughout the length and breadth of this land—in the cottages of the poor, or the palaces of the rich—and you will see a people bowed in sorrow. A nation weeps to-day. A nation's President has been assassinated in the capital of the country; a nation's President has fallen in the midst of his usefulness, when his experience was so much needed to complete what he had so well begun; and now a nation mourns, as perhaps no other people ever did mourn. When I think of the foul and villainous murderer, and of the generic inspiration which he represents—by which he was moved—my rage, I confess, knows no bounds; and when I think of the sequel of that deadly shot, my heart sinks within me. As I feel, so you feel; and so feels every man that deserves the name of an American citizen. Honored and sacred dead! this tribute we bring to thy memory. Thy name shall be dear to us. Thou art embalmed in a nation's grief. There is another class of our fellowmen that may well mourn to-day, bringing their tribute of gratitude and love, and placing it upon the altar of a great and good man. I allude to the suffering sons of human bondage. These sable victims of outrage and wrong have heard of Mr. Lincoln. They have heard of his emancipation proclamation. They have learned to identify their hopes of liberty with his name; and when they shall hear of his death, in the simplicity and honesty of their hearts they will feel that a friend has departed. Mr. Lincoln, though not a fanatic, was by nature and conviction, by those generous moral sentiments with which kind heaven had inspired his bosom, the friend of the op-

pressed. He saw and deplored the great evils of slavery, and gave his public influence on the side of freedom. When he issued his emancipation proclamation as a measure of war, he appealed to the God of nations and the moral sense of the civilized world for the justice of the act. To that proclamation he declared his purpose to adhere; and to it he has adhered with unflinching fidelity. That proclamation will make Mr. Lincoln's name dear in all ages. It will be read and quoted as a state paper of the highest rank and the largest philanthropy. Well may the outcast sons of bondage bless God for the life of such a man, and well may they mourn over his death. They have tears to shed to-day—tears, too, that do honor to the man for whom they weep. One of their most eminent and valuable friends now lies in death, assaulted by hands red with treason, a victim of the malign and cruel spirit which has so long afflicted them. They will understand, and the world will understand, that slavery is at the bottom of the causes which have murdered our President. And, my hearers, when the sad news shall cross the water, and fly over the nations of Europe, all the lovers of liberty will stand aghast with surprise. They will join with us in our public sorrows. The excitement and grief occasioned by this fearful tragedy will be worldwide. The memory of the scene will last as long as time endures. Alas! alas! for my country, when her Presidents, her men in high office, her patriots, her good and great men, must fall before the dagger of the traitorous assassin! Let the power of God expurgate such a soil, if need be, with the dire bolts of his providential vengeance! Let the power of God kill the last relic of treason, and drive

the accursed monster from this fair land! Shame, eternal shame on the men who have the least sympathy with this awful wickedness! They are not fit to inhabit a country they so grossly dishonor.

4. Looking now, in the fourth place, at the nation in its present status, and in reference to the duties which now press upon every loyal heart, I am happy to say to you that, though the President is dead, the nation lives. The blow which, in being aimed at him, was meant for the nation, will miss its mark. We have heard in these latter days of happy feeling not a few exhortations that should conciliate the rebels and deal very tenderly with them; that, having conquered them, and spent millions upon millions of money and thousands upon thousands of lives for this purpose, we should now treat the conflict as a mere collision of ideas, and be careful not to punish the leaders, even Jefferson Davis himself, should they fall into our power. My conciliation embraces the following programme:—First, I would give this rebellion war to the knife, and nothing but war, till the last vestige of it is dead. This I believe the short and only safe road to final peace. I would then, secondly, extend a generous and liberal amnesty to the masses of the people, upon the condition that they reorganize their State governments upon the basis of absolute loyalty, discarding traitors and abandoning slavery, holding them in the meantime subject to a military government till they resume their proper relation to the Union upon these terms. I would then, thirdly, divide the responsible leaders and prime authors of the rebellion into three classes, according to the grade of their guilt. The first of which and the smallest—of which Jefferson Davis

is a conspicuous example—I would hang by the neck till they are dead! The second class of which, and a larger class, I would expel from the country, and send them forth as fugitives over the face of the earth. The third of which, and a still larger class, I would dispossess of all political power, denying to them the right to vote, and making them ineligible to any office of profit or trust under the government of the United States. I would visit these penalties upon these men for the enormous crimes which they have committed. Justice requires it. The future safety of the nation demands it. Away with that mawkish sympathy that ignores justice and ruins government. It is alike stupid and cruel. Such, in brief, is my conception of the great and pressing duties which belong to the hour, and in the faithful discharge of which we may confidently hope to save our country. I repeat, our President is dead; we can no longer be availed of his counsels; he has done his last acts and said his last words; and now what we have to do, while mourning the sad loss, is to take good care of that country and those institutions to which he gave his rare powers. May the mantle of his wisdom fall upon his official successor. Andrew Johnson is as yet an untried man in this sphere, yet I have strong hopes that the nation will not be disappointed in either his capacity or integrity. I accept him as the President of these United States. I intend to honor and obey him as the minister of God, and do what I can to support the government of my country as administered by him. Let us, my friends, lay aside all partizan animosities, and unite together as one people in again bringing peace and prosperity to this land. This, I am persuaded, would be the

advice of our President dead could he speak to us from that world whither his spirit had gone.

5. Lifting our thoughts finally above all the scenes of earth, and contemplating God as sitting upon the throne of eternal providence, permitting and ordering all things after the counsel of his own will, I advise you, while discharging the duties of the present, to trust his providence for the future. His providence gave us our President, and preserved him to us in the days of our greatest darkness. He was the pupil and the creature of providence. He sat at the feet of providence, and sought to walk in its ways. This providence has permitted what seems to us an untimely fall. I cannot explain it—I shall not try. Yet I am comforted with the thought that God has made no mistake. Under his providence all men are immortal till their work is done; and then they go the way of all the earth by an arrangement which in heaven is no error, however painful it may be to man. Our late President had finished his allotted task, and well and truly has he done so. If we, his survivors, trust providence and do our duty, God will complete this work and preserve us by other hands than those we had anticipated. Hitherto he has made our cause his care, imposing upon us a severe discipline for our good, postponing our final triumph till the ends of his providence should be realized; and now he has permitted this great apparent calamity for some wise reason, perhaps now perfectly simple to the enlarged intelligence of our President in heaven. On earth we may never see this reason; yet the Lord knows, and this should suffice for us. Let us bow in faith and weep in hope. God's government is not dead. God's providence

is not dead. These will prevail when empires perish. No fiendish hand can strike the supremacy of God's throne. No assassin's shot or traitor's dagger can suspend his control in human affairs.

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm.
Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

Such, my friends, are the remarks which I have thought fitting to the occasion. I have prepared them amid the haste and excitement of this soul-stirring hour. I have had no time to revise them, or recast my words. I have spoken to you just as I feel. And now I ask you, one and all, to be solemnly reminded of the fact that you are mortal, that your days are uncertain, that soon you must resign all the trusts of earth, and appear before the Judge of quick and dead. I point you to the Bible for your light, and for your salvation to Him whose atoning blood cleanseth from all sin. I hope—from what I have heard I am led to believe—that Abraham Lincoln was a Christian, a man of prayer; and hence that his sudden and appalling death has been to him sudden glory. We leave the fallen with God. We beseech the God of grace to make this providence a blessing to our hearts. We commend our suffering country to his care and keeping. We here pledge ourselves to each other, and call upon high heaven to witness the covenant, that to the cause for which Abraham Lincoln lived, and in which he died,

we will be true to our last breath; we will never desert the Stars and the Stripes; we will never lay down the sword till the supremacy of this government is vindicated; we will never pause till the daring criminals who have brought this evil upon the land are themselves brought to merited justice. God helping us, we will crush treason and suitably punish traitors, cost what it may. Just now we are in no mood to be trifled with by that senseless philanthropism, that shallow and almost soulless sentimentality, that has no foundation in the moral nature of man, and none in the moral government of God. We are not dealing with wasps—perfectly harmless if we let them alone—but with traitors, with the enemies of public order, with men who have virtually raised the black flag over our defenseless and helpless soldiers captured in war, a fit representative of whom has just murdered our President. Such are the men who are at the head of this rebellion and with whom we have to do, and our duty in the premises is as clear as light. May the God of heaven prepare us for the work and crown it with his blessing.

XII

REV. ROBERT LOWRY

"And the victory that day was turned into mourning unto all the people."—2 SAM. 19. 2.

You do not expect a sermon to-day. I have no sermon to give you. The air is laden with sorrow, and our hearts are plunged together in one common grief. The mind refuses to think of anything but the great public calamity. Our dear, good President is dead! We are all mourners to-day. It is not for me to comfort you; we can only weep together in our overwhelming family bereavement.

We have looked forward to this day as the Resurrection Sunday of our Lord. We had adjusted our minds to the contemplation of the event, which broke the seals of the dark world, and opened up life and immortality to the sons of men. But the smile has fled from our faces to-day. We weep as at a burial, though we stand by the empty grave of our Saviour. There is no jubilant music from the organ to-day. There is no glad song of victory on our tongues to-day. No bright flowers of gladness decorate our church to-day, but, instead, we sob forth our funereal dirges. We cover our faces and drop our bitterest tears. We hang these walls with the deep drapery of woe. We droop our beautiful flag over the pulpit, and gaze on its craped folds till our eyes cannot see it for the tears that blind

them. Why does the sun shine to-day? It seems to mock us with its brightness. We could have wished that the heavens had been hung in black, and the clouds had wept their sympathy. We have no heart for sunshine. We are prostrate in our profoundest grief.

We did not know how much we loved him. We have talked of his geniality, his tender-heartedness, his patient endurance, his broad common sense; but we thought of these qualities with the quiet appreciation which attends familiarity. We only learn his great worth when he is taken from us. We feel now how good a man he was, how great, how noble.

Four years ago the people called him to preside over a country drifting toward a whirlpool. It was a time when the largest experience, the clearest statesmanship, and the most intelligent tact were scarcely adequate to meet the appalling demands of the crisis. He went to Washington, taking with him neither polish, nor statecraft, nor the learning of the schools; but he carried there a lofty patriotism, a sterling honesty, and a full American manhood. The work before him was not one of courtly genuflexion in the reception room. The time for fresh thoughts and manly vigor had come. He was God's gift for the crisis. We did not all think so then. The surge of popular excitement sometimes swept far beyond the cool standpoint of the President. When rebellion seemed to be strengthening itself in every point, and even asserting superior prowess on the battlefield, there were not wanting those who clamored for this policy and that, and poured the vials of their hasty anger on the head of the patient President. But no menace of friend or foe could drive him

into a policy, when the essential elements of a policy that would endure had not yet germinated. He stood amid the conflict of passion and opinion, as one who felt that the issues of the problem were with him. And with this temper he has filled the years of his administration. He had learned that "he that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city." How well he has performed his task, a mourning nation is now ready to acknowledge.

There was not a nerve in his body that did not thrill with love for the Union. He lived only for the Union. If a commander was appointed or deposed, it was that the Union might the better be defended. If a change was made in the cabinet, it was in subserviency to the interests of the Union. If the just demands of the government on foreign powers were held in abeyance, the integrity of the Union was the all-controlling motive. In the early stages of the rebellion he announced that, with slavery or without slavery, the Union must be saved. To this sole end he gave his wearisome days and sleepless nights. For this consummation he issued his proclamations, or withheld his signature from the laws of Congress. While it was possible to preserve the unity of the nation without invading the institutions of the States, he forbore to interfere with domestic laws. When it was evident that the salvation of the Union demanded the extirpation of human bondage, he did not hesitate to write the immortal paper that gave freedom to four millions of enslaved humanity.

If the people were slow to give him all their confidence, they learned at last to look to him as their worthily-trusted chief. It is seen now that he was the appointed instrument of God, more than even the

choice of the people. When this conviction fastened itself on the popular mind, it was not difficult to determine that, in the midst of an unsettled struggle, we should have no change of rulers. There were those who deemed him yet to be below the level of the crisis. But the popular will swept them away like chaff. We said that the man who had conducted us through four years of fearful war, and made himself the target for traitorous hatred, should carry us through to its completion. We elected him for a second term. Not even an opponent possessed of extraordinary personal accomplishments could divert the instinct of the popular heart. All classes accepted the decision of the ballot. We gave ourselves up to no vehement rejoicings, but we cherished a calm satisfaction in the result. We felt that the country was more safe in the hands of its now tried leader, than it could be under any new administration. We looked hopefully for the end.

Nor did we wait long. The expression of the popular will gave nerve to the government, the army, and the people. Faction was silenced, and loyalty became more clearly defined. Rebel sympathizers slunk out of sight, and military combinations closed more effectively on the focal points of the insurrection. With crushing weight fell the final blows. City after city was taken; fort after fort captured; army after army beaten; till the whole loyal land shouted for victory, and gave thanks to God that our beloved country was saved. How gayly our flags leaped up to the masthead! How joyfully our guns thundered out the rejoicings of the people! How sympathetically our hearts fluttered with the restored banner of Sumter! The heavens were growing brighter every hour. Charleston, the cradle

of the rebellion, was a desolate ruin. Richmond, that became its coffin, was a captured city. The insurgent government were fleeing before our arms. The rebel chief had become a fugitive from the justice that pursued him. The bastard rag that had flaunted its insolent folds in the sight of Washington, hid itself from the face of the national banner. The rebel hosts that had defended the strongholds of treason for four years, were conquered and shattered. From the subdued capital of the Slave Confederacy, the President sent dispatches to the federal city. O, how glad we have been over the victory! What blessing God has been pouring upon us, till we could scarcely find room to contain it!

And now, behold these emblems of woe! Look at these strong men weeping! The nation that two days ago surged with joy, now heaves with unutterable grief. The flags creep sadly down to half-mast. There is crape on our banner to-day, and crape on our hearts. We are overwhelmed in our great affliction. We are unable to think calmly, or speak without quivering lips. We are in a paralysis of sorrow. It has come to us in a moment. It has smitten us when we were most jubilant. "The victory this day is turned into mourning, unto all the people." Would that it were only a *rebel son* that had been slain. But the head of the nation has been snatched from us. The friend of the people has fallen. We have lost our father. The kind, the good, the loved ABRAHAM LINCOLN lies dead at the capital. Alas! how can we bear a grief like this!

Shall I speak to you of the honored dead? His glorious deeds are known to us all. He needs no eulogy from the pulpit. His sublime life is cherished

in the hearts of his countrymen. His death of martyrdom will cover his name with *immortelles*. Shall I tell you that he was *patriotic*? You know that every heartbeat was devotion to the country. He lived for his country. He died for his country. Who else could have done her so much good in the terrible ordeal of civil war? Whose death could have brought her to such bitter tears, as his?

Shall I tell you of his *humanity*? The columns of the press beam with the records of his tenderness and sympathy. How pathetic was that exhibition of his loving heart at City Point! Six thousand sick and wounded soldiers lay in the hospitals. The President was on his way from Richmond to Washington. The pressure of public business could not deprive him of an interview with these brave defenders of the republic. He moved down the long lines of prostrate men—visiting each cot—taking the sick soldier by the hand—laying his fingers on the pale brow—speaking a kind word to this one and that—till he had shed sunshine in every invalid's heart. In the midst of this philanthropic work, an agent of the Christian Commission approached him with a request that he would give them the pleasure of entertaining him in their tent. "No," replied the warm-hearted President, "I have only so many hours to stay at City Point, and all that time must be devoted to the soldiers." Dearer to him were the answering smiles of those wounded soldiers, than all the honors which official dignitaries could bestow upon him. How feelingly will those brave men now cherish the memory of that visit, with its tender hand-pressure, and words of affectionate sympathy!

Shall I tell you of his *religious character*? This,

from its very nature, has engaged our attention less than his patriotism and his humanity. And yet, how deeply are we concerned in it this morning. We long, as Christians, to follow him beyond the river into whose waters he so suddenly entered. For him there was no death-bed preparation. The blessing of a sick chamber, granted to many a soul for reflection and faith, was not vouchsafed to him. Can we look with a cheerful gaze through the death mist that closed so suddenly around him?

I venture to express my conviction that Abraham Lincoln was one of the Lord's people. It is impossible to penetrate the inner life of a man in his position, as we can that of a private and familiar citizen. But there are at our command a few important elements, strengthening a conviction that he had "passed from death unto life." Our lamented President is known to have been a *man of prayer*. It may not be that when, in 1861, he uttered his last request in Springfield, "pray for me," he grasped the full blessing for which he asked. But never did Christians pray for a ruler more sincerely and more importunately, than for our overburdened President during the last four years. And if the White House has not heretofore been regarded as holding intercourse with the court of heaven, it is certain that for months past its walls have looked on the bent form of the Chief Magistrate invoking the grace of Almighty God.

A clergyman in New York, having business with the President, sought an interview early in the morning. Being detained in the waiting-room longer than seemed to be indispensable at that time of day, he inquired the reason of the President's non-appearance. He was

answered, that this hour was employed by the President in the reading of the Scriptures and prayer, and no interruption would be permitted until these sacred exercises had closed.

When little Willie Lincoln passed from earth, the mind of the bereaved father was deeply affected by thoughts of death. But the vortex of public duties held him from pursuing the serious thoughts to which his mind had been directed. But when he stood on the battlefield of Gettysburg, and beheld the graves of the brave men who had gone down to death for the principles of which he was the exponent, such a sense of the presence of God and of his own unworthiness took possession of his soul, as to overwhelm him. From that day he dated his entrance into a new life.

I am told that, a few months ago, a lady, visiting the Presidential mansion, was invited to a seat in the family carriage. In the course of the ride, the conversation turned on the subject of religion. The President was deeply interested, and begged the visitor to describe, as clearly as possible, what was that peculiar state of mind in which one might know himself to be a Christian. She repeated to him the simple story of the cross; and explained, that when a poor sinner, conscious that he could not save himself *looked to Jesus*, and saw in his death a *full atonement* for the sinner's sins, and *believed* that Christ's death was accepted as a *substitute* for the sinner's death, he felt himself to have been delivered from Divine wrath, and to be "at peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." The President replied, in a tone of satisfaction, "*That is just the way I feel.*"

Who can read his second Inaugural, and fail to see

the evidences of a Christian spirit? What state paper, in all our official literature, ever revealed such sense of Divine justice, and such sublime faith in God? It reads as if the writer had been wandering over the earthly boundary, and drank of the spirit of that better land of which so soon he was to be a resident.

And now I come to meet a question which will disturb every Christian mind. The President was shot in the theater. We would have had it otherwise. Pulpits will speak of it. The press will comment on it. The people in the streets will talk about it. Let us look at it with a calm judgment.

It cannot be said that the President went to the theater because he loved to be there. He was not, in the common acceptation of the term, a theater-goer. It is known that he went with great reluctance. He was in no state of mind to enjoy a scene like that. But the newspapers had announced that the President and General Grant would be there on that evening. The people thronged the house to do honor to the great men who had saved the country. General Grant, who had no time to waste in amusements, left Washington in the evening train, to superintend the removal of his family to Philadelphia. The President knew that the people would be disappointed, if they saw neither of the faces that they delighted to honor. Weary as he was, he decided to go. He went, not to see a comedy, but *to gratify the people*. If he had a weakness, it was that he might contribute to the joy of the people. For the people he had spent four toilsome years in lofty self-abnegation. For the people he gave up his life on the night of that fatal Friday.

There is another consideration. In all the countries

of Christendom, the rulers are expected to visit the theater as an *act of state*. We may deplore the custom, but it is, nevertheless, universal. It is an observance that stretches back through long generations. There is a supposed necessity for it. It is only there that the Executive can receive the formal acclaims of all classes of citizens. There they feel free to give him the tribute of popular plaudits. They cannot so recognize him at church, nor in public receptions, nor in casual appearances abroad. The President's box, like the reception room, is an arrangement of state policy. It is an established point of contact between the chief magistrate and the people. From a religious standpoint, we cannot approve of it. But we must not confound the act of the President, prompted by high considerations of state, with the visit of a private citizen, moved thereunto by the low desire of a mere selfish gratification.

With what profound awe we contemplate this mystery of permissive providence! We close our mouths before the mandate of the Almighty—"Be still, and know that I am God." We cannot understand it. We can only receive it. God employs his instruments according to his own sovereign purpose. His principle of selection confounds all our philosophy. He creates—he destroys. If Moses was the best man to form a great people for a higher nationality, Joshua was a better one to lead them into the promised land. God chose Abraham Lincoln because no other could do his work so well. What if his work were done, and other hands were needed to perfect what he so successfully begun? We have seen too plainly the goodness and wisdom of God in our national affairs, to doubt that he will sanctify to us this awful calamity. We have

learned to acknowledge God in triumph and in defeat, as never before in our history. And God is bringing us closer to himself in this severest of all his dealings. He gave us the best of Presidents. He has taken away our prop, that we might all the more trustfully lean on him. That he will cause "the wrath of man to praise him," who can question? "He hath not dealt so with any nation" as with ours. In this unparalleled affliction he will not desert us. Let us look for the good hand of our God in this calamitous visitation. The tender heart that has been laid low by violence, may have shrunk from the stern duties of the coming time. He was so free from bitter vindictiveness, so prone to lenient dealing even with his enemies, that even the just infliction of punishment on the worst of traitors, might have been too hard a task for a nature so generous and charitable. The good he has done will embalm his name to the latest generation. Thank God that he ever blessed us with Abraham Lincoln!

And who is this new instrument of God, into whose hands thus suddenly and fearfully has been cast the leadership of the nation? No man would have chosen him for President, but God has thrust him on a prostrate, bewildered people. The scene of the inauguration day filled us with shame, and now affects us with apprehension. But, has God mistaken his instrument, or been foiled in his purpose? Already we hear voices that dispel the dark foreboding. General Burnside, Senator Foster, Representative Odell, speak words in the popular ear that lift up the new President from the shadow that enveloped him. We will rally around the new man whom God has given to us. If we prayed for President Lincoln, let us pray all the more for Presi-

dent Johnson. We know there is a providence in all this, and we cannot doubt that God will interpret it to us in his own good time.

Two qualities loom before us in the character of our new chief. First, he is *patriotic*. In the dark hour when the faithful were few, he loved his country too much to love his section. In the very dawning of the insurrection, he stood firm in his place, and denounced the arch traitors who were plotting their country's ruin. He has been tried in the hottest fires of persecution, and betrays no alloy in the gold of his patriotism. We may trust him as possessing the full measure of devotion which the warmest patriot could demand.

Secondly, he is *radical*. We live in times when child's play is criminal. Andrew Johnson has "understanding of the times." He has measured the atrociousness of rebellion. He has sounded the wickedness of slavery. He will make no compromises with traitors. He will not plane down treason into a mere difference of opinion. He is a bold man to meet a bold evil. President Johnson has no glove on his hand. President Johnson has no velvet in his mouth. Treason, to him, is the worst of crimes, and the traitor will struggle against justice in vain.

See the effect on the people of this dastard blow! We are melted down into *unity*. Who speaks a word against Lincoln now? Who stands aloof from the government now? Who dares sympathize with traitors now? We have rubbed out our party lines, and fly together as if nothing had divided us. In a common fraternity of suffering, we weep as with one sorrow, and burn as with one indignation. The government

may do anything now against treason, and the people will approve the righteous deed.

We have lost all sentiment of *clemency*. Satan overleaped himself when he lifted the deadly weapon. If we indulged mercy to rebels before, now we have none. There is one deep, loud cry for *justice*! The *animus* of the rebellion has betrayed itself. The bullet that entered our loved President's brain, lodged in the heart of the people. It rankles there. It needed the assassin's foul deed to nerve us to the punishment of traitors. I speak not the name of this heaven-abandoned wretch. I call him **THE ASSASSIN**. He has lifted us to a new view of this colossal conspiracy. We see the unmitigated turpitude of the huge crime. It is the same spirit that buried our soldiers at Bull Run with faces downward, and made trinkets of their bones—that starved our unhappy prisoners in the pens of Andersonville—that butchered our men in cold blood at Fort Pillow—that devoted the peaceful inhabitants of Lawrence to indiscriminate massacre—that froze our veterans to death on Belle Island—that crowded our officers in the damp dungeons of Richmond, till you could gather the mold from their beards by the handful! And we call on President Johnson to close his hard, hammer hand, and bring it down with its heaviest blows, till he shall crush in the brazen front of this infernal rebellion, and hurl its foul carcass from the land it has polluted!

This land is not large enough to hold the leaders of the rebellion. The flag they have sought to dishonor should not be allowed to cover them. They have forfeited, a thousand times over, the mercy of the government they assailed. And this last and vilest culmina-

tion of their crimes puts them beyond the possibility of pardon. Let us make this soil red-hot to the foot of every traitor. Let the warm breath of our holy indignation sweep from our cities every rebel sympathizer. Let us vow, in God's house to-day, that treason shall be destroyed, trunk and branch, root and rootlet, till not one hand be left to give the sword such a vintage of blood again. Then will our land be a land of peace and freedom. Then will our nation be the joy of the whole earth!

XIII

REV. ALBERT S. HUNT

"The wisdom of God was in him to do judgment."—1 KINGS 3. 28.

WE MEET IN TEARS. The darkness and the grief which have made us faint have fallen upon myriads besides "for in every house there is one dead." Never since the world began has heaven looked down, at any one time, upon so many mourning assemblies as crowd the Christian temples of this land to-day. Why is it so? Is not this the festive day when believers in "Jesus and the resurrection" should adorn their altars with garlands, and sing joyful anthems? And have we not heard too, since we last met, such tidings of victory over an armed foe as almost never before cheered the hearts of a loyal and God-fearing people? All true! but our Easter anthems give place to dirges, and our "victories are turned into mourning unto all the people" to-day, because Abraham Lincoln has been assassinated. What do I say? Strange, sad words! Are we in the midst of a troubled vision? God of our fathers, have mercy upon us!

WE MOURN THE DEATH OF ONE OF THE MOST COMMANDING PERSONAGES OF HISTORY. His life has been a magnificent success. I will not attempt, by words, to prove this statement. "If you seek his monument, look about you." The Union is saved!

WHERE NOW SHALL WE FIND AN EXPLANATION OF THIS TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS? "The wisdom of God was in him to do judgment." That this text furnishes the only *full* response to our inquiry, will become more apparent if we seek the explanation elsewhere.

Is it to be found in the *essential worth of his character*? It is too early to attempt a finished portraiture, or even a full outline, but a glance at a few features which most attract us will serve the purpose of our argument.

He had a *clear, strong intellect*. This was manifest in the ease with which he grappled with great public questions. If his logical processes were not always conducted in obedience to the rules of the schools, his conclusions would yet silence the most orderly thinkers.

The same clearness was always evident in his easy intercourse with others, when his mind was unbent and at play.

He was also justly distinguished for *the tenderness of his heart*. This was indicated, not only in his care to occasion no needless suffering in the discharge of his executive duties, but also in numberless words and ways which were unofficial. You remember the touching letter he wrote to the mother in Boston, who had lost her sons in the cause of the country. His address at Gettysburg, remarkable as it is for the grandeur of its thought, is even more so for the tenderness he breathed into it. And only a few days ago, when at City Point, on his way from Richmond to Washington, he refused multiplied invitations which promised ease and entertainment, because "he had only time," as he said, "to go through the hospital and speak to the sick and wounded boys." Thus he passed from one cot to

another, clasping the hands of such as had them, and pressing the foreheads of the handless, smiling through his tears upon all, and thanking them for their self-sacrificing patriotism.

He was a man, too, of more than ordinary *conscientiousness*. Here we find the explanation of the hesitancy which appears, at times, in his action. A legion of politicians might beset him and urge him to effort, but having heard them all, he would take counsel of his conscience, and perhaps still remain inactive. He would do nothing unless he could see clearly what it was right to do. Here, also, we find the explanation of his undeviating firmness, when once he had become convinced of the rectitude of his measures.

Thus have we touched the salient points of his character. The study has indeed been superficial, but sufficiently thorough to convince all candid inquirers that we must look elsewhere for a full explanation of his success. We have discovered elements of character which exalt him to a place among the truly great, and without which he could never have succeeded, but which must be largely supplemented before we are furnished with a credible solution of his wonderful mastery.

BUT AGAIN. We may be told that although the secret of Abraham Lincoln's success has not yet been discovered, we are not driven to the explanation suggested by the text as the only alternative, since there is another method of detecting the hiding place of the power of imperial men. We discover that all such personages are perfectly familiar with the elements they have to mold and control, and that they also have a commanding position above their fellowmen, in consequence of greatness which was born in them—a kind of genius

which is beyond the reach of analysis. They know all about the common people, and yet are made greater and nobler than they, by towering gifts.

Shall we find here the explanation we are seeking? It is true that he knew all about the materials he was called to mold and control. Without the social elevation which results from aristocratic associations, born in a humble home and reared with the common people, he thoroughly understood all their wants, failings, foibles, and excellencies. He had, too, a certain native greatness of soul, which gave him a commanding position above the crowd. He was of them, yet not of them. He had a strange power over all who approached him, which did not find its spring in the arts of statesmanship, nor in familiarity with the great models of history. His soul was broad, deep, and lofty. He had a genius for command. All this is true of him, and if it had not been true he would have failed, yet it does not fully solve the marvel of his success. Had he been called to preside over thirty millions of people during a period of peace, such powers would surely have been no more than equal to his duty, but he entered upon his work at the opening of a vast civil war, whose close was coincident with the close of his career. The unknown quantities of the problem he was called to solve were well-nigh infinite in number, and the common processes of elimination were too slow to serve the demands of the work. A power was required which could arrive at results with electric haste, but which would neither flash nor thunder on its way. Or, to use another illustration, his work has often been as delicate as that of the daguerreotypist, whose pictures would quickly fade if he did not gild them, but who applies

his gold in the form of a solution. His vast abilities have been employed, but not according to common methods. Held, as it were, in solution by heavenly wisdom, they have been poured out in blessings on the land.

Elihu declared to Job that "great men are not always wise"; but the great man whose loss we mourn to-day was one of whom we may truly say, "The wisdom of God was in him to do judgment."

WHY NOW SHOULD WE HESITATE TO ACCEPT THE STATEMENT OF THE TEXT AS THE TRUE EXPLANATION OF HIS SUCCESS? Was there not a religiousness in his wisdom which cannot be accounted natural? His conscientiousness, of which we have spoken, was perhaps chiefly a natural endowment; but he was more than conscientious. He wished to obey right, not only because it was right, but because he saw the relation of all that is right to the righteousness of God. He obeyed conscience, not simply because he recognized its eminent authority, but because he felt it to be the voice of God in the soul of man. "He did not care to have the Lord on his side, but did most sincerely desire to be always found on the Lord's side." All this, I repeat, was not of nature. "The wisdom of God was in him." Nor need we wonder at this, if we believe that the God of Israel is our God, and that there is power in prayer. It is evident that he was not unwilling to be directed by the Almighty, for when he left his home in Springfield to enter upon his presidential duty, he asked the prayers of his neighbors for his success. Now consider what multitudes have been interceding for him ever since that day! Was there ever a man for whose success so many earnest prayers were offered? If God

has not heard these prayers our faith is vain; if he has heard them, it is easy to understand how the "wisdom of God" came to be in him. The prayers of millions have aided materially to make him what he was.

It is well worthy of our thought, too, that he was not only the gift of God in answer to prayer, but he was two gifts in one. Four years ago, the ears of the Almighty were continually filled with petitions from two classes of suppliants, concerning two great subjects which we now perceive were only one, but which then seemed, to the majority even of the intelligent and good among us, to be distinct. On the one hand, *we* were beseeching God to interpose for us, and preserve the Union of the States; while on the other, there were earnest cries and tears from an oppressed race dwelling within our borders, who had long been pleading for liberty, and were moved as by inspiration to a new trust that the time of their deliverance was drawing near. God heard us all. He heard us, for our cause was the cause of order and of law,—his own cause. He heard the prayers of the enslaved, for it is his wont to have mercy upon such. There was a people of the African race in the olden time, oppressed under Persian rule, who, having heard of Jehovah through the ministry of fugitive Jews, cried unto him, and "he sent them a savior, and a great one," in the person of Alexander. And now, in answer to the cries of an oppressed people of the same race, he sends another mighty deliverer in the person of Abraham Lincoln; one who was a more efficient savior for them, because he was also a gift of God to us, in answer to our prayers; and who, as the sequel demonstrates, has achieved far greater

things for us than he could have done if he had not been the great emancipator. We can never sufficiently adore the Divine goodness, which has not only liberated the enslaved and preserved the Union of the States, but has also made one man the instrument in the accomplishment of both these stupendous results. He might have given *us* a leader made after the sternest Jacksonian model, and endowed him with ability to save the Union by the force of an iron will, without paying special regard to the question of slavery. Such a man would have been the very gift multitudes thought desirable. Then he might have raised up a deliverer for the enslaved from among themselves, who would have inspired his race for the work of a bloody insurrection. This was the fearful method by which many of us believed their liberty would be secured.

Had God thus dealt with us, how entirely different would have been the present condition of all concerned. True, the Union would have been preserved, and the oppressed would have been delivered from bondage; but how much more perplexing for us would have been the problem of reconstruction, and how much less hopeful would have been the future of the emancipated race. Then, too, we should have been without the ennobling consciousness which now is ours, that our blood has been spilled and our treasure lavished, not only in defense of the Constitution, but also in the solution of a *vast moral question*. This fact, which passes into history, is one of that class of grand facts whose grandeur increases with the growth of the ages. It is like a mountain whose summit is covered with perpetual snow,—glorious always, but most glorious,

not when we are standing at its base, but when we behold it towering in the distance.

Abraham Lincoln was God's gift to us all! Nor need we wonder that he served us all so well, when we consider that countless prayers were offered for his success to the Divine Redeemer, who was a full Saviour for the Jews only because he became our Saviour also. The one gift of God to us all—he has made us one. We are all free! Nor should this excite our wonder when we consider that the wisdom of that Divine Emancipator and Harmonizer was in him, of whom the apostle says, "He is our peace who hath made both one, and broken down the middle wall of partition between us."

BUT HE IS DEAD! It is a signal fact in our history, that Adams and Jefferson, two men who had occupied the presidential chair, were removed by death on the same day, and this day, too, was the fiftieth anniversary of the nation's independence; but the period appointed of God for the removal of our late President was not less remarkable. Two days ago, as we doubt not, the identical old banner of the republic which was first dishonored by armed treason, was raised over the ruins of Fort Sumter—a token to all the world that the nation's life was saved! Its savior's work was done! He was assassinated on the evening of that very day. Probably he was not conscious for an instant after the infliction of the fatal wound, but his spirit lingered with us until after the rays of one rising sun had gilded anew the dear old flag. Then it was a fitting time for him to die, for his fame shall be like the glory of the sun in its rising.

WE CANNOT DISCOVER THE FULL MEANING OF THIS SAD

PROVIDENCE, YET IT CLEARLY CONVEYS TO US AN INVALUABLE LESSON CONCERNING THE STABILITY OF POPULAR GOVERNMENT. A new and most severe test having been applied, the structure is proved to be as solid as the granite hills. Once our enemies told us we were not strong enough to contend successfully with a foreign foe. This we disproved fifty years ago. Then, we were told that it would be impossible for us to conquer a domestic enemy. After a protracted period of the fiercest conflict the world ever saw, we have just now entered the capital of the traitors, and broken their military power. Thus again the ill-omened prophets of both hemispheres have been brought to confusion. There was yet one other declaration of the carping defamers of popular government to be proved false. They have asserted time and again, that a military power sufficiently large to overcome treason, would never submit to the claims of the constitution, but would become a law unto itself, and establish a despotism upon the ruins of civil authority. We did not believe this, but we did not certainly know that it was false until this awful assassination of our Chief Magistrate opened the way for a demonstration which will silence the base calumny now and forever. The greatest captain of the age, and the idol of the nation, fresh from the field of his grandest triumph, stands in the presence of all the people. Has a single tongue lisped a desire to exalt him to a throne and crown him as the first of a new line of monarchs? Not one! The *Constitution* designates another as our chief ruler. It is enough—the people hail him! You remember the first expression of the nation's purpose to defend the flag, after it had been insulted at Charleston. Nor will you

forget that solemn day of last November, when, after years of the severest discipline, the people declared anew, with the silent eloquence of the ballot, their undying love for the country. Both these expressions of the popular heart, were truly sublime, but neither impresses me so profoundly as this steady bearing of the nation during the past thirty hours. I am proud of my countrymen!

Perhaps, too, this calamity was needful to prepare the people for the stern work we have yet to do. It would seem that we ought to have learned the real temper of the rebellion before now. It has instigated the most fiendish riot known in human history—has practiced cruelties upon our kindred, taken in battle, in comparison with which the deeds of the old Spanish inquisition seem merciful—has conspired, in its hellish hate, to bury us in the ashes of our own dwellings—and still we were talking of a display of clemency and of magnanimity toward a conquered foe. It was needful that the nation should be brought to a better mind; for Congress, which has the constitutional right to declare the punishment of treason, is but the servant of the people. The healthful laws already upon our statute books, which make death the traitor's reward, seemed harsh to many. Do they seem so now?

Treason has taken the life of our loved and honored President. It has entered the sick room of our Secretary of State, and inflicted wounds which there is too much reason to fear will prove fatal; and we must believe that, horrid as all this is, it is only part of a vast and skillfully planned conspiracy to overthrow the entire executive power of the government. Let us go now together and gaze upon the form of our honored

dead. Around him are the folds of the flag in whose defense myriads have fallen. Not one of all the host of heroes loved the dear "stars and stripes" with a truer love than that which inspired the breast of our Chief Commander. Treason had not done its worst until it laid him low. The fiendish deed is done! Shall we turn now and open the arms of brotherly tenderness to monsters of iniquity who would count it all joy to trample his lifeless remains beneath their feet? They mock us who ask it! Shall traitors be welcomed to our fellowship? Shall we longer hug a sentimental theory of clemency? No! a thousand times no! We will not be vindictive, nor revengeful, but, God helping us, we will be just.

Our duty is stern and painful, but we must not shrink from its performance. Our voices may be feeble, but we will raise them for justice, and do all that in us lies to sustain our newly inaugurated President in the faithful execution of the laws. At least we will demand that the leaders of this rebellion shall suffer the extreme penalty of the law in death. This is duty. We owe it to ourselves, to coming generations, and to God.

LET US GO NOW TO OUR HOMES, AND TO OUR CLOSETS. Now, if ever, we need to pray. These are "times that try men's souls." Are we true men? Do we love our country? Do we love humanity? Do we love Jesus? This last question was proposed, not long ago, to our departed President. He replied with tears, "When I left my home in Springfield to come to Washington, though I felt my responsibility and asked my neighbors to pray for me, I was not a Christian. When my dear boy, Willie, was taken from me, I still was not a Christian, but when I stood on the field of Gettysburg

and looked upon the graves of its heroes, I gave myself to God, and now I can say that I do love Jesus."

Great Emancipator! The whole earth is filled with thy fame, and millions will mourn at thy tomb, yet thou art our brother in the fellowship of Jesus?

In Jesus sleep!

XIV

REV. HENRY B. SMITH, D.D.

"I am the Lord, and there is none else, there is no God besides me: I girded thee, though thou hast not known me."—ISA. 45. 5.

WE are apt to believe that man makes history. We look at the outside of events, and see not the secret springs that move and guide their progress. We judge them as they affect our transient feelings, interests, or plans. We measure them as they appear in time, and forget the past eternity in which they were all determined, and the future eternity in which they will all be interpreted.

But there is one who seeth the end from the beginning. There is a God who hideth himself, and only now and then revealeth himself. He alone fully knows what all things are and mean. He setteth up one, and putteth down another; and none can stay his hand, or say unto him, What doest thou? The lot is cast unto the lap, but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord. In his hand is the soul of every living thing, and the breath of all mankind. At one time he setteth every man's sword against his fellow, even throughout all the host (Judges 7. 22); at another time he leads us to say, Thou Lord wilt ordain peace for us; for thou also hast wrought all our works in us. So that in self-

renunciation we are compelled to acknowledge, that now, O Lord, thou art our Father; we are the clay, and thou our potter; and we all are the work of thy hands. The king's heart is in the hand of the Lord; as the rivers of water he turneth it whithersoever he will. In our text he says of Cyrus, as may be said of all great rulers guided by his providence in ways they knew not: "I girded thee, though thou hast not known me; that they may know from the rising of the sun, and from the west, that there is none beside me. I am the Lord, and there is none else."

And there are times in every individual, and in every national history, when these majestic and awe-inspiring truths underlying all events and all religion, are brought so distinctly home to every mind and heart, that they could not be made more impressive if written in lines of light upon the canopy of heaven. There are times when we must flee to the refuge of God's providence, if we would avoid the blindness of chance, or the despair of fatalism; for between these three, lawless chance, pitiless fate, or Divine providence, we must all at last choose in estimating the events of time. In the great crises and junctures of history, in its staggering vicissitudes, when viewing the hecatombs sacrificed upon fields of carnage, when bowed down by the stroke of speechless private woe, or mute with horror before appalling crime committed against the embodied majesty of the State, at the moment when a nation's destiny seems trembling in the balance—how deeply, how solemnly is the conviction forced upon us, that if there be any comfort, any refuge, it is only under the shadow of the Divine wings; it is only in the belief, that He who ruleth in the heavens ruleth

also upon the earth, and that the wrath of man shall praise him. But as for you, said Joseph to his brethren, ye thought evil against me; but God meant it unto good, to bring to pass as it is this day, to save much people alive.

And if ever a people were called upon, by an unparalleled concurrence and combination of circumstances, to recognize the hand of God in history, the hand of him who both forms the light and creates darkness, who maketh peace and createth evil, it is surely this American people under the present conjuncture of events, some of which have so recently filled us with thankful exultation, while others have plunged us in the depths of national grief, mingled with awe, as if the very contradictions of destiny were at the same instant appointed to be our lot. An all-wise and inscrutable Providence has been guiding us in ways we knew not of; girding us for a work which no man could foresee, or which, if foreseen, no man would have dared to attempt; enabling us, with faith and patience and sacrifice, to pass through all the vicissitudes of the greatest civil war in history, unexampled in its intensity, tenacity, resources, and cost both of treasures and men, until we had just come to see, as from the summit of another Pisgah, the promised land stretched out, inviting us to enter in and make of it a goodly land in the name of the Lord of hosts. And then, just at the moment when all hearts were jubilant with the hope of a quick-coming peace; when the great rebellion was staggering and crumbling down under the quick and sharp strokes by which alone it could be felled to the earth; when the nation was awaiting its jubilee, and the very air was ringing with the glad acclaims of

myriad voices of the freemen and the freed; and when many, too, in the fullness of their too exuberant joy, had begun to forget justice to the wrong-doers, and were speaking of an almost total amnesty and forgiveness; then the providence of God startled us again with a lesson which can never be forgotten, and, by the foulest crime of modern history, brought us once more face to face, in the most awful form imagination can conceive, with that gigantic sin which has brought all these woes upon us. As the great leader of the Israelites came only to the verge of the land of promise, and was not permitted to enter in, so the recognized and chosen leader of our republic was not allowed to share the full fruition of all he labored for with such sleepless watch and paternal care. An execrable assassin has sent him to his grave amid lamentation and wailing. A people stricken by the mighty hand of God, bowing low in the dust, can only say: I am dumb, I open not my mouth, because thou didst it.

And thus is the providence of God teaching us the highest lesson of trust, as well as the constant duty of submission. Some things in this providence are so open and legible, that only an atheist can be blind to them; others are so mysterious, that only God himself can interpret them unto us. How plainly, for example, during these four years of embittered strife and untold calamities, he has taught us the inmost meaning of this war as a punishment for our national sins, and as involving the highest moral aims and issues. Who now doubts that the sin of slavery was in part to be atoned for by our sufferings and blood? that a God of justice has been vindicating the rights of the oppressed? and that in this he has been true and righteous

altogether? Who now can doubt that the war has been so desperate and prolonged, in part that its great moral issue might be made up, and that its ethical lessons might be imprinted as with the point of a diamond as in lines of fire, upon the nation's conscience and heart? As our late President, in his last Inaugural, so solemnly said:—"If we shall suppose American slavery one of those offenses which in the providence of God must needs come, but which, having continued through his appointed time, he now wills to remove, and that he gives to both North and South this terrible war, as was due to those by whom the offense came, we shall not discern that there is any departure from those Divine attributes which believers in the living God always ascribe to him." And who can now doubt that the great Emancipation Proclamation of Abraham Lincoln was the turning-point in the strife, the decision on which all was hanging; that it gave to the North its moral supremacy, while it added two hundred thousand ardent patriots to our armies; that it took from the rebellion its last prop, and from foreign powers all possibility of intervention against the republic? And what a wonder-working providence appears in all the knots and stadia of our slow yet ever growing success: in the unexampled supply of armed men to meet each new emergency; in the stimulus given to labor, and the increase of our resources from month to month, from year to year; in the decrease of poverty and crime through all the North, and in its never-failing crops; in the moral training of our people, making them willing to endure hardships and to give up what was best and dearest to them for the sake of the good cause; in the openhanded devotion with which the

sicknesses and wounds of our suffering and dying soldiers have been ministered to in the hospital and on the field of battle by an army of self-denying men and women all through the land, spreading the broad mantle of charity over the horrors and carnage of war; in reviving and deepening the love of the Union and its glorious flag, and identifying the cause of the nation with the cause of human freedom; in the fact that our very defeats as well as in our successes have subverted the o'ermastering end; in our successive changes of commanders until we put the right men in the right places, and the foremost captain in the foremost place of all, giving concentration and unity to our scattered hosts; in guarding the land against latent conspiracy and sedition at the North, as well as against open treason and rebellion at the South; in carrying us safely through the most costly war ever waged, and enabling us, as a people, to shoulder and carry the staggering burden of our national debt, without a sensible diminution of the permanent capital of the country; and, above all this, in that ever-deepening trust in God's guidance and recognition of his authority, which have pervaded the very heart of this people as never before, imparting the assured confidence that their deeds and sacrifices were furthering the highest temporal ends of Divine justice, wisdom and love. In all these things the leadings of Divine Providence have been so manifold and conspicuous, that even the thoughtless have been led to join in the adoration: "The Lord he is God, and beside him there is none else." Nor is this providence less marked, had we time to trace it, in the course of affairs in respect to the revolted States, revealing by a sure process the inmost

nature of a rebellion, formed and impelled in the interests of a slave-holding oligarchy. It was perjured in its very beginning, and reckless of truth and law, imperious, denunciatory and violent, acting on the principle that might makes right; it squandered lives and property in reckless disregard of all interests but those of the dominant class, and carried on warfare with such barbarities toward our wounded and imprisoned soldiers as no modern civilized nation has ever known; and it has reaped the reward of these foul crimes in the impoverishment of States, in the destruction of a large majority of their white male population in the very prime of manhood, and in bringing mourning and desolation into a million families all over our wide republic. Fearful has already been their punishment; but its full measure no human tongue can tell. This rebellion will live in all history as one of the most awful of national crimes, followed by a no less signal retribution, illustrating the severity of the Divine judgments. When God's judgments are in the earth, the inhabitants will learn righteousness.

And now to these examples of Divine Providence in our national affairs, has been added yet another, in some respects the most affecting, and certainly the most unexpected of all, coming without warning, like the stroke of a thunderbolt from the clear sky, and at the very moment when the land was rejoicing in the plenitude of its victories. God has turned our joy into mourning, and the wail of grief chokes the utterance of the song of triumph.

A crime has been committed, unparalleled in the annals of modern history. The chosen head of our nation has fallen by the frenzy of an assassin. The

land mourns for its chief with such unanimity of sorrow as to show that republics are not ungrateful. Never was a king borne to his burial with such regal honors. On Wednesday last, through all the land from Maine to California, by all communions, in every church, funeral services were held with solemn rites and unfeigned grief. Almost every house, almost every person, bore some badge of mourning. A nation bowed before its God, stricken and sorrowing; its speech was low out of the dust. And so will it continue while the sacred remains of him we loved are borne in solemn pomp, with all the pageantry of woe, for fifteen hundred miles, through many of the chief cities of our country, until they are brought to his distant home in Springfield, which he has not revisited since he there bade his fellow citizens farewell four years ago, with the affecting words: "I know not how soon I shall see you again. A duty devolves upon me which is, perhaps, greater than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. He never would have succeeded except for the aid of Divine Providence, upon which he at all times relied. I feel that I cannot succeed without the same Divine aid which sustained him, and in the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support; and I hope you, my friends, will all pray that I may receive that Divine assistance, without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain. Again I bid you all an affectionate farewell." These simple, trustful words became at once dear to us; now they are embalmed in our memory forever, and every generation of coming time shall read them with tears. We now know that they came from the heart of a martyr. And as here,

so through all time, the names of Lincoln and Washington will be linked in the nation's memory, and embalmed in the nation's heart. Different as they were in their training and character, they were both equally the vessels of Omnipotence; God chose them to do an unequaled work, not only for this land, but also for mankind.

The death of the humblest man by malice and violence arouses deep indignation, and an instant resentment demands the punishment of the murderer, or he that sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed. The assassination of the beloved ruler of a mighty nation in the very crisis of a nation's fate, at first strikes all men dumb with consternation at the atrocity of the deed; and next demands that justice be executed, with a voice so clear and irresistible that all fine spun sentimentalism about the wrong of capital punishment is consumed in the blaze of a righteous wrath. It is not the language of revenge, but of justice.

This awful deed will take its place among the great crimes of history, and stand out with its startling lessons more and more distinctly as time recedes. No similar crime has been freighted with more momentous issues. There have not been many terrible assassinations of great rulers in the zenith of their power: Julius Cæsar, Henry the Fourth of France, William the Silent, Abraham Lincoln. And the name of Booth will go down in history, not with that of Brutus, who struck for the cause of the republic, but with that of Ravailac, impelled by fanaticism, and of Gerhard Balthasar, inflamed by the rancor of a persecuting church, which afterwards canonized him. Even these might plead that they acted in behalf of a cause which

had once inspired the faith of martyrs, and done some service to humanity. But the murderer of our President seems to have been urged on by a senseless hatred, which was born of the worst passions, allied with the most desperate of causes, working for the triumph of despotism and barbarism. No man was ever murdered so wantonly, with such insanity of villainy, and no one's death was ever so fatal to those that brought it about. At the very time the murderer's bullet pierced him, he was anxiously meditating the largest amnesty for the foes of our republic, and who were his enemies only because he was the nation's chosen ruler. He was then standing between them and justice. Words of pardon for his enemies were upon his dying lips. And what a contrast between the victim and the assassin—representing in some sort the contesting principles that have been at work in this war. The one was simple, guileless, frank, truthful, just, ruling in the fear of God: the other was crafty, theatrical, of external polish, yet implacable, wedded to a caste, unscrupulous, boastful, defiant of God and man, hating with a bitter hate, because he hated the light. Alas! that such a victim was needed for the good cause! Alas! that any man born of a woman, who had ever heard a mother's voice or known aught of human love, could have been left to commit so foul a deed!

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death.

And he, our President,

Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking off.

This crime, we say, stands out conspicuous, and full of instruction, whether we consider its source, its circumstances, its victim, or its probable influence.

What was its real and proper instigation? This is not to be sought alone or chiefly in the personal character and history of the murderer, but in the influences, which determined his fateful deed. No matter whether there was an avowed and widespread conspiracy or not, his murder was the fruit of a conspiracy. It is the rebellion itself, taking the form of an incarnate fiend; it is the rebellion concentrated and impersonated, all its principles and motives gathered together in one fatal stroke. It is secession, treason, perjury, cruelty, fraud, and bitter hatred, getting hold of a man as with a demoniacal possession, and transforming him into a fiend. It is the despair of a desperate and lost cause in its last blind and infuriate assault upon a righteous, civilized and benevolent government. It is the very spirit of slavery, its pride of caste, its impatience of restraint, its ungovernable passions, its rooted selfishness, its malignity and barbarism when fully roused, its recklessness of all obligations human or Divine; and, we may add, its frantic and impotent fury against the handwriting on the wall—in its last expiring act, intended to show us, so that none shall ever forget it, against what we have been contending, and that our costly sacrifices have been well offered if this foul spirit can be forever ejected from the body politic.

The circumstances of this crime will also ever give it a marked place in history. In different forms it seems to have been long premeditated; and at last it was astutely planned, with a wide foresight of contingencies. It was a most foul and deliberate murder,

executed in more than the light and crowd of a common noonday even in a populous city; and yet the well-known assassin by his very daring managed to escape, and has since as yet been untracked. In an instant, unwarned, it struck down the head of the republic, all unarmed, all unsuspecting; on the evening of Good Friday, when a still more awful sin was commemorated; at the close of a day when our nation's flag had again been planted with joyful shouts upon the walls of Fort Sumter, where first it was trailed in the dust by our foes. On this very day Mr. Lincoln, it is said, had been expressing such a feeling of relief from exhausting cares as he had not known for years. Many of his highest hopes had been fulfilled. Through four long years he had watched and prayed; and the rays of the coming morning had just struck upon his vision, when the light of his eyes was at once and forever quenched. Victory was everywhere crowning our arms in that last masterly campaign, more complete in its plans and execution than any campaign since the wars of the first Napoleon. The end for which our careworn President had been toiling seemed to be in his very grasp. He was enthroned as never before in the hearts of his countrymen. No man in this world held a more lofty or a more responsible position; none seemed so needful for the welfare of the state. In the noontide of his career he was struck down suddenly; and after he fell no word passed his lips, until he slowly breathed his last amid the grief and silent awe of a whole nation.

What an impressive lesson of the vanity of all human hopes! of the frailty of all human dependence! It seems to say to every one in this land:—Our days are swifter than a post; they flee away. They are passed

away as the swift ships; as the eagle that hasteth to his prey. We know not what a day nor an hour may bring forth.

But *his* work, may we not say? was done, and well done. He was true to the last; and he died in the zenith of his well-earned fame. His careworn and sad face, with its ever-benignant smile, seems now, as we recall it, to have indicated a certain presentiment of destiny. He may have had a dim consciousness, that thus it might be, from the time of the first plot against his sacred life, on his journey to Washington just before his first inauguration. Sometimes he alluded to it, as in his well remembered speech at Philadelphia about two years ago. But yet he was guarded against all harm, until by his triumphant reelection the success of the national cause was well-nigh assured. He lived to see the great points gained for which he had been struggling. He had early expressed the determination of retaking all the fortified places that had been wrenched from the nation's hands; and by the fall of Mobile the day before he died, all east of the Mississippi had become ours. His place in history is assured. He is the costliest sacrifice to the great slaveholders' rebellion of the nineteenth century. He is the chief victim of this dire conspiracy against human rights and Divine law. His sacred image shall henceforth be encircled with the aureole that befits a martyr's brow; for, as much as any man that ever fell, is he a martyr to the principles for which he lived and died. And his name shall be named among the great benefactors of the race. In every earthly sense, death to him is swallowed up in victory. And in a more than earthly sense, we believe that this is also true of

him; for Abraham Lincoln was a man of prayer, of simple trust in God, acting upon and repeating, in his later years, according to the light given unto him, those words of our blessed Lord: "Not my will, but thine be done."

And thus this greatest tragedy of our country's history is made forever memorable by the character of its victim, as well as by its circumstances and instigators.

Of our late President it may, without extravagant eulogy, be said, that he became endeared to the whole nation, and won their confidence, as has no other man since the days of Washington. And this was the work of five short years. When nominated for the Presidency he was neither widely nor intimately known by the mass of the people. Almost from the necessity of the circumstances in which he has since been placed, he has been vilified, traduced, and misinterpreted without stint. Through obloquy he won his way to fame. And what a fame, to be built up in so short a time; and how worthily, on the whole, it has been won! Public confidence in him has been steadily growing ever since he came to the chief chair of state; his own high character was also ever growing, until he became the man in whom the great body of the people felt an almost unlimited trust. This was owing, not to any stirring eloquence, of which Americans are so passionately fond, for he was not an eloquent man; not to his political astuteness, for herein he was surpassed by many of his compeers; not to his skill in using the arts of a demagogue, for he disowned the ways of intrigue and bargain; but partly to the fact of his proverbial honesty; in part to the conviction that he was truthful in speech and character; partly to his keen logic, ac-

accompanied with a certain flavor of quaintness and homeliness in his popular addresses; in part to the simplicity of his character; partly to that kindliness, which fascinated those who knew him best; in part to his broad and genial sympathies with the popular mind and heart; yet chiefly, perhaps, to his being to so unusual an extent the embodiment and representative of the average and substantial character of the American people, especially as brought out in the great battle we are now waging.

Abraham Lincoln was not a model man, but he was a representative man. Called to what was at that juncture the very highest and most important post in the world's affairs, he so discharged the sacred trust and bore the heavy burden laid upon him, that now all men see that he was a faithful, wise and sagacious ruler, misled by no extremes, blinded by no false lights, wedded to no impracticable theory, waiting for events long enough to study them, yet speaking and acting decisively when the opportunity came: thus being the man we needed to represent us in the perilous times when he was called to play so high a part. Many were oft asking for sharper words and more abrupt action; others were ever fearful that rashness would rule the hour and hurry us on to anarchy. But there was a wise man at the helm, and his hand, and his alone, has firmly held it during these four eventful years; and through all danger the ship of state has made its course, avoiding the shoals and the breakers, until it is now sailing on again, the storm behind it, upon the broad and open sea. It is verily God that hath wrought this; and he wrought it through the mingled caution and firmness of our late President.

Mr. Lincoln, we say, was a representative man in his epoch—a fair representative of the best average character of the loyal people of the United States in our great crisis. Though he had not the breeding and mien of the courtier, he had the breeding and bearing of a strong and genuine manhood. God does not always choose those persons to execute his purposes, whom short-sighted men might think best fitted for the task. Hard work requires strong muscles. When great principles are to be maintained, we need manly sense, unblemished integrity, and practical sagacity, rather than finespun theories, courtly grace, or the arts of the skillful demagogue. In a great crisis, the demand is for a man in whom we can have entire confidence. He may make mistakes, for he is human; but he will rectify them, for he is intent on the public welfare. We like a strong man, of whom it can be truly said, that he means well, and is about right. This is better than genius, or eloquence, or external polish; it is better than either conservatism or radicalism, for it is the mean between the two. Such a man the people found in Abraham Lincoln; and they gave him their confidence in spite of the mere politicians and wire-pullers. He was emphatically our representative man. He was this in his homely sense, his practical shrewdness, his love of a good story and an apt illustration, his logical use of the queerest anecdotes, his constant appeals to a roundabout commonsense; as also in his kindness of heart, his sympathy with the details of private griefs, and his magnanimity toward his enemies. He was our representative, too, in his willingness to hear all sides before he made up his mind; in his apparent hesitation about coming to a final decision when such

vast interests were at stake; in his desire to see the way out before he put his foot in; and in his inflexible earnestness and invincible pertinacity when the decision was at length reached. He had the rare sagacity, better than any theoretic anticipations, of feeling as it were the pulse of the nation; of knowing how far it was safe to go at any one time; of pausing when doubtful; of keeping just far enough in advance of the current as to seem to guide it while really borne upon it, being neither dashed upon the rocks ahead nor left struggling in the eddy behind. And if he had not done so—just about this and neither more nor less—who can tell how different might have been the result in many a trying hour? If we were now asked, who, during the last four years, has, on the whole, best represented, and so guided, this whole nation in its fearful burdens and struggles, we must, after all, I think, name the name of Lincoln. We have had abler politicians, more eloquent lawyers, more polished diplomats; men more learned in literature, history and law; more magnetic leaders, and more decisive characters; but we have not had for many a year a wiser, a better, a more patient and faithful ruler, nor one who has so deeply touched the best sympathies and emotions of the general mind and conscience of this nation. He lacked enthusiasm, but enthusiasm is apt to be partial; he could not stir the people as with the voice of a trumpet, but many a time his wise and tender and trustful words have swept the chords of their better natures. Even his favorite measures he never sought to press by threats and violence; and yet most of them were carried in spite of all opposition; and he never urged those that were merely tentative and involved no final principles, when

they were judged inexpedient. He was a thorough republican in the simplicity of his character, habits and speech, never elated by his honors, nor affecting greatness. Without pride and without vanity he bore the dignities of his high office.

He was also a thorough republican, and in this sense too a representative man, in his inwrought conviction of the safety and power of our republican institutions. He loved the republic as a republic. His heart and mind were steeped in its fundamental principles. He believed that the people might be trusted with power. Our institutions had made him what he was, and he loved a country which could so mold men, taking them from the lowliest places and setting their feet in the palaces of kings. He had known the full stimulus and blessings of this government, and felt that it was strong and must endure. Next to his trust in God was his trust in this people, under the belief that God was guiding it to a high destiny. In the darkest hours he still believed that the republic was safe and would come out triumphant in the end. He did not admit the thought that secession could divide us, or rebellion subdue us, or slavery rule us. For all these States he saw only one country, one constitution, and one destiny, and that destiny determined by the principle of freedom.

He likewise represented the prevailing sentiment of the country in respect to the causes and results of the war, as well as the method of its prosecution in relation to the subject of slavery. He saw in slavery the real cause of the rebellion, and came slowly yet irresistibly to the conviction, that slavery must die in order that the nation might live. And ever after, no man in

the land was more resolved, that the end of the war must also be the end of slavery in all the revolted States. This moral issue forced itself upon him with ever-increasing earnestness and distinctness, and found its most definite expression in the ever memorable words of his last inaugural address—a document which, for its originality, simplicity, wisdom and moral earnestness, will go down to other and far-distant days. In solemn words our calamities are traced to the Divine judgments, which are confessed to be true and righteous altogether. And then his wise and noble heart finds utterance:—"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for those who shall have borne the battle, and for their widows and orphans: And with all this let us strive after a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

Equally conspicuous, and also expressive of the heart of this people, was his firm trust in Divine Providence, as ever guiding us, though in ways we knew not of. This, we doubt not, was the keystone of his policy, as it has been the corner stone of our strength. It was often expressed, and never more touchingly than in a letter he wrote to that well-known philanthropist, Miss Eliza P. Gurney, dated Executive Mansion, Washington, September 4, 1864, in the course of which he says: "I am much indebted to the Christian people of this country for their Christian prayers and consolations, and to no one of them more than to yourself. The purposes of the Almighty are perfect and must prevail, though we erring mortals may fail to perceive them in

advance. Surely he intends some great good to follow this mighty convulsion, which no mortal could make and no mortal can stay." Such words are doubly dear to us now that he is gone; they are an invaluable legacy. God will not forget or leave a nation that has such rulers.

In coming, now, to speak of the influence and effects of this great crime, we must never forget, that though clouds and darkness may surround it, yet, with all its mystery and all its horrors, it is ordained by Him of whom it is said, that justice and judgment are the habitation of his throne. He who girded our late ruler as he did Cyrus of old, has taken him from us, and thus bids us learn the lesson of submission to his sovereign authority. We may perchance vainly ask, Why was such a precious sacrifice needed? Why might not the thousands already slaughtered suffice? Why cannot a good cause succeed except by the blood of patriots and martyrs? Why must the death of the world's best friends be evermore the price of the world's best blessings? But this is the law of life, the law of history, the method of Christian progress. The higher must live and die for the lower, that the lower may be disenthralled and elevated. So it always has been. In the perennial and awe-inspiring conflict between sin and righteousness, so it must needs be. Redemption is purchased by sacrifice. God spared not his own Son; God spares not the best of men. This shows us, and is meant to show us, not only the evil of sin, but also the priceless worth of justice and righteousness. And so it is here and now. This country never fully realized all the turpitude and enormity of this rebellion, until our President fell a victim to it. It never knew how

costly were the principles and blessings for which we have been contending, until it estimated their worth in this great sacrifice. Now it has learned the lesson, and it will never forget it.

Sin is sin; perjury is perjury; oppression is oppression; treason is treason; assassination is assassination. If there is a crime, there must be a penalty. It is a wrong to the innocent to let the guilty escape. The spurious mercy of the hour may be cruelty to the next generation. It is trifling with our country's future welfare, to blot out the record of all these crimes, and welcome to hospitable boards and public honors the very leaders of the most selfish, inexcusable and barbarous revolt in history. It is an old maxim, quoted by jurists:—"*Ne pereat Israel, pereat Absalom*"; "*Absalom must perish that Israel may not perish.*" Mercy may and must be shown to those that have been hoodwinked and misled; but that mercy can be made safe and right, only as justice is meted out to those who have brought all these flagrant woes and unnumbered ills upon our peaceful land, and

many a soul
Of mighty warriors to the viewless shades
Untimely sent.

If these leaders live it must not be in this land; those that plotted and fought to destroy their country must henceforth be without a country; and through dishonored lives, with the mark of Cain upon them, go down to unhonored graves. From half a million of graves all over the land, from widows and orphans in every hamlet, from the lips of justice, from the very heart of liberty itself, comes up the cry for justice upon the guilty chieftains of this dire revolt. Their names

must be evermore named with those of Catiline and Nero; and we will teach our children, and they theirs, to carry them down through all coming time as the dread symbols of an unequaled perfidy and an unpardoned crime against humanity itself. There are some crimes that a nation cannot forgive. Nations have no future being; and national justice must be executed here or it never will be executed.

If we are to have a permanent peace, not merely the form, but the animating spirit of the rebellion must be subdued. And this can only be done in two ways. That caste in which the revolt was rooted, must as a caste be extirpated; partly by emancipation thoroughly carried out; partly by executing justice upon the chief authors and abettors of the crime. The other way is, by pouring all our treasures of education, philanthropy and religion into the States now impoverished and devastated by war, and uniting them to us by new and closer ties. And this last work is to be our greatest work; and in it will be found and realized one of the greatest and most needed triumphs of modern civilization. Especially must we use all means to raise up the class of freedmen to the dignity and responsibilities of their new position, as men and as citizens. The prejudice of color must yield to the claims of civilization, philanthropy and religion.

And in all our grief let us not forget the mighty work which God hath wrought upon and in us during these quick-passing and eventful years, in which Abraham Lincoln sat in the highest seat of the nation. So great a revolution was, perhaps, never accomplished in so short a time, still leaving the old foundation and structure of the state unharmed. Four millions of bondmen

have been virtually freed. Freedom has become the settled policy of the whole country. The unity of the republic has been ensured for a long generation. Our supremacy on this continent is no longer doubtful. No European power will here attempt any new projects of subjugation or colonization. No foreign nation will willingly molest us. Our resources are boundless; a new tide of emigration will soon set in; in all industrial pursuits we shall be independent of foreign aid. We have passed, amid these throes, from the careless and boastful youth to the more firm and thoughtful manhood of our career. We are more truly a nation now than we have ever before been; we are independent of European thought and opinion; we are self-reliant. We have taken our place, in full panoply, in the very van of the world's progress, representing, as dare no other people, the rights of humanity and the worth of man. Our place in the general history of the world is assured, as is also the place of him who, at such a juncture, during just these years of travail and transition, was the lawful and the honored ruler of the republic. If Lincoln lived for fame, he surely has his reward; as he did not live for fame, but for truth and justice, his reward shall be greater yet.

Let us, then, this day thank God that the republic still lives, stronger than ever before; its foes put under its feet; its revilers put to shame; yea, cemented still more strongly by the sacred blood which was shed in passion to destroy its life. The workman is gone; the work abides.

ORATION

HON. GEORGE BANCROFT

OUR grief and horror at the crime which has clothed the continent in mourning, find no adequate expression in words, and no relief in tears. The President of the United States of America has fallen by the hands of an assassin. Neither the office with which he was invested by the approved choice of a mighty people, nor the most simple-hearted kindness of nature, could save him from the fiendish passions of relentless fanaticism. The wailings of the millions attend his remains as they are borne in solemn procession over our great rivers, along the seaside, beyond the mountains, across the prairie, to their resting place in the valley of the Mississippi. His funeral knell vibrates through the world, and the friends of freedom of every tongue and in every clime are his mourners.

Too few days have passed away since Abraham Lincoln stood in the flush of vigorous manhood, to permit any attempt at an analysis of his character or an exposition of his career. We find it hard to believe that his large eyes, which in their softness and beauty expressed nothing but benevolence and gentleness, are closed in death; we almost look for the pleasant smile that brought out more vividly the earnest cast of his features, which were serious even to sadness. A few

years ago he was a village attorney, engaged in the support of a rising family, unknown to fame, scarcely named beyond his neighborhood; his administration made him the most conspicuous man in his country, and drew on him first the astonished gaze, and then the respect and admiration of the world.

Those who come after us will decide how much of the wonderful results of his public career is due to his own good common sense, his shrewd sagacity, readiness of wit, quick interpretation of the public mind, his rare combination of fixedness and pliancy, his steady tendency of purpose; how much to the American people, who, as he walked with them side by side, inspired him with their own wisdom and energy; and how much to the overruling laws of the moral world, by which the selfishness of evil is made to defeat itself. But after every allowance, it will remain that members of the government which preceded his administration opened the gates to treason, and he closed them; that when he went to Washington the ground on which he trod shook under his feet, and he left the republic on a solid foundation; that traitors had seized public forts and arsenals, and he recovered them for the United States, to whom they belonged; that the capital, which he found the abode of slaves, is now the home only of the free; that the boundless public domain which was grasped at, and, in a great measure, held for the diffusion of slavery, is now irrevocably devoted to freedom; that then men talked a jargon of a balance of power in a republic between slave States and free States, and now the foolish words are blown away forever by the breath of Maryland, Missouri, and Tennessee; that a terrible cloud of political heresy rose from the abyss,

threatening to hide the light of the sun, and under its darkness a rebellion was growing into indefinable proportions; now the atmosphere is purer than ever before, and the insurrection is vanishing away; the country is cast into another mold, and the gigantic system of wrong, which had been the work of more than two centuries, is dashed down, we hope forever. And as to himself, personally: he was then scoffed at by the proud as unfit for his station, and now against usage of later years and in spite of numerous competitors he was the unbiased and the undoubted choice of the American people for a second term of service. Through all the mad business of treason he retained the sweetness of a most placable disposition; and the slaughter of myriads of the best on the battlefield, and the more terrible destruction of our men in captivity by the slow torture of exposure and starvation, had never been able to provoke him into harboring one vengeful feeling or one purpose of cruelty.

How shall the nation most completely show its sorrow at Mr. Lincoln's death? How shall it best honor his memory? There can be but one answer. He was struck down when he was highest in its service, and in strict conformity with duty was engaged in carrying out principles affecting its life, its good name, and its relations to the cause of freedom and the progress of mankind. Grief must take the character of action, and breathe itself forth in the assertion of the policy to which he fell a victim. The standard which he held in his hand must be uplifted again higher and more firmly than before, and must be carried on to triumph. Above everything else, his proclamation of the first day of January, 1863, declaring throughout the parts of the

country in rebellion, the freedom of all persons who had been held as slaves, must be affirmed and maintained.

Events, as they rolled onward, have removed every doubt of the legality and binding force of that proclamation. The country and the rebel government have each laid claim to the public service of the slave, and yet but one of the two can have a rightful claim to such service. That rightful claim belongs to the United States, because every one born on their soil, with the few exceptions of the children of travelers and transient residents, owes them a primary allegiance. Every one so born has been counted among those represented in Congress; every slave has ever been represented in Congress; imperfectly and wrongly it may be—but still has been counted and represented. The slave born on our soil always owed allegiance to the general government. It may in time past have been a qualified allegiance, manifested through his master, as the allegiance of a ward through its guardian, or of an infant through its parent. But when the master became false to his allegiance, the slave stood face to face with his country; and his allegiance, which may before have been a qualified one, became direct and immediate. His chains fell off, and he rose at once in the presence of the nation, bound, like the rest of us, to its defense. Mr. Lincoln's proclamation did but take notice of the already existing right of the bondman to freedom. The treason of the master made it a public crime for the slave to continue his obedience; the treason of a State set free the collective bondmen of that State.

This doctrine is supported by the analogy of precedents. In the times of feudalism the treason of the

lord of the manor deprived him of his serfs; the spurious feudalism that existed among us differs in many respects from the feudalism of the middle ages, but so far the precedent runs parallel with the present case; for treason the master then, for treason the master now, loses his slaves.

In the middle ages the sovereign appointed another lord over the serfs and the lands which they cultivated; in our day the sovereign makes them masters of their own persons, lords over themselves.

It has been said that we are at war, and that emancipation is not a belligerent right. The objection disappears before analysis. In a war between independent powers the invading foreigner invites to his standard all who will give him aid, whether bond or free, and he rewards them according to his ability and his pleasure, with gifts of freedom: but when at a peace, he withdraws from the invaded country, he must take his aiders and comforters with him; or if he leaves them behind, where he has no court to enforce his decrees, he can give them no security, unless it be by the stipulations of a treaty. In a civil war it is altogether different. There, when rebellion is crushed, the old government is restored, and its courts resume their jurisdiction. So it is with us; the United States have courts of their own, that must punish the guilt of treason and vindicate the freedom of persons whom the fact of rebellion has set free.

Nor may it be said, that because slavery existed in most of the States when the Union was formed, it cannot rightfully be interfered with now. A change has taken place, such as Madison foresaw, and for which he pointed out the remedy. The constitutions

of States had been transformed before the plotters of treason carried them away into rebellion. When the Federal Constitution was framed, general emancipation was thought to be near; and everywhere the respective legislatures had authority, in the exercise of their ordinary functions, to do away with slavery. Since that time the attempt has been made in what are called slave States, to render the condition of slavery perpetual; and events have proved, with the clearness of demonstration, that a constitution which seeks to continue a caste of hereditary bondmen through endless generations is inconsistent with the existence of republican institutions.

So, then, the new President and the people of the United States must insist that the proclamation of freedom shall stand as a reality. And, moreover, the people must never cease to insist that the Constitution shall be so amended as utterly to prohibit slavery on any part of our soil for evermore.

Alas! that a State in our vicinity should withhold its assent to this last beneficent measure: its refusal was an encouragement to our enemies equal to the gain of a pitched battle; and delays the only hopeful method of pacification. The removal of the cause of the rebellion is not only demanded by justice; it is the policy of mercy, making room for a wider clemency; it is the part of order against a chaos of controversy; its success brings with it true reconciliation, a lasting peace, a continuous growth of confidence through an assimilation of the social condition.

Here is the fitting expression of the mourning of to-day.

And let no lover of his country say that this warn-

ing is uncalled for. The cry is delusive that slavery is dead. Even now it is nerving itself for a fresh struggle for continuance. The last winds from the South waft to us the sad intelligence that a man who had surrounded himself with the glory of the most brilliant and most varied achievements, who but a week ago was counted with affectionate pride among the greatest benefactors of his country and the ablest generals of all time, has initiated the exercise of more than the whole power of the Executive, and under the name of peace has, perhaps unconsciously, revived slavery, and given the hope of security and political power to traitors, from the Chesapeake to the Rio Grande. Why could he not remember the dying advice of Washington, never to draw the sword but for self-defense or the rights of his country, and when drawn, never to sheath it till its work should be accomplished? And, yet, from this ill-considered act, which the people with one united voice condemn, no great evil will follow save the shadow on his own fame, and that, also, we hope will pass away. The individual, even in the greatness of military glory, sinks into insignificance before the resistless movements of ideas in the history of man. No one can turn back or stay the march of Providence.

No sentiment of despair may mix with our sorrow. We owe it to the memory of the dead, we owe it to the cause of popular liberty throughout the world, that the sudden crime which has taken the life of the President of the United States shall not produce the least impediment in the smooth course of public affairs. This great city, in the midst of unexampled emblems of deeply seated grief, has sustained itself with composure and

magnanimity. It has nobly done its part in guarding against the derangement of business or the slightest shock to public credit. The enemies of the republic put it to the severest trial; but the voice of faction has not been heard; doubt and despondency have been unknown. In serene majesty the country rises in the beauty and strength and hope of youth, and proves to the world the quiet energy and the durability of institutions growing out of the reason and affections of the people.

Heaven has willed it that the United States shall live. The nations of the earth cannot spare them. All the worn-out aristocracies of Europe saw in the spurious feudalism of slaveholding, their strongest outpost, and banded themselves together with the deadly enemies of our national life. If the Old World will discuss the respective advantages of oligarchy or equality; of the union of church and state, or the rightful freedom of religion; of land accessible to the many, or of land monopolized by an ever-decreasing number of the few, the United States must live to control the decision by their quiet and unobtrusive example. It has often and truly been observed, that the trust and affection of the masses gather naturally round an individual; if the inquiry is made, whether the man so trusted and beloved shall elicit from the reason of the people, enduring institutions of their own, or shall sequester political power for a superintending dynasty, the United States must live to solve the problem. If a question is raised on the respective merits of Timoleon or Julius Cæsar, of Washington or Napoleon, the United States must be there to call to mind that there were twelve Cæsars, most of them the

opprobrium of the human race, and to contrast with them the line of American Presidents.

The duty of the hour is incomplete, our mourning is insincere, if, while we express unwavering trust in the great principles that underlie our government, we do not also give our support to the man to whom the people have entrusted its administration.

Andrew Johnson is now, by the Constitution, the President of the United States, and he stands before the world as the most conspicuous representative of the industrial classes. Left an orphan at four years old, poverty and toil were his steps to honor. His youth was not passed in the halls of colleges; nevertheless he has received a thorough political education in statesmanship, in the school of the people, and by long experience of public life. A village functionary; member successively of each branch of the Tennessee Legislature, hearing with a thrill of joy, the words, "the Union, it must be preserved"; a representative in Congress for successive years; Governor of the great State of Tennessee, approved as its Governor by re-election; he was at the opening of the rebellion a Senator from that State in Congress. Then at the Capitol, when Senators, unrebuked by the government, sent word by telegram to seize forts and arsenals, he alone from that Southern region told them what the Government did not dare to tell them, that they were traitors, and deserved the punishment of treason. Undismayed by a perpetual purpose of public enemies to take his life, bearing up against the still greater trial of the persecution of his wife and children, in due time he went back to his State, determined to restore it to the Union, or die with the American flag for his winding sheet.

And now, at the call of the United States, he has returned to Washington as a conqueror, with Tennessee as a free State for his trophy. It remains for him to consummate the vindication of the Union.

To that Union Abraham Lincoln has fallen a martyr. His death, which was meant to sever it beyond repair, binds it more closely and more firmly than ever. The blow aimed at him, was aimed not at the native of Kentucky, not at the citizen of Illinois, but at the man, who, as President, in the executive branch of the government, stood as the representative of every man in the United States. The object of the crime was the life of the whole people; and it wounds the affections of the whole people. From Maine to the southwest boundary on the Pacific, it makes us one. The country may have needed an imperishable grief to touch its inmost feeling. The grave that receives the remains of Lincoln, receives the costly sacrifice to the Union; the monument which will rise over his body will bear witness to the Union; his enduring memory will assist during countless ages to bind the States together, and to incite to the love of our one undivided, indivisible country. Peace to the ashes of our departed friend, the friend of his country and of his race. He was happy in his life, for he was the restorer of the republic; he was happy in his death, for his martyrdom will plead forever for the Union of the States and the freedom of man.

ORATION
AT THE BURIAL AT SPRINGFIELD

BISHOP SIMPSON

NEAR the capital of this large and growing State of Illinois, in the midst of this beautiful grove, and at the open mouth of the vault which has just received the remains of our fallen chieftain, we gather to pay a tribute of respect and to drop the tears of sorrow around the ashes of the mighty dead. A little more than four years ago he left his plain and quiet home in yonder city, receiving the parting words of the concourse of friends who, in the midst of the dropping of the gentle shower, gathered around him. He spoke of the pain of parting from the place where he had lived for a quarter of a century, where his children had been born, and his home had been rendered pleasant by friendly associations, and, as he left, he made an earnest request, in the hearing of some who are present at this hour, that, as he was about to enter upon responsibilities which he believed to be greater than any which had fallen upon any man since the days of Washington, the people would offer up prayers that God would aid and sustain him in the work which they had given him to do. His company left your quiet city, but, as it went, snares were in waiting for the Chief Magistrate. Scarcely did he escape the dangers of the way or the hands of the assassin, as he neared Washington; and

I believe he escaped only through the vigilance of officers and the prayers of his people, so that the blow was suspended for more than four years, which was at last permitted, through the providence of God, to fall.

How different the occasion which witnessed his departure from that which witnessed his return. Doubtless you expected to take him by the hand, and to feel the warm grasp which you had felt in other days, and to see the tall form walking among you which you had delighted to honor in years past. But he was never permitted to come until he came with lips mute and silent, the frame encoffined, and a weeping nation following as his mourners. Such a scene as his return to you was never witnessed. Among the events of history there have been great processions of mourners. There was one for the patriarch Jacob, which went up from Egypt, and the Egyptians wondered at the evidences of reverence and filial affection which came from the hearts of the Israelites. There was mourning when Moses fell upon the heights of Pisgah and was hid from human view. There have been mournings in the kingdoms of the earth when kings and princes have fallen, but never was there, in the history of man, such mourning as that which has accompanied this funeral procession, and has gathered around the mortal remains of him who was our loved one, and who now sleeps among us. If we glance at the procession which followed him, we see how the nation stood aghast. Tears filled the eyes of manly, sunburnt faces. Strong men, as they clasped the hands of their friends, were unable to find vent for their grief in words. Women and little children caught up the tidings as they ran

through the land, and were melted into tears. The nation stood still. Men left their plows in the fields and asked what the end should be. The hum of manufactories ceased, and the sound of the hammer was not heard. Busy merchants closed their doors, and in the exchange gold passed no more from hand to hand. Though three weeks have elapsed, the nation has scarcely breathed easily yet. A mournful silence is abroad upon the land; nor is this mourning confined to any class or to any district of country. Men of all political parties, and of all religious creeds, have united in paying this mournful tribute. The archbishop of the Roman Catholic Church in New York and a Protestant minister walked side by side in the sad procession, and a Jewish rabbi performed a part of the solemn services.

Here are gathered around his tomb the representatives of the army and navy, senators, judges, governors, and officers of all the branches of the Government. Here, too, are members of civic processions, with men and women from the humblest as well as the highest occupations. Here and there, too, are tears, as sincere and warm as any that drop, which come from the eyes of those whose kindred and whose race have been freed from their chains by him whom they mourn as their deliverer. More persons have gazed on the face of the departed than ever looked upon the face of any other departed man. More races have looked on the procession for 1,600 miles or more—by night and by day—by sunlight, dawn, twilight, and by torchlight, than ever before watched the progress of a procession.

We ask why this wonderful mourning—this great procession? I answer, first, a part of the interest has

arisen from the times in which we live, and in which he that had fallen was a principal actor. It is a principle of our nature that feelings, once excited, turn readily from the object by which they are excited, to some other object which may for the time being take possession of the mind. Another principle is, the deepest affections of our hearts gather around some human form in which are incarnated the living thoughts and ideas of the passing age. If we look then at the times, we see an age of excitement. For four years the popular heart has been stirred to its inmost depth. War had come upon us, dividing families, separating nearest and dearest friends—a war, the extent and magnitude of which no one could estimate—a war in which the blood of brethren was shed by a brother's hand. A call for soldiers was made by this voice now hushed, and all over the land, from hill and mountain, from plain to valley, there sprang up thousands of bold hearts, ready to go forth and save our national Union. This feeling of excitement was transferred next into a feeling of deep grief because of the dangers in which our country was placed. Many said, "Is it possible to save our nation?" Some in our country, and nearly all the leading men in other countries, declared it to be impossible to maintain the Union; and many an honest and patriotic heart was deeply pained with apprehensions of common ruin; and many, in grief and almost in despair, anxiously inquired, What shall the end of these things be? In addition to this wives had given their husbands, mothers their sons, the pride and joy of their hearts. They saw them put on the uniform, they saw them take the martial step, and they tried to hide their deep feeling of sad-

ness. Many dear ones slept upon the battlefield never to return again, and there was mourning in every mansion and in every cabin in our broad land. Then came a feeling of deeper sadness as the story came of prisoners tortured to death or starved through the mandates of those who are called the representatives of the chivalry, and who claimed to be the honorable ones of the earth; and as we read the stories of frames attenuated and reduced to mere skeletons, our grief turned partly into horror and partly into a cry for vengeance.

Then this feeling was changed to one of joy. There came signs of the end of this rebellion. We followed the career of our glorious generals. We saw our army, under the command of the brave officer who is guiding this procession, climb up the heights of Lookout Mountain and drive the rebels from their strongholds. Another brave general swept through Georgia, South and North Carolina, and drove the combined armies of the rebels before him, while the honored Lieutenant-General held Lee and his hosts in a death grasp.

Then the tidings came that Richmond was evacuated, and that Lee had surrendered. The bells rang merrily all over the land. The booming of cannon was heard; illuminations and torchlight processions manifested the general joy, and families were looking for the speedy return of their loved ones from the field of battle. Just in the midst of this wildest joy, in one hour—nay, in one moment—the tidings thrilled throughout the land that Abraham Lincoln, the best of Presidents, had perished by the hands of an assassin; and then all the feelings which had been gathering for four years, in forms of excitement, grief, horror,

and joy, turned into one wail of woe—a sadness inexpressible—an anguish unutterable. But it is not the times merely which caused this mourning. The mode of his death must be taken into the account. Had he died on a bed of illness, with kind friends around him; had the sweat of death been wiped from his brow by gentle hands, while he was yet conscious; could he have had power to speak words of affection to his stricken widow, or words of counsel to us like those which we heard in his parting inaugural at Washington, which shall now be immortal—how it would have softened or assuaged something of the grief. There might, at least, have been preparation for the event. But no moment of warning was given to him or to us. He was stricken down, too, when his hopes for the end of the rebellion were bright, and prospects of a joyous life were before him. There was a cabinet meeting that day, said to have been the most cheerful and happy of any held since the beginning of the rebellion. After this meeting he talked with his friends, and spoke of the four years of tempest, of the storm being over, and of the four years of pleasure and joy now awaiting him, as the weight of care and anxiety would be taken from his mind, and he could have happy days with his family again. In the midst of these anticipations he left his house never to return alive. The evening was Good Friday, the saddest day in the whole calendar for the Christian Church—henceforth in this country to be made sadder, if possible, by the memory of our nation's loss; and so filled with grief was every Christian heart that even all the joyous thought of Easter Sunday failed to remove the crushing sorrow under which the true worshiper bowed in the house of God.

But the great cause of this mourning is to be found in the man himself. Mr. Lincoln was no ordinary man. I believe the conviction has been growing on the nation's mind, as it certainly has been on my own, especially in the last years of his administration, that, by the hand of God, he was especially singled out to guide our Government in these troublesome times, and it seems to me that the hand of God may be traced in many of the events connected with his history. First, then, I recognize this in the physical education which he received, and which prepared him for enduring herculean labors. In the toils of his boyhood and the labors of his manhood, God was giving him an iron frame. Next to this was his identification with the heart of the great people, understanding their feelings because he was one of them, and connected with them in their movements and life. His education was simple. A few months spent in the schoolhouse gave him the elements of education. He read few books, but mastered all he read. *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Æsop's Fables*, and the *Life of Washington* were his favorites. In these we recognize the works which gave bias to his character, and which partly molded his style. His early life, with its varied struggles, joined him indissolubly to the working masses, and no elevation in society diminished his respect for the sons of toil. He knew what it was to fell the tall trees of the forest and to stem the current of the broad Mississippi. His home was in the growing West, the heart of the republic, and, invigorated by the wind which swept over its prairies, he learned lessons of self-reliance which sustained him in seasons of adversity.

His genius was soon recognized, as true genius al-

ways will be, and he was placed in the Legislature of his State. Already acquainted with the principles of law, he devoted his thoughts to matters of public interest, and began to be looked on as the coming statesman. As early as 1839 he presented resolutions in the Legislature, asking for emancipation in the District of Columbia, when, with but rare exceptions, the whole popular mind of his State was opposed to the measure. From that hour he was a steady and uniform friend of humanity, and was preparing for the conflict of later years.

If you ask me on what mental characteristic his greatness rested, I answer, on a quick and ready perception of facts; on a memory unusually tenacious and retentive; and on a logical turn of mind, which followed sternly and unwaveringly every link in the chain of thought on every subject which he was called to investigate. I think there have been minds more broad in their character, more comprehensive in their scope, but I doubt if ever there has been a man who could follow step by step, with more logical power, the points which he desired to illustrate. He gained this power by the close study of geometry, and by a determination to perceive the truth in all its relations and simplicity, and, when found, to utter it.

It is said of him that in childhood, when he had any difficulty in listening to a conversation to ascertain what people meant, if he retired to rest he could not sleep till he tried to understand the precise points intended, and, when understood, to frame language to convey it in a clearer manner to others. Who that has read his messages fails to perceive the directness and the simplicity of his style? And this very trait, which

was scoffed at and decried by opponents, is now recognized as one of the strong points of that mighty mind which has so powerfully influenced the destiny of this nation, and which shall, for ages to come, influence the destiny of humanity.

It was not, however, chiefly by his mental faculties that he gained such control over mankind. His moral power gave him preeminence. The convictions of men that Abraham Lincoln was an honest man led them to yield to his guidance. As has been said of Cobden, whom he greatly resembled, he made all men feel a sense of himself—a recognition of individuality—a self-relying power. They saw in him a man whom they believed would do what is right, regardless of all consequences. It was this moral feeling which gave him the greatest hold on the people, and made his utterances almost oracular. When the nation was angered by the perfidy of foreign nations in allowing privateers to be fitted out, he uttered the significant expression, "One war at a time," and it stilled the national heart. When his own friends were divided as to what steps should be taken as to slavery, that simple utterance, "I will save the Union, if I can, with slavery; if not, slavery must perish, for the Union must be preserved," became the rallying word. Men felt the struggle was for the Union, and all other questions must be subsidiary.

But, after all, by the acts of a man shall his fame be perpetuated. What are his acts? Much praise is due to the men who aided him. He called able counselors around him—some of whom have displayed the highest order of talent, united with the purest and most devoted patriotism. He summoned able generals into the field—men who have borne the sword as bravely as

ever any human arm has borne it. He had the aid of prayerful and thoughtful men everywhere. But, under his own guiding hands, wise counsels were combined and great movements conducted.

Turn toward the different departments. We had an unorganized militia, a mere skeleton army, yet, under his care, that army has been enlarged into a force which, for skill, intelligence, efficiency, and bravery, surpasses any which the world had ever seen. Before its veterans the fame of even the renowned veterans of Napoleon shall pale (applause), and the mothers and sisters on these hill sides, and all over the land, shall take to their arms again braver sons and brothers than ever fought in European wars. The reason is obvious. Money, or a desire for fame, collected those armies, or they were rallied to sustain favorite thrones or dynasties; but the armies he called into being fought for liberty, for the Union, and for the right of self-government; and many of them felt that the battles they won were for humanity everywhere and for all time; for I believe that God has not suffered this terrible rebellion to come upon our land merely for a chastisement to us, or as a lesson to our age. There are moments which involve in themselves eternities. There are instants which seem to contain germs which shall develop and bloom forever. Such a moment came in the tide of time to our land, when a question must be settled which affected all the earth. The contest was for human freedom, not for this republic merely; not for the Union simply, but to decide whether the people, as a people, in their entire majesty, were destined to be the government, or whether they were to be subject to tyrants or aristocrats, or to class rule of

any kind. This is the great question for which we have been fighting, and its decision is at hand, and the result of the contest will affect the ages to come. If successful, republics will spread in spite of monarchs, all over this earth. [Exclamations of "Amen." "Thank God."]

I turn from the army to the navy. What was it when the war commenced? Now we have our ships-of-war at home and abroad, to guard privateers in foreign sympathizing ports, as well as to care for every part of our own coast. They have taken forts that military men said could not be taken, and a brave admiral, for the first time in the world's history, lashed himself to the mast, there to remain as long as he had a particle of skill or strength to watch over his ship, while it engaged in the perilous contest of taking the strong forts of the rebels.

Then, again, I turn to the treasury department. Where should the money come from? Wise men predicted ruin, but our national credit has been maintained, and our currency is safer to-day than it ever was before. Not only so, but through our national bonds, if properly used, we shall have a permanent basis for our currency, and an investment so desirable for capitalists of other nations that, under the laws of trade, I believe the center of exchange will speedily be transferred from England to the United States.

But the great act of the mighty chieftain, on which his fame shall rest long after his frame shall molder away, is that of giving freedom to a race. We have all been taught to revere the sacred characters. Among them Moses stands preeminently high. He received the law from God, and his name is honored among the

hosts of heaven. Was not his greatest act the delivering of three millions of his kindred out of bondage? Yet we may assert that Abraham Lincoln, by his proclamation, liberated more enslaved people than ever Moses set free, and those not of his kindred or his race. Such a power, or such an opportunity, God has seldom given to man. When other events shall have been forgotten; when this world shall have become a network of republics; when every throne shall be swept from the face of the earth; when literature shall enlighten all minds; when the claims of humanity shall be recognized everywhere, this act shall still be conspicuous on the pages of history. We are thankful that God gave to Abraham Lincoln the decision and wisdom and grace to issue that proclamation, which stands high above all other papers which have been penned by uninspired men. [Applause.]

Abraham Lincoln was a good man. He was known as an honest, temperate, forgiving man; a just man; a man of noble heart in every way. As to his religious experience, I cannot speak definitely, because I was not privileged to know much of his private sentiments. My acquaintance with him did not give me the opportunity to hear him speak on those topics. This I know, however, he read the Bible frequently; loved it for its great truths and its profound teachings; and he tried to be guided by its precepts. He believed in Christ the Saviour of sinners; and I think he was sincere in trying to bring his life into harmony with the principles of revealed religion. Certainly if there ever was a man who illustrated some of the principles of pure religion, that man was our departed President. Look over all his speeches, listen to his utterances. He never spoke

unkindly of any man. Even the rebels received no word of anger from him, and his last day illustrated in a remarkable manner his forgiving disposition. A dispatch was received that afternoon that Thompson and Tucker were trying to make their escape through Maine, and it was proposed to arrest them. Mr. Lincoln, however, preferred rather to let them quietly escape. He was seeking to save the very men who had been plotting his destruction. This morning we read a proclamation offering \$25,000 for the arrest of these men as aiders and abettors of his assassination; so that, in his expiring acts, he was saying, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

As a ruler, I doubt if any President has ever shown such trust in God, or in public documents so frequently referred to Divine aid. Often did he remark to friends and to delegations that his hope for our success rested in his conviction that God would bless our efforts, because we were trying to do right. To the address of a large religious body he replied, "Thanks be unto God, who, in our national trials, giveth us the churches." To a minister who said he hoped the Lord was on our side, he replied that it gave him no concern whether the Lord was on our side or not, for, he added, "I know the Lord is always on the side of right," and with deep feeling added, "But God is my witness that it is my constant anxiety and prayer that both myself and this nation should be on the Lord's side."

In his domestic life he was exceedingly kind and affectionate. He was a devoted husband and father. During his presidential term he lost his second son, Willie. To an officer of the army he said, not long since, "Do you ever find yourself talking with the

dead?" and added, "Since Willie's death I catch myself every day involuntarily talking with him, as if he were with me." On his widow, who is unable to be here, I need only invoke the blessing of Almighty God that she may be comforted and sustained. For his son, who has witnessed the exercises of this hour, all that I can desire is that the mantle of his father may fall upon him. [Exclamations of "Amen."]

Let us pause a moment in the lesson of the hour before we part. This man, though he fell by an assassin, still fell under the permissive hand of God. He had some wise purpose in allowing him so to fall. What more could he have desired of life for himself? Were not his honors full? There was no office to which he could aspire. The popular heart clung around him as around no other man. The nations of the world had learned to honor our chief magistrate. If rumors of a desired alliance with England be true, Napoleon trembled when he heard of the fall of Richmond, and asked what nation would join him to protect him against our Government under the guidance of such a man. His fame was full, his work was done, and he sealed his glory by becoming the nation's great martyr for liberty.

He appears to have had a strange presentment, early in political life, that some day he would be President. You see it indicated in 1839. Of the slave power he said, "Broken by it I too may be; bow to it I never will. The probability that we may fail in the struggle ought not to deter us from the support of a cause which we deem to be just. It shall not deter me. If ever I feel the soul within me elevate and expand to those dimensions not wholly unworthy of its Almighty

architect, it is when I contemplate the cause of my country, deserted by all the world besides, and I standing up boldly and alone and hurling defiance at her victorious oppressors. Here without contemplating consequences, before high Heaven and in the face of the world, I swear eternal fidelity to the just cause, as I deem it, of the land of my life, my liberty, and my love." And yet, secretly, he said to more than one, "I never shall live out the four years of my term. When the rebellion is crushed my work is done." So it was. He lived to see the last battle fought, and dictate a dispatch from the home of Jefferson Davis; lived till the power of the rebellion was broken; and then, having done the work for which God had sent him, angels, I trust, were sent to shield him from one moment of pain or suffering, and to bear him from this world to the high and glorious realm where the patriot and the good shall live forever.

His career teaches young men that every position of eminence is open before the diligent and the worthy. To the active men of the country, his example is an incentive to trust in God and do right.

Standing, as we do to-day, by his coffin and his sepulcher, let us resolve to carry forward the policy which he so nobly began. Let us do right to all men. To the ambitious there is this fearful lesson: Of the four candidates for Presidential honors in 1860, two of them—Douglas and Lincoln—once competitors, but now sleeping patriots, rest from their labors; Bell perished in poverty and misery, as a traitor might perish; and Breckinridge is a frightened fugitive, with the brand of traitor on his brow. Let us vow, in the sight of Heaven, to eradicate every vestige of human slavery;

to give every human being his true position before God and man; to crush every form of rebellion, and to stand by the flag which God has given us. How joyful that it floated over parts of every State before Mr. Lincoln's career was ended! How singular that, to the fact of the assassin's heels being caught in the folds of the flag, we are probably indebted for his capture! The flag and the traitor must ever be enemies.

Traitors will probably suffer by the change of rulers, for one of sterner mold, and who himself has deeply suffered from the rebellion, now wields the sword of justice. Our country, too, is stronger for the trial. A republic was declared by monarchists too weak to endure a civil war; yet we have crushed the most gigantic rebellion in history, and have grown in strength and population every year of the struggle. We have passed through the ordeal of a popular election while swords and bayonets were in the field, and have come out unharmed. And now, in an hour of excitement, with a large majority having preferred another man for President, when the bullet of the assassin has laid our President prostrate, has there been a mutiny? Has any rival proffered his claims? Out of an army of near a million, no officer or soldier uttered one note of dissent, and, in an hour or two after Mr. Lincoln's death, another leader under constitutional forms, occupied his chair, and the government moved forward without one single jar. The world will learn that republics are the strongest governments on earth.

And now, my friends, in the words of the departed, "with malice toward none," free from all feelings of personal vengeance, yet believing that the sword must

not be borne in vain, let us go forward even in painful duty. Let every man who was a senator or representative in Congress, and who aided in beginning this rebellion, and thus led to the slaughter of our sons and daughters, be brought to speedy and to certain punishment. Let every officer educated at the public expense, and who, having been advanced to position, perjured himself and turned his sword against the vitals of his country, be doomed to a traitor's death. This, I believe, is the will of the American people. Men may attempt to compromise, and to restore these traitors and murderers to society again. Vainly may they talk of the fancied honor or chivalry of these murderers of our sons—these starvers of our prisoners—these officers who mined their prisons and placed kegs of powder to destroy our captive officers. But the American people will rise in their majesty and sweep all such compromises and compromisers away, and will declare that there shall be no safety for rebel leaders. But to the deluded masses we will extend the arms of forgiveness. We will take them to our hearts, and walk with them side by side, as we go forward to work out a glorious destiny.

The time will come when, in the beautiful words of him whose lips are now forever sealed, "the mystic chords of memory, which stretch from every battlefield, and from every patriot's grave, shall yield a sweeter music when touched by the angels of our better nature."

Chieftain! farewell! The nation mourns thee. Mothers shall teach thy name to their lisping children. The youth of our land shall emulate thy virtues. Statesmen shall study thy record and learn lessons of

wisdom. Mute though thy lips be, yet they still speak. Hushed is thy voice, but its echoes of liberty are ringing through the world, and the sons of bondage listen with joy. Prisoned thou art in death, and yet thou art marching abroad, and chains and manacles are bursting at thy touch. Thou didst fall not for thyself. The assassin had no hate for thee. Our hearts were aimed at, our national life was sought. We crown thee as our martyr—and humanity enthrones thee as her triumphant son. Hero, Martyr, Friend, FAREWELL!

ORATION

RICHARD S. STORRS, JR., D.D.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

IN February, 1861—amid the chills and sleet of the unfinished winter, and while the gloom of a prescient fear, more oppressive than of any physical season, overshadowed the hearts of the thoughtful and troubled American people—a number of persons, with one quaint, homely figure in the midst of them, took their departure from Springfield, Illinois, to proceed by gradual stages to Washington. Neighbors and friends were hurriedly assembled to witness the departure; and a few simple and touching words of greeting and farewell were addressed to them by him who was central in the group, and whose kindly face and earnest voice had there, for twenty-four years, been familiar.

Other assemblages, hastily convened, of personal acquaintances and political friends—with here and there some generous or curious political opponents—were afterward encountered, as the company proceeded from city to city, along the railways which then as now overlay and defined their winding route. At Buffalo, Albany, New York, Philadelphia, and at other points, men came together to see and hear, some to welcome, and some as well to criticize or to warn, the man to whom by the voice of a plurality of his fellow country

men, the conduct of the government for four years to come had been committed. There was much curiosity to be satisfied concerning him. There was a natural eagerness to hear what he might say, that involved any pithy or pregnant suggestion as to what his course was likely to be. But those who remembered the great convocations which in other years had greeted the chieftains in statesmanship as they made their progress through the country, could not but contrast, with the numbers and enthusiasm of such previous assemblages, the meagerness and dullness of those now convened. And when at last the tall, uncouth, but dominant figure which had been central in these assemblages, disappeared from sight at the capital of Pennsylvania, to reappear suddenly in a hotel at Washington—there was with a few a feeling of relief that suspense was over, and he was safely housed at the capital; there was with many a feeling of shame that any such precautionary privacy should have been deemed to be needful, and that the small degree of state till then maintained, should have been so wholly and abruptly relinquished before he had reached his final goal.

Four crowded and fateful years have passed—during which the nation, for the first time in its history, has breasted the shock and tasted the bitterness of a fierce civil war; during which a half million of men have fallen, dead or maimed, in skirmish and in battle; during which a hundred and fifty thousand households have been shrouded in the gloom that arises only from the grave of the beloved; during which arbitrary measures and policies, unknown to our previous history, have been authorized and enforced; and during which seasons of clamorous expectation, and unjusti-

fied hope have been followed by others of utter despondency, and the passionate reproaches of which this is the parent—four years have passed, and another company starts from Washington to bear back to the quiet and distant Springfield all that remains of that form now prostrate, that face and eye now sealed and sightless.

Amid the shining April days, while springing grass and greening boughs proclaim that summer draweth nigh, they leave the capital—which never before has been so shaken with pain, and grief, and righteous rage—they take the same route which he had traversed when coming in life to his high place, and bear him forever from the scene of his eventful sway. And as they go, the great capitals of the land welcome with such demonstrations of honor as no preceding experience has witnessed, the shrunken, discolored and pulseless frame. The city through which he passed before in a sheltering privacy, now crowds tumultuous, in tearful affection, around his bier. The great metropolis—whose mob then hated him, the leaders of whose fashion turned from him with contempt, and whose authorities sought to insult him—now pours from every street and lane the intent and sad procession of his mourners. Its whole business is suspended; its houses are hung, from base to roof, with funeral weeds; its pavements are thronged with silent, patient, unmoving crowds; its windows gleam with pallid faces; as through the hushed expectant avenues winds, hour by hour, while bells are tolling, and minute-guns, with measured boom, are counting the instants, that vast, unreckoned, unparalleled procession.

Not capitals only, but States themselves become his

mourners. Churches put off their Easter emblems, to hide pillar, and wall, and arch in sable woe. Each railway is made a *via Dolorosa*. The spontaneous homage of millions is offered, through the uncovered head, the crape, the wreath, through all the somber insignia of grief, as the train with its precious burden speeds. The country shrouds its weeping face; and all the blooms of spring around can bring no flush to its changed countenance; the song and sparkle, and the sweet impulse of which the very air is full, can stir no pulse of gladness or of hope, while still that spectacle haunts its gaze. For over every loyal heart there broods a sorrow as if the most revered had fallen; as if the shock of personal bereavement had smitten separately every household.

It is to give the reason of this change that we are gathered here to-day. It is to tell why this amazing contrast appears; which would be yet incredible to us, if our eyes had not seen it, if freshest memories did not to-day remind us of it.

Nay, not of this only must we give explanation. When Abraham Lincoln left his home for that still recent journey to Washington, his name was only known to his countrymen through its association with late and local political discussions. It was utterly unknown except as it appeared on the ballots of those who had chosen him President, to the other civilized peoples of the world. And when their eyes were unexpectedly turned to him, they saw in him only a village attorney, who had hardly before been responsibly associated with great affairs, whom his friends believed to be honest and sagacious, but whom his opponents described as a rough rail-splitter, of humble origin, of

no early advantages, without experience, without signal capacity, and more remarkable than for anything else for his fondness for coarse and pungent jokes. It was therefore with a natural and utter indifference that the multitudes heard his unmusical name. It was with a smug self-satisfaction that the aristocratic leaders of opinion, in England and on the Continent, pointed to the election of such a man, to administer the government at a critical time, as the final condemnation of democratic institutions. And it was with a quick and rational anxiety that even educated liberals in Great Britain and France rehearsed what they heard that was favorable to him, and awaited the first indications of his policy.

This was only four years ago. And now from the entire civilized world arises the chorus of respect for his powers, of admiration for his character, of horror and grief at his untimely end. No other American name since Washington's has become so familiar, or has won such esteem, among the progressive peoples of Europe. It is henceforth a name to charm with, in Italy and in England, on the boulevards of Paris, in the studies of Germany, and among the precipitous passes of the Alps. The presses and the men that once made shifty apologies for him, have honored him for years as one of the leading statesmen of the world. Even the papers which month after month insulted him without stint, now eagerly applaud his prudence, his fortitude, his commanding ability. The English Punch, whose ridicule was so bitter that it seemed to have in it a personal malice, confesses its error, and atones for its jeers in lofty and pathetic lines. And with the voices of eulogy and homage rising from his

still sorrowing countrymen—rising not only from the millions he has ruled, and the other millions whom he has emancipated, but even from the impoverished States over whose acres his armies swept, and whose most practiced and crafty commanders his patient wisdom utterly defeated—with these rise, also, in kindred homage, the voices of all the intelligent leaders of opinions and affairs throughout Christendom. Parliaments as well as peoples bring their tribute to his memory. The halls of national assemblies are draped in sad commemoration of his worth and of his death. And debates are suspended, and diplomacy waits, while emperors and queens clasp hands with us before his bier.

It is one of the strangest contrasts in history; and it is of this contrast as well as of the other, that we to-day are to give explanation. The phenomenon is astonishing. It demands at our hands an adequate solution. But that solution it is not difficult to find.

A singularly critical and eminent position, singularly improved; immense and almost unparalleled responsibilities, modestly assumed, and with rare capacity, and a rarer patience and magnanimity fulfilled—here is the key to this strangest sequence. The only eulogy that need be pronounced on him is that which sets just this before us.

Observe first his position.

Nations are more and more plainly every year the grand, organized, almost personal powers, to whom is committed the future of the world. With the steady advances of civilization, individuals are comparatively less influential over the opinion and action of mankind, except as they affect the nation they are part of.

But the nation itself becomes every year a mightier presence, a more distinct, efficient actor, amid the system of allied peoples. And to those which fill with their institutions, and outline with their boundaries, the map of Christendom, is the molding of the destinies of mankind intrusted.

Their origin is explained, and shown to be not accidental, but providential as we look at them from this point. Slowly emerging, like the heads of continents, from the waste chaos of the earlier centuries, each one has been unfolded, all have been arranged, on an orderly plan; a plan that contemplates results so vast that we even yet can scarcely predict them. It is not topography, climate, soil, it is not altogether the kinship of blood, it is God, in his eternal wisdom, who has set these nations in their places, and with Divine prescience and patience of skill has nursed and nurtured their tiny germs, has succored their growth, and has built them to their majestic strength, that through their final combined might, his plans may be realized.

The same thought interprets the permanence of these nations; the constantly increasing unity of each within itself, the sharper lines that discriminate each from every other. The tendency of our times, with all the advance of individual liberty which has prominently marked them, is not toward the disintegration of empires, but toward their more thorough organization, their more profound internal oneness. And while forms of government, throughout Europe, for example, have been subject to sudden and violent mutations during the two thirds now elapsed of the present century, it is a fact full of significance that none of its great national organisms has been destroyed; that none of

them has been seriously changed in its boundaries, or impaired in its strength. The most important changes among them have been the increased strength of Prussia, and the emerging into substantive existence of the kingdom of Italy. The progress of free thought within their boundaries has not dissolved, but has only developed them. The progress of invention, overleaping those boundaries, and making neighbors of distant peoples, has not obliterated or even obscured the historic lines that stand between them. The centripetal force within each has the mastery; and in its more intimate self-centered coherence each stands more clearly apart from the rest. The public life incorporated in it—from whatsoever ancestry derived, by whatsoever influences trained, through whatsoever experiences developed, and in whatsoever legislations, letters, or arts revealed,—maintains its identity, and only perfects its force, and is prepared always for a larger impression upon the progress and culture of the world.

Yet, while this development within each is going on, the equilibrium of all is only thereby more firmly established, and the relations between them become vital and constant. Diplomatic alliances only tardily and partly represent the progress of their moral sympathies. Because it is separate, each acts on the others with which it is allied, with more freedom, directness, and positive force. It acts, and reacts. It gives, and it gathers. It makes its own peculiar contributions, of art, thought, commercial exchange, moral power; and it receives those which are brought to it in return. And through this continual reciprocity, more vital than treaties, more effective than international congresses,

each assists the progress of every other, and all work together, whether consciously or not, toward general results.

Into the ultimate power of Christendom goes, therefore, a force derived in part from every people. The influence of each is made cosmopolitan. And it becomes more evident constantly that not by individuals, but by these nations—so separate yet associated, always more unlike, but always also more intimately allied—is gradually to be reared the world-wide structure of a universal civilization; that as the great persons of the continents and the ages, they are to elaborate the welfare of mankind, and accomplish his plans who is the ruler and the architect of all.

There is nothing that more clearly sets God before us in the scope of his designs, that more vividly unfolds the significance of history, that more sublimely impresses on our thoughts the grandeur of the times in which we live, than this view of nations, as the ever-renewed and cooperative workers, whose power and patience are to build up the future. The earth is illustrious, through their presence upon it. The future is secure, through the mighty concurrence with which they march toward it. And the brain that swings yonder suns into systems is not so unsearchable as that which orders this mighty plan.

And now, among these vast, historic, almost personal powers, it is not presumptuous or idle to feel that this, of which we ourselves are part, is to have a special and an eminent place. We feel it instinctively. An audible undertone in European society shows the world aware of it.

Placed on a continent where it stands by itself, and

from which its influence passes continually, across both oceans, to affect all peoples whom commerce reaches, all tribes, indeed, whose languages are known; founded at the beginning, as Chatham said, "upon ideas of liberty," and prepared by the very blood that went into it, as well as by its subsequent training, to illustrate the capacity of Christianized men to organize and maintain a democratic autonomy; with a vast force of thought, will, feeling, faith, of all that makes the intensest moral life of a nation, inherited by it, and continually nourished by schools, presses, churches, homes, by all the labors it has had to perform, and all the hopes that have strengthened its heart—it cannot be but that this nation shall affect with still increasing power the other civilized peoples of the earth. In a degree it does this already; and when its energies shall cease to be consecrated, as they hitherto have been, on the preparation of the country itself for its habitation, and the swift and mighty mastery of its riches, and on the fashioning and the upbuilding of its own institutions—when the educational influences that mold it shall have come to their fruition, and the spirit of the nation shall be finally formed and declared—it must pour abroad, through constant channels, an infinite influence.

Either with distrust, then, anxiety, fear, or with confidence, affection, expectation, the thoughtful minds throughout the world must look upon the people here established: whose existence is so recent, its development so rapid, its history so remarkable, and whose future hitherto has seemed so uncertain. It is not one fact, or another, by itself, that secures this interest of the civilized world in our republic. The whole drift of

civilization makes it inevitable. For good or for evil there is here a power that must affect the entire system of associated nations to make or mar the future they are building. And yonder ocean may as easily be withdrawn from the sight of our eyes, the continent itself may as easily be obliterated from the map of the world, as the sense of the connection of the development of this people with the destinies of the race be stricken from our minds, or from the general judgment of Christendom.

When then a terrific crisis suddenly appeared in our public experience—when a wide-sweeping and passionate rebellion threatened to become a complete revolution, to split the nation into fragments, and to change the course of its development for ever—it was not wonderful, it was only inevitable, that more than by any other event of modern times the thoughts of mankind should be occupied with it; that here not only but all abroad it should be felt that the palpable leaves of destiny were turning; that forces were evolved than which none others more portentous had broken upon the world since the modern nations of Europe were born. It was inevitable that with diverse hopes and opposite predictions not Americans only but the peoples of Christendom should look to see what the issue was to be.

No man on this continent, therefore, since Washington's day, has had such room as was given to him whose death we mourn to manifest all of power and character which he possessed; to manifest this to the eyes of the nation, to the eyes of mankind. No other man has had the chance to so utterly wreck himself, and bury his name in an absolute ignominy, amid the

sinking fortunes of his country. And, on the other hand, to no other man has been given the opportunity to make for himself a place forever in the inmost heart of the nation which he saved; to make for himself a worldwide fame; to touch the centuries still to come, and gild their skies with higher splendor. And it is because he proved himself equal to the critical, providential, unparalleled position,—because he so bore himself in his grand office that all men saw him a man to be loved, a statesman to be trusted, a patriot to be followed through darkest perils without dismay,—therefore it is that eulogies now make the continents vocal; that those eulogies take the poetic form which only intensity of feeling produces; and that one of the grandest names of the world is to be henceforth, while history continues, the plain, untitled, and recent name of Abraham Lincoln.

So much for his position. Observe now the personal character and power which he brought to his office and the work which he wrought in it. Of course the full exhibition of these would take volumes, not paragraphs, and be the occupation of months of leisure instead of a few hurrying hours. Yet we may notice the leading traits, and recognize briefly the more prominent powers of mind and will, by which he became so apt for his work; and may glance, at least, at the principal features of the great work itself.

It is an impulse of the heart with every one who speaks of him to delineate first his moral properties; and though these may be dwelt upon so exclusively as to seem to involve an injurious forgetfulness of the great intellectual abilities he possessed, yet the course of discussion thus suggested is the one which every one

still must take if he would not violently constrain and divert his own mental processes; if he would not repulse the public heart. The moral, which should be supreme in every man, was so, to a degree almost unexampled, in President Lincoln. It made the prime impression of the man on those who approached him. It shines most prominently before us to-day, throughout that crowded and turbulent history along whose dizzy paths he has led us. It will be spoken of first and most fondly wherever future American parents repeat his sayings, rehearse his traits, and tell to their children the story of his career. Of this then, first, we may, and we must, with propriety speak.

And yet it is impossible to speak of it as we would, because it is impossible to comprise in words that subtle, essential spirit of character, which was paramount in him; and because—when we analyze, as we say, such a character, and distribute its single though complex beauty, into the traits which made it up—it is like fracturing the diamond to exhibit it; it is like unbraiding the strand of light, to show the sunbeam's inmost splendor. So far, however, as any formula can express what must, by virtue of its spiritual nature, elude the grasp and surpass the compass of verbal propositions, it may be said that a deep, unselfish sympathy with men, a profound conviction of the validity and authority of certain great principles of equity and liberty, and an abiding personal faith in the overruling providence of God, were the principal and permanent constituent forces in the character which he showed.

The genesis of this, the influences by which it was rooted and formed in him, it must be left to the

biographer to unfold. The character itself, which these elements composed, is as distinct as it is also great; and the memory of it will live forever.

Wholly individual, utterly genuine—so independent of outward circumstances that obscurity had not at all embittered it, and investiture with the vast prerogatives of office only gave it new development, through immenser opportunities—it was the essential moral force on which the nation for four years hung, as on a very power of nature; from which, more than from anything else, it has drawn its present stability and hope; and by reason of which the death of him in whom it was revealed has thrilled with new and strange emotion the civilized world.

His sympathy with men was shown not only in his singularly warm personal attachments, to his family and his friends, to all who for any considerable time were confidentially associated with him; it was shown as well in that kindness to the poor, the sorrowful, the imperiled, with instances of which the journals of the country, for four years past, have been running over. The wearied, sick, or wounded soldier, found always a friend in him as solicitous for his welfare as if he had been his kinsman by birth. The little children in the Home for the Destitute were touched by the tearful tenderness and dignity, the instructive clearness, and the quickening playfulness, with which he addressed them. The poor freed people—who had escaped from the slavery through which his armies crushed their way, but had escaped to communities that seemed less friendly than those they had left, and had passed from a bondage which at least had given them shelter and food, to a liberty that threatened to doom to idleness,

and to overwhelm them in an absolute want—it was not with ostentatious charity, it was with no splendid philanthropical theory, it was with a tender welcoming respect, that he heard their story, examined their condition, and opened the way for escape from their fears.

After four years of incessant, bloody, desperate struggle, he entered Richmond, with characteristic unostentation,—not at the head of marshaled armies, with banners advanced and trumpets sounding, but as a private gentleman, on foot, with an officer on one side, holding the hand of his boy on the other. An aged negro met him on the street, and said—with the tears streaming down his face, as he bowed low his uncovered head—"God bless you, Massa Lincoln!" The President paused, raised his hat on the instant, and with a hearty "I thank you, sir," acknowledged with a bow the greeting. Instinctively he recognized the poorest as his peer, and the black man as his brother.

On each of two days in all his brief and burdened weeks, he gave some hours to receiving the petitions of those who sought from him any personal favor. He took upon himself, with glad alacrity, the labor of investigating claims for relief which had been always under other administrations, which should have been under his, referred at once to subordinate officers. He did it because he could not help it. His nature demanded it; and that nature could not be expelled with a pitchfork. No trophies won by legislators or generals, ever disturbed, for the tenth of a minute, his healthful slumbers. But the mere recollection of a case of suffering which he had not relieved, of an instance of anxiety which he had not soothed as quickly as he

might, would keep him tossing for many hours on an unrestful bed. And it was not a burden, but always a relief to him, to turn from eminent public affairs to talk with the poor who sought his aid, and to bind up with assiduous skill the wounds of the sorrowful.

The same spirit was revealed, in a more unique exhibition, in his sympathetic regard for his opponents. He laughed at the jokes which were made about himself; was tolerant, to a degree before unexampled, of attacks on his policy; and never took a particle of venom into his nature from all the virulent assaults that were made on him. While holding tenaciously to his own views and plans, he never failed to do generous justice to the reasons and the motives of those who combatted them; to recognize in them wherever he could, and sometimes where none of his colleagues could, a patriotism as genuine as his own, and a purpose as true to secure and to promote the general welfare. He talked with, reasoned with, wrote to them, in this spirit; was not moved from his position of friendliness toward them by their misconception or their abuse; and never could believe them traitorous in their hearts till the overt act had compelled him to see it.

Toward even those who had dangerously offended against the laws, he hardly could bring himself to adopt any course save one of the utmost clemency and gentleness. He pardoned with so much eagerness that one of his own cabinet officers declared that the power of pardoning should be taken from him. The military discipline of the army itself was more than once in danger of decay, through his inability to order the final penalties inflicted on those who had incurred them;

and spies and traitors within the capital were shielded, more than was easily reconciled with the safety of the Government, by his unwillingness to have them subjected to any harsh measures.

Of course his sensibilities came gradually to be under the control of his judgment, while the counsels of others constrained him sometimes to a severity which he hated; so that at length the order for the merited restraint or punishment of public offenders was frequently, though always reluctantly, ratified by him. But his sympathy with men in whatever condition, of whatever opinions, in whatsoever wrongs involved, was so native and constant, and so controlling, that he was always not so much inclined as predetermined to the mildest and most generous theory possible. And something of peril, as well as of promise, was involved to the public in this element of his nature.

He would not admit that he was in danger of the very assassination by which at last his life was taken, and only yielded with a protest to the precautions which others felt bound to take for him; because his own sympathy with men was so strong that he could not believe that any would meditate serious harm to him. The public policy of his administration was constantly in danger of being too tardy, lenient, pacific, toward those who were combined for deadly battle against the Government, because he was so solicitous to win, so anxious to bless, and so reluctant sharply to strike. *Sic semper tyrannis*, shouted his wild, theatric assassin, as he leaped upon the stage:—making the ancient motto of Virginia a legend of shame for evermore. But no magistrate ever lived who had less of the tyrant in his natural or his habitual temper. In all the veins of all

his frame no drop of unsympathetic blood found a channel. When retaliation seemed the only just policy for the Government to adopt, to save its soldiers from being shot in cold blood, or being starved into idiocy, it was simply impossible for him to accept it. And if he had met the arch conspirators face to face,—those who had racked and really enlarged the English vocabulary to get terms to express their hatred and disgust toward him individually, those who were striking with desperate blows at the national existence,—it would have been hard for him not to greet them with open hand and a kindly welcome.

The very element of sadness, which was so inwrought with his mirthfulness and humor, and which will look out on coming generations through the pensive lines upon his face, and the light of his pathetic eyes, came into his spirit, or was constantly renewed there, through his sympathy with men, especially with the oppressed and the poor. He took upon himself the sorrows of others. He bent in extremest personal suffering under the blows that fell on his countrymen. And when the bloody rain of battle was sprinkling the trees and the sod of Virginia, during successive dreary campaigns, his inmost soul felt the baptism of it, and was sickened with grief. "I cannot bear it—I cannot bear it,"—he said more than once, as the story was told him of the sacrifice required to secure some result. No glow, even of triumph, could expel from his eyes the tears occasioned by the suffering that had brought it.

And yet, through this native sympathy with men he gained a large part of his immense power over his country and his times. From it in part came, no doubt,

the sublime temperateness of his spirit. He lived in times when a man without this must now and then have flamed into passion at the arrogant ferocity that taunted and smote him. But no man remembers an hour in his life when passion made his accents tremble. He hated slavery with a lifelong abhorrence, and wrestled with it four fierce years in deadly grapple; and many men, not hating it more, not feeling it so much, had come, not unnaturally, to transfer to persons their wrath against the system, and had become embittered through their just indignation. He kept the utter sweetness of his spirit, as if he had been a child by the fireside. His blood was not heated in the desperate struggle; and even conscience offended could not make him acrimonious.

He gained another power through this sympathy with men. Not only by it did he come to be endeared, so as no President preceding him had been, to the universal heart of the nation, to its women and children, as well as its men; not only did its rare vital force surpass our boundaries, and make the humble abroad his friends;—he came, by virtue of it in great measure, to be the representative man of the people. It brought him into spontaneous correspondence with the average thought and feeling of the country. He did not depend on witnesses and counselors. He “knew in himself” what the “plain people” wanted, whom he honored and believed in, to whose ranks he expected soon to return, and who, as he said, were willing and able to save the Government, if the Government would do its part indifferently well.

Through a process imperceptible to himself, no doubt, in its methods and modes, but natural to his

sympathetic constitution, he came to dwell in such accord with the public—not with any one party, or any one set of leaders and thinkers, but with the collective spirit of the nation—that when he spoke it felt its thought articulated through him; and his ultimate decision, on almost any question, announced and sealed the public judgment.

The independence of his policy had its origin here. He was always ready to hear and consider any opinion. The most conservative, the most violently radical, were equally at home with him. Yet the eloquent or ingenious advocates of a theory often found, to their surprise, that they had less influence over his counsels than over those of men whom they thought his superiors. The truth is, the entire public was his teacher. His nature drew, through secret ducts, the wisdom of the nation into itself; and the roots of his matured opinions were as wide as the country.

His policy was plastic, too, and legitimately progressive, as well as independent; because it represented, in successive stages, the popular mind. And where any man with a fixed and inflexible personal theory, which he must carry out, would inevitably have found it too narrow and rigid to encompass the crisis, and would have seen it hopelessly shattered in the progress of events, his policy was modified and expanded with time, because he kept abreast with the people he ruled. He carried their purpose and thought in himself. He grew with their growth, and shared in their advancing wisdom; and so, to the end, his plans were elastic, and the nation gave, to realize those plans—which did but incorporate its wisest opinions—its whole tremendous and unreserved power.

But with this element of sympathy with men we must combine, in inseparable union, the others I have named, to get an adequate impression of his character: He had a profound and enduring conviction of the value and authority of certain great principles of equity and of liberty; while nothing was more vital or positive in him than his faith in the rule and the providence of God. From these elements his character took firmness, greatness, an individual force and majesty. He was kept from becoming a mere sensitive exponent of the popular feeling, and became instead a noble chief magistrate, instructed by all, yet more instructing them in return.

They who thought him only a shrewd politician were singularly mistaken. He was that, no doubt; but history will rank him also among our most philosophical statesmen. The great ethical principles which, though invisible, are primitive, organic, in our national development, by which our history has been vitally molded, and through which that history becomes important to the world—these had to him essential reality, and incomparable value. His love for the very system of government of which he became the grand defender, had its origin in its relation to these principles; its actual approximate correspondence with them; its capacity to be shaped to express them more perfectly; its fitness and power to extend them. Without rhythm in his sentences, or any taste for esthetic art, the ideal in the State moved him more than the material, and was always an educating presence to his mind.

Sprung from the soil, a child of the teeming and wealthy West, it might have been expected that the

mere physical greatness of the country would have allured and toned his thought; that its vast expanse, with its prodigal progress in wealth, population, and all resources, would have been to him, as they had been to many others of our statesmen, both from the East and from the West, the occasion of his grateful and proud admiration. But, on the other hand, he seems hardly to have thought of them. He took them for granted; only casually referred to them; and was scarcely sustained or moved in his work by any considerations derived from them. The effort of the conspirators in league against the Government to wrench apart what God had bolted together with mountains, and had laced inextricably into one by the marvelous system of Western rivers,—their effort to sever the national domain, and to build two empires where climate, race, topography, language, combined to demand that there should be but one,—this does not seem to have roused him against it. So far as appears he never was stirred by the natural and not unlaudable ambition to have the country remain as of old, surpassing others in its physical extent, and outshining them with its more splendid treasures.

But the principles involved in the national institutions were to him inexpressibly sacred and dear; and against the warfare made upon these, on behalf of an ambition which instinctively hated them, he set his kindly face like a flint. Even the historic recollections of the nation were chiefly important or significant to him as connected with these principles; and the moral unity derived from these was that which in his thought knit the present to the past, and made our diverse peoples one. So he said at the West, in 1858, of the

Germans, Irishmen, Frenchmen, Scandinavians, who have come here since the war of Independence: "If they look back through our history to trace their connection with those days of blood, they find they have none; they cannot carry themselves back into that glorious epoch, and make themselves feel that they are part of us. But when they look through the Declaration of Independence, they find that these old men say that 'we hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal'; and then they feel that that moral sentiment, taught in that day, evidences their relation to these men; that it is the father of all moral principle in them; and that they have a right to claim it, as though they were blood of the blood, and flesh of the flesh, of the men who wrote that declaration. And so they have. That is the electric cord that links the hearts of patriotic and liberty-loving men together; that will link those patriotic hearts as long as the love of freedom exists in the minds of men."

So he said afterward, in 1861, substantially at Trenton, and more fully at Philadelphia: "It was not the mere matter of the separation of the colonies from the motherland, but it was that sentiment in the Declaration of Independence, which gave liberty, not alone to the people of this country, but I hope to the world, for all future time. It was that which promised that in due time the weight would be lifted from the shoulders of all men";—adding, with what now looks like prescience, "If this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle, I was about to say, I would rather be assassinated on this spot than surrender it."

From this conviction of the essential authority and value, and the enduring cosmical importance, of the

principles he maintained, came in part, no doubt, his singular freedom from personal assumption, from all personal greed for pleasure or gain. He was called by one who knew him well, "the honestest man he had ever known"; and certainly no man's pecuniary honesty has been tested more thoroughly—with uncounted millions at his command, and a secret service, responsible to him, which swallowed gold as thirsty sands soak up the rain. But his honesty was not a separate trait, set mechanically into his nature, and governing what was alien to it. It was a part, living and inseparable, of his conscientious and ingenuous mind. He believed in the right, for himself and for others. Its rules were clear to him, its authority perfect; and it governed him in small things as well as in the greatest.

From this came also his singular patience, and his unwearied courage, in regard to the issue of the terrible contest. Sadly as he felt the sacrifice it involved, inclined as he was to distrust himself, and knowing as none beside could know with what manifold perils the cause was beset, he seems never to have doubted the final result. The mind of the public, fixed chiefly on the visible forces engaged, wavered often, sometimes violently oscillated, between the utmost confidence of success and the most extreme depression and fear. He held with marvelous steadiness on his way; never exasperated, never over-elated, yet always expecting sure victory in the end, if it took a lifetime to attain it; because his hold on the principles involved was utterly infrangible, and their ultimate victory he believed to be certain. He saw the Divine forces which, all unheard by mortal ear, were still contending on our side; and he knew that till Christianity went down, slavery

could not succeed against liberty. The "rapture of battle" he never felt. The "courage of conscience" he always knew; and the key to all his policy is found in one sentence of one of his speeches, before he was President: "Let us have faith that right makes might; and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it."

The same element in his character, the same unswerving confidence in principles, gave a true moral unity to his administration. It imparted a certain philosophical tone, almost a religious, to much of his statesmanship; a tone most emphatic in his latest address. A latent enthusiasm was bred in him by it; an enthusiasm that rarely was wrought into utterance, but that kept all his powers in most complete exercise, while it sometimes made his sentences throb with its inward fervor. He became, in some sense, to his own consciousness, a consecrated man; consecrated to the championship of principles of government, "by which," as he said, "the republic lives and keeps alive," and in which the whole human race has a stake. Hence came the undertone that thrilled through his short address at Gettysburg, which is more henceforth to the American people than the stateliest oration preserved in its archives. Hence came, in part, the tranquillity and the scope of his high-leveled policy. It was to himself an inspiration; while it gave him a power over the enlightened reason of the people which no other President since Washington has had.

With this came also, in intimate agreement, that sense of the presence and providence of God, which seems never to have wavered, from the time when he went forth from Springfield for Washington, asking

the friends whom he left to pray for him, till the time when he said, in his latest address, "As was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether." Without the least taint of fanaticism, his belief in God's regard for the principles which he was defending was so earnest and constant, and at last so devout, that the whole long war became to him a sacred war. He recognized the guidance of Providence throughout it, in our reverses as well as our successes, and saw the forecast that had shaped it. Reverently, practically, he felt himself but an instrument in God's hand; and knew that when the Divine consummation had been attained, the mystic and awful tragedy would be over. "Let us be quite sober," he said; "let us diligently apply the means, never doubting that a just God, in his own good time, will give us the rightful result."

Hence came the crown of dignity on the character in which sympathy with men, and conscientious fidelity to principles, had been before so intimately blended. No man can be morally great whose soul does not rest on God as its center, and does not draw from communion with him its inmost life. Especially when the leader in great affairs stands face to face with the possible speedy wreck of his country,—when he treads a path all hidden and perilous, without precedent to govern, or parallel to direct him, and sees the contracting horizon around shot through with blood, and all aflame,—the only thing to keep him stanch, serene, clear-visioned, is trust in the Highest. It was the life within his life to him whom we mourn. Not uttering itself in any set phrase, not prompting much to religious ceremonial, it gave him a steadiness almost invincible. It

made him expectant of a future as grand as the way that led to it was bloody and dark. It united his soul with all that was highest in the heart and conscience of the people which he ruled.

It was this alone which enabled him to say, in closing his second inaugural address, in words that illustrate the whole character of the man, and that will live while the language in which they were uttered endures: "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on, to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans; to do all which we may to achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."

Combine now, with all these loftier elements, a natural mirthfulness that was constant, exuberant, that sparkled into jest and story, and kept his faculties always fresh;—remember that these so various traits were melted together into a character utterly simple, utterly personal, in which was nothing copied from antique models, and nothing imported from foreign examples, which was wholly an American product, born of the influences that had molded his youth, and nourished by the woods, the river, and the prairie, as modern as the West, and as native as its oaks;—remember that through the whole atmosphere of the times this character daily radiated influence, in some quaint word or comic story, so that all saw the identity of it, and felt that, as was said of him once, "if he were passed through all the hoppers in the universe, and ground into dust a million times, when put together

again at the end he would come out simply Abraham Lincoln"; and then remember that what the country needed and craved, a thousand times more than splendid talents, was such thorough and permanent goodness in its head, honesty, fidelity, patience, magnanimity, and an unsuspected integrity of purpose,—and you have in part the explanation of that prodigious hold which he gained on the country which he ruled, and on the world which watched that country.

The magnetism that held the nation steadfastly to him had here its vital source and seat. He made mistakes; men did not defend, did not feel it very necessary to apologize for them. He was not omniscient, and his judgment might sometimes be in error. But his character was what the people wanted; too lenient, sometimes, but kindly, tolerant, patient, always; without a trace of arrogance or of passion; as little imperious as the air or the sunshine; as little likely to be crazed with ambition as the clouds, from which drop the showers of spring, to distill their kindly dews into venom. And a character like this was incomparably more to the imperiled and anxious people than the utmost ability without it would have been.

There is such a thing as moral genius;—a temper so wholly individual and original, so vitally compact of various excellencies, and so alive with personal force, that it sustains and attracts more than do splendid intellectual powers. And it was this moral genius which America wanted, which he supplied. By virtue of it, he seemed to fill the land with his example. He incarnated not only, but instructed and inspired, the temper of the people; till it had more confidence in him than it had in itself. Amid arbitrary arrests, and

damaging defeats, its trust in his temper never yielded. "His very mistakes," as one has said, "became omnipotent." For, through the whole of his strange term of office—after the nation had come to know him—it was a source to it of central joy that one so faithful, sympathetic, conscientious, was supreme in the government; that a will so earnestly trustful in Providence was guiding the forces which Providence had evolved; that hands so pure had been found to bear, across the stony wilderness of fear, and through the mounting seas of blood, the civil constitution, which is to the republic its consecrated ark.

But character alone, even one so original and so eminent as his, could never explain the singular place attained by Mr. Lincoln in the respect of the country and the world; could never wholly account for the work which he accomplished. Intellectual power, executive faculty, a large capacity for skillful and laborious administration, are also implied in such mastership as his; and aside from these, amid such times as ours have been, he must have proved a simple drift log on the current, unable to govern it, only rushing with it toward the abyss. As we turn, then, to consider his nature in this view, we shall find, I think, that a remarkable faculty for exact and discriminating thought was combined in him with immense common sense, and great practical sagacity; while his executive force was imparted by a will yielding in small things, but tenacious in great, and capable of long continued exertion.

These were the instruments through which his patient spirit wrought to its great issues. They made the force, not splendid, but practical and effective, which

took from his character "the consecration and the gleam," and of which that which we have derived from him is the permanent fruit.

The exact and incisive habit of his mind was constantly shown in his papers and speeches, and even in his unstudied utterances. His jests were always more remarkable than for anything else for their absolute fitness to the point illustrated. The fun that was in them, even when it was coarse, was weighted with meaning, and edged with sharp thought. They were, what Lord Bacon says proverbs are—"the edge-tools of speech, which cut and penetrate the knots of affairs." His discriminations were always accurate; and no sophistry could stand before the fire of his analysis.

Where has the essential unwisdom of secession, even supposing it wholly successful, ever been more succinctly exposed than it was by him in his first inaugural: "Physically speaking we cannot separate. We cannot remove our respective sections from each other, nor build an impassable wall between them. . . . Is it possible, then, to make our intercourse more advantageous, or more satisfactory, after separation than before? Can aliens make treaties easier than friends can make laws? Can treaties be more faithfully enforced between aliens than laws can among friends?

Where has the argument against the constitutional right of secession been more tersely, yet more completely set forth, than in these words: "Perpetuity is implied if not expressed in the fundamental law of all national governments. . . . Continue to execute all the express provisions of our National Constitution, and

the Union will endure forever; it being impossible to destroy it, except by some action not provided for in the instrument itself." And where has ever the absurdity of the argument for the right of secession, derived from the general doctrine of State rights, been more sharply exhibited than in a sentence or two of his first message: "If all the States save one should assert their right to drive that one out of the Union, it is presumed the whole class of seceder politicians would at once deny the power, and denounce the act as the grossest outrage upon State rights. But suppose that precisely the same act, instead of being called driving the one out, should be called the seceding of the others from it—it would be exactly what the seceders claim to do; unless, indeed, they make the point," he adds with an irony not less cutting because it is gentle, "unless they make the point, that the one, because it is a minority, may rightfully do what the others, because they are a majority, may not rightfully do."

In his entire treatment of the right of secession, the same sharp and destructive analysis is shown. Thus: "A part of the present National debt was contracted to pay the old debt of Texas. Is it just that she shall leave, and pay no part of this herself? If one State may secede, so may another; and when all shall have seceded, none is left to pay the debts. Is this quite just to creditors?"—how his lips must have smiled as he wrote the question! "Did we notify them of this sage view of ours when we borrowed their money?" Again: "The Constitution provides, and all the States have accepted the provision, that the United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a Repub-

lican form of government. But if a State may lawfully go out of the Union, having done so it may also discard the Republican form of government. So that to prevent its going out, is an indispensable means to the end of maintaining the guarantee mentioned; and where an end is lawful and obligatory, the indispensable means to it are also lawful and obligatory."

As further illustrative of the same property and tendency of his mind, remember a sentence or two from his letter to those in Kentucky who though loyal to the Government objected to the Emancipation Proclamation, and wished it recalled: "It shows a gain of a hundred and thirty thousand soldiers, seamen, and laborers [for the Union cause]. Now let any Union man who complains of the measure test himself, by writing down in one line, that 'he is for subduing the Rebellion by force of arms'; and, in the next, that 'he is for taking these hundred and thirty thousand men from the Union side, and placing them where they would be but for the measure which he condemns.' If he cannot face his cause so stated, it is because he cannot face the truth."

So, in a letter written much earlier, to those at the West who objected to his policy: "You say that you will not fight to free negroes. Some of them seem to be willing to fight for you, but no matter. Fight you then exclusively to save the Union. I issued the proclamation on purpose to aid you in saving the Union. Whenever you shall have conquered all resistance to the Union, if I shall urge you to continue fighting, it will be an apt time for you to declare that you will not fight to free negroes. I thought that in your struggle for the Union to whatever extent the negroes

should cease helping the enemy, to that extent it weakened that enemy in his resistance to you. Do you think differently? I thought that whatever negroes can be got to do as soldiers, leaves just so much less for white soldiers to do in saving the Union. Does it appear otherwise to you? But negroes, like other people, act upon motives. Why should they do anything for us, if we will do nothing for them? If they stake their lives for us, they must be prompted by the strongest motive, even the promise of freedom. And the promise, being made, must be kept."

It is evident that before a mind so careful, so perspicuous, so analytic as this, there was but little chance for sophisms to stand; and that whatever secured the assent of one so accustomed to logical processes, and to clear discriminations, was likely at least to have much in its favor, if not to be finally accepted and ratified by the public judgment. But the faculty of careful ratiocination is not synonymous with practical sagacity; and a mind addicted to the logical exercise may be even fatally narrowed thereby—losing in general perceptive sensibility, in administrative skill, and in breadth of reason, while it gains in particular dialectical force. In attempting to explain, then, the unrivaled personal position attained by Mr. Lincoln, the singular power exercised by him, not only over public affairs, but over the sentiments and convictions of the people, and over the general mind of mankind, it is of cardinal consequence to observe, that with this careful precision of thought he combined a really supreme common sense; a practical sagacity, so intuitive and enlightening that, though it did not keep him from committing mistakes, it kept him from any fatal

error, and justified always that confidence in his plans which at first it inspired.

His mind possessed scope, as well as sharpness. He looked on the right hand, and on the left, before he smote. His reason saw before and after; and in the clear comprehension of results, and of the methods by which to attain them, his judgment showed itself as discursive and prescient, as his power of analysis was trenchant and fine. Here was really the center of his strength; the fruitful source of his success as a statesman. And when associated, as it was, with the character we have sketched, and with a tenacious and patient will, it goes very far toward explaining his power, and interpreting his work.

There is a showy but dangerous kind of mind sometimes employed in the offices of statesmanship, whose power lies, and also its peril, in what may be called intellectual constructiveness. It deals largely with the abstract. It is mighty in making paper governments. Its schemes express ideal conceptions; and it counts it almost a degradation to stoop to consider practical necessities. It theorizes splendidly on what ought to be, and insists that the facts shall correspond with the theory; or, if either must give way, that the facts shall be displaced to make room for the theory. The vast, intricate, gradual administration of public affairs, which contemplates many interests, and has to deal with great masses of men, it would mold relentlessly by preconceived metaphysical plans; and it is always unsatisfied, until the two distinctly correspond.

There is much that is striking in this style of mind. It is apt to win a large share of admiration, especially among the studious and refined. It is an important

element, no doubt, in public counsels; because, when, arrayed, as it usually is, in speculative opposition to the actual governing forces in a nation, its criticisms are helpful. They tend to expand the horizon of rulers, and to lift toward the austere levels of reason what might otherwise sink to the plane of expediency and political tactics. If its shining air-palaces do not become solid terrestrial successes, they yet hold before men the ideal forms of public development; and the workers beneath may build better and higher for having surveyed them.

But when such a mind is placed itself at the head of affairs—unless it has that reach of vision, with that vividness of perception, which belong only to the highest genius, and unless possessed of a knowledge of facts that is well nigh omniscient—it is sure to be found incompetent to its task. Especially in difficult and critical times, when great elemental forces are evolved beneath and overhead, when the whirlwinds of passion are loosed from their chambers, and sudden currents, which no charts show, are hurled to and fro with fierce velocity, while the nation drifts and drives before them in unexpected directions—such a mind as this is the poorest of pilots. Its beautiful schemes no more match the emergency than ingenious theorems arrest the typhoon. It wants tact, invention, insight, hardihood. Losing sight of the headlands, it fails to make allowance for variations of the compass. It does not hear the boom of the surf on the rocks to leeward. The awful volume and onset of the storm are too much for its theoretic navigation; and the crew must mutiny, and put a more practical man at the head, or crew and ship will go to the bottom.

Not such, certainly, was the mind of Mr. Lincoln. Men quarreled with him sometimes, because he had not more of this wholly intellectual and ethical tendency. But if he had had more, the nation and the world might not to-day have been his mourners.

There is, on the other hand, a cheap and sterile species of shrewdness, which often calls itself common sense—which sometimes even passes for such, when it is installed in positions of influence—which makes nothing of principles, but everything of what it conceives to be “facts.” It has no ideal; but takes its suggestions from the newspapers, from the caucuses, from the last man who speaks. Its plans are molded by no ethical harmonies, by no fitness even to serve great ends, but by immediate personal influences. It prides itself on being exclusively practical; on aiming to conserve what already exists, to hold parties together, to smooth away differences, and to reconcile by a dexterous manipulation antagonist interests. It discredits the higher nature of the people, and thinks anything can be carried by a skillful and timely handling of conventions. It has faith in one thing:—political management. It knows one rule:—to do what is popular. It is constant to one purpose:—to keep things quiet. It sometimes achieves in peaceful days a transient success, and wins, perhaps, from the more unthinking, a superficial applause. But its end, even then, is generally failure; since it never awakens a generous impulse, and never inspires any general confidence. And in times of imminent public peril, it is not insufficient only, but essentially dangerous. Trivial by nature, when the pressure comes upon it, it first becomes trickish, and then becomes treacherous. Los-

ing head altogether, in the final crisis, it is likely to carry everything that depends upon it into sudden and uttermost wreck.

Such has been the style of mind too often exhibited among those who have ranked as political leaders, on one side or the other, in our country and time. Such was, perhaps, the style of mind men feared would appear in President Lincoln, before they had had experience of him. But such, thank God! was as far as possible from being the type or the parallel of the mind, which, by degrees was brought out in him.

Not addicted to theorizing, and dogmatic speculation, in no sense a *doctrinaire*, he was not either a man of expedients; a simply shrewd, unfruitful manager of political affairs. Clear-sighted by nature, he had kept his judgment healthy and strong, by intercourse with men, and by a pure and manly life; and so he was ready without being rash, wary and cool, without the slightest timidity. Quick to perceive, he was slow to decide, offering liberal hospitality to all discreet counsels, and determined to discover what was best on the whole, whether it agreed with any theory or not. And when immense exigencies suddenly confronted him, he kept his balance; he was not bewildered in the crisis; and if he did not show that marvelous genius which illuminates all things with one broad flash, he showed an intuitive and large common sense; a calm, persistent, wide-sighted sagacity; that quality of mind which enables its possessor to see principles clearly, but to see also the governing practical necessities amid which those principles must be unfolded; which makes him wise in selecting his methods, and sure, if not swift, in accomplishing his ends. He showed, in other

words, not indeed in an absolute degree, but in a very high and remarkable degree, precisely that species of mental ability which an intelligent democracy craves in its ruler; precisely that which was needed for the times; precisely that without which a showy faculty for theorizing, or a mere trained political shrewdness, would infallibly have brought us to speedy destruction. Through this he did his unequalled work for the land and the world. And this will always shine paramount in him, while his history is read.

Observe what illustration it found in his action; how continual, and how manifold.

When he came into power the nation was as a company lost in the woods; with sudden gulfs sinking before it; with stealthy robbers lurking near; with utter darkness overhead; the sun gone down, the light of all the constellations quenched. No man knew certainly what to do, which way to turn, on whom to rely. There was danger in advancing, perhaps greater in delay; danger that everything precious might be lost; danger, even, that the travelers themselves, in their dark fear and furious haste, might turn on each other with deadly blows. You remember what an infinite jargon of counsels, from all presses, forums, individual speakers, rent and vexed the gloomy air; with what passionate eagerness the public sought on every side for some avenue of escape—urging the adoption of one course to-day, and of another, its opposite, to-morrow. All voices sounded strange in the darkness; all paths were obliterated; all bearings lost. There was a prodigious power in the nation; but it was feverish, headstrong, chaotic. There was a terrific onset to be met. The past showed no instances by which to in-

struct; the future no outlet, toward which to invite. It seemed impossible that any one man should be able to hold and lead the country; especially that one without wide fame, without large experience, without the prestige of previous leadership, should be able to guide it into safety.

Measure then the results to which we have come, against the conditions in which we stood, and say if anything short of a sagacity that seems providential could have brought us out of darkness into day; along precipice and pitfall, and through the valleys of strife and woe, to the sunlighted summits on which we rest. There is nothing accidental in this result. No happy chances secured it for us. The unusual wisdom of him who led us is demonstrated by it;—a wisdom more remarkable, because more rare, than any specific mental faculty; more lofty than eloquence, more illustrious than song.

And when we examine the path which he trod, however at the time we criticized his steps, our impression of this great property in him becomes more vivid. You can hardly touch a point in his policy where it does not appear.

The tentative nature of his early administration,—his delays to act, by which men were irritated, and at which they sneered, as showing his want of a positive purpose,—yet proved in the end to have been indispensable to make the action, when it was taken, universally acceptable. In the particular form of his measures, as much as in the measures themselves, in the very times at which they were initiated, this sagacity is discovered. His radicalism showed it; for it was always conservative and rational, not startling

the timid. His conservatism showed it; for it was always intelligent, not blind, liberal and persuasive, and never imperious.

Reviewing at a glance the whole series of his policy in these swift-whirling and perilous years, we may say that in these five points especially, his sagacity was revealed. First: in his early perception of the fact that compromise was impossible, and that, with the existing views and temper of the rebel leaders and the disloyal people, the issues at stake between them and the Government had got to be settled by the stern and fearful arbitrament of battle. Second: in his immediate determination that the war should commence through some unjustified act of aggression on the part of the revolt, and not through any offensive display of purpose and power on the part of the Government. Third: in his tenacious adherence, from first to last, to the one great end to be secured by the war,—the maintenance of the Government in all its prerogatives, the maintenance of the republic in its territorial and legal integrity; and in his strict subordination to this of all that he did, of all his refusals to take any action. Fourth: in the constant flexibility of his methods, his readiness to try one thing or another, to see which instrument would be most effective for accomplishing the work in which there was neither rule to guide nor example to instruct him; and in his constant recognition of the fact that the march of events was governing him, while he in turn was influencing it, and that his highest wisdom was to discern what Providence meant to accomplish, and to move in the line of its battalions. And, finally: in the absolute fixedness of purpose with which he avoided foreign complications,

and, postponing everything else, held the nation to its one work of subduing rebellion, and making the Government everywhere supreme.

Take all these related facts into view,—observe how early they began to appear, and how consistent, steadfast, deliberate, was that administration of public affairs which they represent; how largely this was original with himself, how freely at any rate he accepted it, and how persistently he carried it out,—and surely his immense sagacity can need no other demonstration. It was his policy. The symmetry of it shows the singleness of the brain by which it was molded. He surrounded himself with eminent counselors. It was one fruit of his wisdom that he did so. And they, no doubt, often influenced him, while in turn instructed or corrected by him. But he was always the head of the Cabinet; so that it sometimes was matter of complaint that he did not yield, as others would have done, to the different preferences or the adverse decisions of those combined in it. The truth is, his policy had to be his own. He took light gladly, but he could not take law, from other minds. And while his counselors must always have a share, and that a large one, in the credit and renown which belong to his policy, his name must be always first and supremely identified with it. He adopted it because he saw it the best; and whatever opposition or whatever applause it afterward encountered, when his mind was made up it never seems to have subsequently wavered. He knew his plan, what the issue proved it, the wisest thing.

His sagacity was shown, almost as much as in his policy itself, in the modes and means, in the very forms

of statement and illustration, by which he presented it to the public. He could be eloquent, if he would. Remember the close of his Ohio letter: "Peace does not appear so distant as it did. I hope it will come soon, and come to stay; and so come as to be worth the keeping. It will then have been proved, that among freemen there can be no successful appeal from the ballot to the bullet, and that they who take such appeal are sure to lose their case, and pay the cost. And then there will be some black men who can remember that with silent tongue and clenched teeth, and steady eye, and well-poised bayonet, they have helped mankind on to this great consummation; while I fear that there will be some white men unable to forget that with malignant heart, and deceitful speech, they have striven to hinder it."

But generally the most marked feature of his style was its utter simplicity.

The usual plethoric platitudes of State-papers were curiously contrasted by his simple and sinewy sentences. If an editor wrote to him, he wrote back to the editor, and published his answer. And when the people had got over their astonishment at his audacity, they believed all the more in his utter sincerity. No man ever lived who spoke more directly to the heart of the people. Critics might quarrel with his rhetoric sometimes; but critics themselves could not gainsay the fact that his homely and pithy words had a power beyond all ornate paragraphs. With what absolute completeness and precision was the origin of the war explained by him, and the course of the people concerning it justified, in this one sentence: "Both parties deprecated war. But one of them would make war,

rather than let the nation survive; and the other would accept war, rather than let it perish;—and the war came!”

His very colloquialisms were mighty for his service. “We must keep still pegging away,” he said, in the gloomiest period of the war; and every plain man saw his duty, and was nerved to perform it. “One war at a time”:—all the orators could not answer it; a unanimous press could not have overborne the impression it made. “The United States Government must not undertake to run the churches”:—the *dictum* is worth a half-dozen duodecimos on the complex relations of Church and State. “You needn’t cross a bridge until you have got to it”:—if men’s minds were not relieved of their fears concerning the effect of a general emancipation, they were at least widely persuaded to postpone these, by the pithy advice. “The central idea of secession,” he said in one of his messages, “is the essence of anarchy”: and elaborate pages could not have said more than that one apothegm. It is a headline for copy books for all time to come.

Always, the sagacity which had selected his policy, and which usually chose with great final correctness the men and the times for putting it in practice, was shown as well in the homely phrase, or proverb, or anecdote, which made it familiar throughout the land. More than his opponents knew at the time, more than the people themselves were aware, he argued the questions of his administration, he carried the public judgment to his conclusions, by those quaint words which all remembered, and which were repeated with laughing satisfaction at thousands of firesides. His maxims were more effective than his messages; and a score of

presses could not have rivaled the service of some of his stories.

With intuitive skill he selected his policy. With a skill almost equal he made the people aware what it was. And when it had been adopted by him he carried it out, as I said before, with a power of will perhaps as remarkable as was the sagacity which had planned it.

He had not certainly what is called "an iron will." Well for him that he had not! It might have involved the destruction of his influence, and the sacrifice of the interests he was set to conserve. For iron breaks when it is bent; and no man lives, or ever lived, who could have kept his will unbent, amid such times as we have passed. Accumulated defeats, disheartening oppositions, complaints without reason, intolerable delays,—the resolution that boasts itself inflexible might have been fractured beneath the burden, and the very pillars of the Government have been unsettled. But President Lincoln had what was better; a will like strands of tempered steel; flexible in small things, elastic, pliant, and always sheathed in a playful gentleness, but not liable to be snapped, however it was bent, and springing back from every pressure in its primitive toughness. Men called him undecided, vacillating, uncertain; and so he was in minor matters—in great things, even, till the argument was closed and his mind was made up. But when it was, the same men called him obstinate, headstrong; for nothing could change him. He dismissed more than once his most prominent generals; and all the pressure of persons or parties could no more change his purpose afterward than it could shake the base of the Alleghanies. He retained his Cabinet, against the threat of serious divisions in the party

which had chosen him. He would not go to war with England, in the case of the Trent, he would not get involved in a controversy with France, on the question of the French occupation of Mexico, though friends insisted on his taking high ground, and enemies sneered without stay or stint because he did not. He launched the bolt of his proclamation, against the slavery which had nourished rebellion, though a thousand voices prophesied disaster.

Deliberate, till at times he almost seemed dilatory,—unwilling to commit himself till all sides of a question had been thoroughly canvassed, and ready, to the very verge of a fault, to hear to the last the humblest representative of any interest or any opinion,—he was yet as staunch as the ribs of the Ironsides when his course was decided; and it was like pulling against gravitation, to try thenceforth to detain or deflect him. The tenacity of his will was like that of his muscle, which could hold out an axe at arm's length without a quiver when others drooped. Its influence reminded one of the suck of the under-drift on a sea beach; which does not appear upon the surface, and makes no visible wrestle with the waves, but which carries everything into its current, and compels the strongest and skillfullest swimmer to yield himself vanquished.

Let one other fact, then, be brought to view, and the secret of his power is perhaps all before us. It is that his powers were so simple, native, and unostentatious, that they hardly impressed men while he was living as so great as they were; they excited no jealousies; they startled no fears; and the popular trust in them was unapprehensive. At the same time they were so original, constitutional, so independent even of train-

ing, much more of adventitious aids, that they always were ready for instant use, and only grew more adequate to their work, as its pressure upon them became more tremendous. So, again, he had a power which more brilliant men, or more literary men, would certainly have wanted; and all his force became most effective.

If genius had taken the place of his sagacity, men might have been afraid of him, as they are of the lightning. It is splendid, but fitful; and its bolts may drop where they are not expected. But his force was so quiet, patient, pervasive, that it wrought like the vital force in nature, which is not exhibited in any flash, but which streams unheard through the breasts of the earth, and comes to its expression with certainty though with silence, in bud and fruit, and an infinite verdure. If it had been the result of education, and political practice, or of special accomplishments, there would have been something precarious in it. It would have depended somewhat on circumstances. It would have been liable to be shaken, if not shattered, when new and great emergencies were met. But being so native and intrinsic as it was, so wholly the result of his special constitution, it not only gave no sign of yielding, it became ever more thorough and masterly, as it was summoned by grander cares to new exhibition. His nature grew only larger, and more capable, as time went on. His faculties were not wearied by the work they were put to, and remained to the end unworn and fresh.

This essential naturalness, this silentness and constancy, marking his powers, were not favorable perhaps to his instant hold on the public admiration. Men were

not surprised by him into bursts of applause. They nowhere saw one mighty figure, cloud-enveloped, iris-crowned, riding with splendid supremacy on the storm, or heard a voice as of Jove himself commanding peace; and for the time they felt disappointed. But his power was more universal in its reach because it was quiet; and now that it is gone we honor it the more, because it was essential, not artificial, serene and patient, not impulsive and scenic.

As the sunshine draws less admiration than the picture, but is recognized still as a far grander good; as the river is not so much praised as the fountain, but with its inexhaustible current is a millionfold more mighty and precious; as the stars do not interest our fancy so much as the glittering fireworks which coruscate beneath, while yet they hold the earth itself on its calm poise,—so other statesmen have won more applause than was given to him. In times of paroxysmal excitement they have seemed to show a more supreme and sudden power. But now that he is gone, we miss the sagacity which lighted up intricate paths like the sunshine. We miss the deep and constant currents of thought and will which bore great burdens without a ripple. We feel how grandly secure we were while the star, now hidden in higher splendors, held up with its unfailing influence the very structure and frame of the Government.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—Such was the man for whom we mourn; and such the position in which Providence had placed him. Think then a moment of the work which he wrought in it, and all our reasons for gladness and for grief, on this day set apart to commemorate him, will be before us.

With the character I have sketched, to give him at once impulse and law, with such effective powers for its instruments, with so many trained and skillful minds eager to help him, and amid the unparalleled opportunities which by his times were opened to him, it might have been expected that his work should be a great one. It could not even be matter of surprise that it should have a colossal character;—like the reach of the river, along which he had guided his flat boat in his youth; like the stretch of the prairies, on which he had builded his home as a man. And yet how far, in its actual development, it transcended even such expectations! How singular it is among the recorded achievements of man! How plainly is revealed in it a higher than any human will, laying out and arranging the mighty scheme!

When he took in hand the reins of the Government, the finances of the country seemed hopelessly deranged; and after many years of peace it was difficult to raise money, at unprecedented interest, for its daily use. And when he died—after such expenditures as no man had dreamed of, through four long years of devastating war—the credit of the republic was so firmly established that foreign markets were clamorous for its bonds, and the very worst thing which could have happened, his own destruction, did not depress by one hair's breadth the absolute confidence of our own people in them. When he came to Washington, the navy at the command of the Government was scattered, almost beyond recall, to the ends of the earth, and was even ludicrously insufficient for instant needs. He left it framed of iron instead of oak, with wholly new principles expressed in its structure, and large enough

to bind the continent in blockade, while it made the national flag familiar on every sea which commerce crosses. He found an army remotely dispersed, almost hopelessly disorganized, by the treachery of its officers; with hardly enough of it left at hand to furnish a body-guard for his march to the capital. He left a half-million of men in arms, after the losses of fifty campaigns,—with valor, discipline, arms, and generalship, unsurpassed in the world, and admonitory to it. He found our diplomacy a by-word and a hissing in most of the principal foreign courts. He made it intelligent, influential, respected, wherever a civilized language is spoken.

In his moral and political achievements at home, he was still more successful. He found the arts of industry prostrated, almost paralyzed, indeed, by the arrest of commerce, the repudiation of debts, the universal distrust. He left them so trained, quickened, and developed, that henceforth they are secure amid the world's competition. He came to Washington, through a people morally rent and disorganized;—of whom it was known that a part at least were in full accord with the disloyal plans; and concerning whom it was predicted by some, and feared by many, that the slightest pressure from the Government upon them would resolve them at once into fighting factions. He laid heavy taxes, he drafted them into armies, he made no effort to excite their admiration, he seemed to throw down even the ancient muniments of their personal liberty; and he went back to his grave through the very same people so knit into one, by their love for each other and their reverence for him, that the cracking of the continent hardly could part them.

At his entrance on his office he found the leaders of the largest, fiercest, and most confident rebellion known to history, apparently in all things superior to himself—in capacity, in culture, in political experience, in control over men, in general weight with the country itself. And when he was assassinated, he left them so utterly overthrown and discomfited that they fled over sea, or hid themselves in women's clothes. A power it had taken thirty years to mature, a power that put everything into the contest—money, men, harbors, homes, churches, cities, states themselves—and that fought with a fury never surpassed, he not only crushed but extinguished in four years. A court that had been the chief bulwark of slavery, he so reorganized as to make it a citadel of liberty and light for all time to come. He found a race immeshed in a bondage which had lasted already two hundred years, and had been only compacted and confirmed by invention and commerce, by arts, legislations, by social usage, by ethnic theories, and even by what was called religion; he pretended to no special fondness for the race; he refused to make war on its behalf; but he took it up cheerfully in the sweep of his plans, and left it a race of free workers and soldiers.

He came to the capital of an empire severed, by what seemed to the world eternal lines; with sectional interests, with antithetic ideas, with irremovable hatreds, forbidding reconstruction. He left it the capital of an empire so restored, that the thought of its division is henceforth an absurdity; with its unity more complete than that of Great Britain; with its ancient flag, and its unchallenged rule, supreme again from the Lakes to the Gulf. Nay: he found a nation that had lost in

a measure its primitive faith in the grand ideas of its own Constitution; and he left that nation so instructed and renewed, so aware of the supremacy of principles over forces, so committed to the justice and the liberty which its founders had valued, that the era of his power has been the era of its new birth; that its history will be nobler and more luminous forever for his inspirations.

Not public achievements are his only memorial. His influence has come, like the "clear shining after rain," on the lesser interests, on the private career, on the personal character of the people whom he ruled. He educated a nation, with the Berserkers' blood in it, into a gentleness more strange than its skill, and more glorious than its valor; a gentleness which even the sight of starved men could not sting into ferocity. Through his personal spirit he restrained and exalted the temper of a continent; and our letters are to be nobler, our art more spiritual, our philanthropy more generous, our very churches more earnest and free, because of what we have learned from him. The public estimation of honesty is brighter. The sense of the power and grandeur of character is more intimate in men's minds. We know henceforth what style of manhood America needs, and in her progress tends to produce. We have a new courage concerning the future. We have a fresh and deeper sense of that eternal Providence which he recognized.

Not to our country has his work been confined. Across the sea extends his influence. It vibrates this hour around the world; and despotic institutions are less secure, the progress of liberty throughout Europe, throughout Christendom, is more rapid and sure, by

reason of that which he has wrought. The peoples are more hopeful, and the bayonets are more thoughtful. The millennium of nations is nearer than it was. The race itself is lifted forward, toward the gates of mingled gold and pearl that wait to swing on silent hinges, into the age of freedom and of peace.

All this is his work. Of course he has had immense forces to work with; great counselors to suggest, great captains and admirals to accomplish; a million brains to be his helpers; a people full of thought and zeal to inspire his plans, and push them on. Of course God's power, in which he trusted, has gone before and wrought beside him; and he himself, aided by it, has "builded better than he knew." But still the work continues his: since he has accomplished it, while another man, with different powers and a different temper, in the same position, could not have performed it. Without signal genius, or learning, or accomplishments, but with patience, kindness, a faithful will, a masterly sagacity,—planted in times full of peril, yet opulent also in immense opportunities, working with instruments so manifold and mighty as have been hardly before intrusted to man, and never before so nobly used,—it has been his to do this work; to make his country one and grand; to make the principles, in which it has its highest glory, supreme forever; to make the world more hopeful, and more free!

In this, then, is the final vindication of his fame; the grandest memorial of his character and power which it has yet been given to any man to build on earth. He did it so naturally, that hardly at any point does it give us the impression of extraordinary exertion. He did it so silently, that the world was

startled with extremest surprise when it found it accomplished. He did it so thoroughly, that even his death could not interrupt it, could only complete and crown the whole. He might well leave a work so grand when the capstone had been placed upon it. The flag just lifted anew on Fort Sumter,—symbolic as it was of the war concluded, of the nation restored,—might well be the signal for his departure. More than almost any other man, he could say with the Lord, looking back on his ministry, “It is finished!”

Reviewing this work, so vast, so enduring, and so sublime, and looking up unto that which is now for him its consummation, all eulogy is inadequate, if it be not in vain. The monuments we may build—and which it is our instinct and our privilege to build, in all our cities as well as at the capital, in this city by the sea, as well as in that where his dust sleeps—are not needful to him, but only to the hearts from which they arise, and the future generations which they shall instruct. From the topmost achievement yet realized by man, he has stepped to the skies. He leads henceforth, the hosts whom he marshaled, and who at his word went forth to battle, on plains invisible to our short sight. He stands side by side once more with the orator, so cultured and renowned, with whom he stood on the heights of Gettysburg; but now on hills where rise no graves, and over which march, in shining ranks, with trumpet swells and palms of triumph, immortal hosts. He is with the fathers and founders of the republic; whose cherished plans he carried out, whose faith and hope had in his work their great fruition. He is with all builders of Christian States, who, working with prescient skill and will, and with true conse-

cration, have laid the foundations of human progress and made mankind their constant debtor.

The heavens are his home. But the earth and its records will take care of his fame. For of all whom he meets and dwells with there, no one has held a higher trust; no one has been more loyal to it; no one has left a work behind more grand and vast. And so long as the Government which he re-established shall continue to endure; so long as the country which he made again the home of one nation shall hold that nation within its compass, and shall continue to attract to its bosom the liberty-loving from every land; so long as the people which he emancipated shall make the palmetto and the orange tree quiver with the hymns of its jubilee; so long as the race which he has set forward shall continue to advance, through brightening paths, to the future that waits for its swift steps,—a fame as familiar as any among men, a character as distinguished, and an influence as wide, will be the fame, the character, and the influence, of him who came four years ago an unknown man from his home in the West, but who has now written in letters of light, on pages as grand and as splendid as any in the history of the world, the illustrious name of ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG SPEECH

ADDRESS AT THE DEDICATION OF GETTYSBURG CEMETERY,
NOVEMBER 19, 1863

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.



